

THE

STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

EDITED BY

GEORGE NEWNES

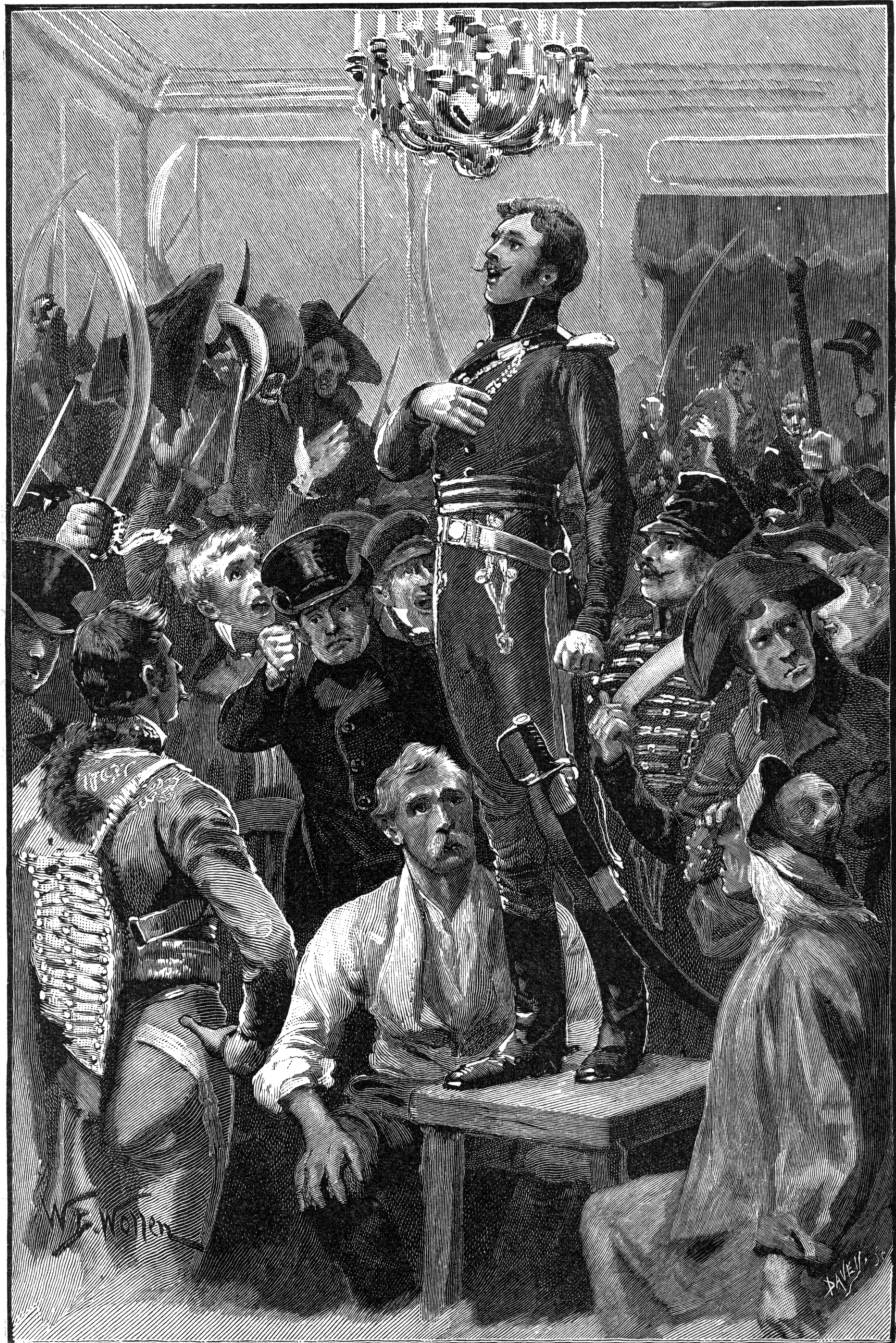
Vol. X.

JULY TO DECEMBER

London.

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 8, 9, 10, & 11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET,
AND EXETER STREET, STRAND

1895



“AH ! THAT TERRIBLE SONG !”

(See page 613.)

The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

VII.—HOW THE BRIGADIER PLAYED FOR A KINGDOM.



IT has sometimes struck me that some of you, when you have heard me tell these little adventures of mine, may have gone away with the impression that I was concealed. There could not be a greater mistake than this, for I have always observed that really fine soldiers are free from this failing. It is true that I have had to depict myself sometimes as brave, sometimes as full of resource, always as interesting; but, then, it really was so, and I had to take the facts as I found them. It would be an unworthy affectation if I were to pretend that my career has been anything but a fine one. The incident which I will tell you to-night, however, is one which you will understand that only a modest man would describe. After all, when one has attained such a position as mine, one can afford to speak of what an ordinary man might be tempted to conceal.

You must know, then, that after the Russian campaign the remains of our poor army were quartered along the western bank of the Elbe, where they might thaw their frozen blood and try, with the help of the good German beer, to put a little between their skin and their bones. There were some things which we could not hope to regain, for I daresay that three large commissariat fourgons would not have sufficed to carry the fingers and the toes which the army had shed during that retreat. Still, lean and crippled as we were, we had much to be thankful for when we thought of our poor comrades whom we had left behind, and of the snowfields—the horrible, horrible snowfields. To this day, my friends, I do not care to see red and white together. Even my red cap thrown down upon my white counterpane has given me dreams in which I have seen those monstrous plains, the reeling, tortured army, and the crimson smears which glared upon the snow behind them. You will coax no story out of me about that business, for the thought of it is enough to turn my wine to vinegar and my tobacco to straw.

Of the half-million who crossed the Elbe in the autumn of the year '12, about forty

thousand infantry were left in the spring of '13. But they were terrible men, these forty thousand: men of iron, eaters of horses, and sleepers in the snow; filled, too, with rage and bitterness against the Russians. They would hold the Elbe until the great army of conscripts, which the Emperor was raising in France, should be ready to help them to cross it once more.

But the cavalry was in a deplorable condition. My own hussars were at Borna, and when I paraded them first, I burst into tears at the sight of them. My fine men and my beautiful horses—it broke my heart to see the state to which they were reduced. "But, courage," I thought, "they have lost much, but their Colonel is still left to them." I set to work, therefore, to repair their disasters, and had already constructed two good squadrons, when an order came that all colonels of cavalry should repair instantly to the dépôts of the regiments in France to organize the recruits and the remounts for the coming campaign.

You will think, doubtless, that I was overjoyed at this chance of visiting home once more. I will not deny that it was a pleasure to me to know that I should see my mother again, and there were a few girls who would be very glad at the news; but there were others in the army who had a stronger claim. I would have given my place to any who had wives and children whom they might not see again. However, there is no arguing when the blue paper with the little red seal arrives, so within an hour I was off upon my great ride from the Elbe to the Vosges. At last, I was to have a period of quiet. War lay behind my mare's tail and peace in front of her nostrils. So I thought, as the sound of the bugles died in the distance, and the long, white road curled away in front of me through plain and forest and mountain, with France somewhere beyond the blue haze which lay upon the horizon.

It is interesting, but it is also fatiguing, to ride in the rear of an army. In the harvest time our soldiers could do without supplies, for they had been trained to pluck the grain in the fields as they passed, and to grind it for themselves in their bivouacs. It was at

that time of year, therefore, that those swift marches were performed which were the wonder and the despair of Europe. But now the starving men had to be made robust once more, and I was forced to draw into the ditch continually as the Coburg sheep and the Bavarian bullocks came streaming past with waggon loads of Berlin beer and good French cognac. Sometimes, too, I would hear the dry rattle of the drums and the shrill whistle of the fifes, and long columns of our good little infantry men would swing past me with the white dust lying thick upon their blue tunics. These were old soldiers drawn from the garrisons of our German

There was something, however, which pleased me very much less than the beauty of the forests, and that was the words and looks of the folk who lived in the woodland villages. We had always been excellent friends with the Germans, and during the last six years they had never seemed to bear us any malice for having made a little free with their country. We had shown kindnesses to the men and received them from the women, so that good, comfortable Germany was a second home to all of us. But now there was something which I could not understand in the behaviour of the people. The travellers made no answer to my salute ;



"LONG COLUMNS WOULD SWING PAST ME."

fortresses, for it was not until May that the new conscripts began to arrive from France.

Well, I was rather tired of this eternal stopping and dodging, so that I was not sorry when I came to Altenburg to find that the road divided, and that I could take the southern and quieter branch. There were few wayfarers between there and Greiz, and the road wound through groves of oaks and beeches, which shot their branches across the path. You will think it strange that a Colonel of hussars should again and again pull up his horse in order to admire the beauty of the feathery branches and the little, green, new-budded leaves, but if you had spent six months among the fir trees of Russia you would be able to understand me.

the foresters turned their heads away to avoid seeing me ; and in the villages the folk would gather into knots in the roadway and would scowl at me as I passed. Even women would do this, and it was something new for me in those days to see anything but a smile in a woman's eyes when they were turned upon me.

It was in the hamlet of Schmolin, just ten miles out of Altenburg, that the thing became most marked. I had stopped at the little inn there just to damp my moustache and to wash the dust out of poor Violette's throat. It was my way to give some little compliment, or possibly a kiss, to the maid who served me ; but this one would have neither the one nor the other, but darted a glance at me like

a bayonet-thrust. Then when I raised my glass to the folk who drank their beer by the door they turned their backs on me, save only one fellow, who cried, "Here's a toast for you, boys! Here's to the letter T!" At that they all emptied their beer mugs and laughed; but it was not a laugh that had good-fellowship in it.

I was turning this over in my head and wondering what their boorish conduct could mean, when I saw, as I rode from the village, a great T new carved upon a tree. I had already seen more than one in my morning's ride, but I had given no thought to them until the words of the beer-drinker gave them an importance. It chanced that a respectable-looking person was riding past me at the moment, so I turned to him for information.

"Can you tell me, sir," said I, "what this letter T is?"

He looked at it and then at me in the

chain. It was the Emperor's mark. And those T's meant something which was opposite to it. Things had been happening in Germany, then, during our absence, and the giant sleeper had begun to stir. I thought of the mutinous faces that I had seen, and I felt that if I could only have looked into the hearts of these people I might have had some strange news to bring into France with me. It made me the more eager to get my remounts, and to see ten strong squadrons behind my kettledrums once more.

While these thoughts were passing through my head I had been alternately walking and trotting, as a man should who has a long journey before and a willing horse beneath him. The woods were very open at this point, and beside the road there lay a great heap of fagots. As I passed there came a sharp sound from among them, and, glancing round, I saw a face looking out at me—a hot,



"CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT THIS LETTER T IS?"

most singular fashion. "Young man," said he, "it is not the letter N." Then before I could ask further he clapped his spurs into his horse's ribs and rode, stomach to earth, upon his way.

At first his words had no particular significance in my mind, but as I trotted onwards Violette chanced to half turn her dainty head, and my eyes were caught by the gleam of the brazen N's at the end of the bridle-

red face, like that of a man who is beside himself with excitement and anxiety. A second glance told me that it was the very person with whom I had talked an hour before in the village.

"Come nearer!" he hissed. "Nearer still! Now dismount and pretend to be mending the stirrup leather. Spies may be watching us, and it means death to me if I am seen helping you."

"Death!" I whispered. "From whom?"

"From the Tugendbund. From Lutzow's night-riders. You Frenchmen are living on a powder magazine, and the match has been struck which will fire it."

"But this is all strange to me," said I, still fumbling at the leathers of my horse. "What is this Tugendbund?"

"It is the secret society which has planned the great rising which is to drive you out of Germany, just as you have been driven out of Russia."

"And these T's stand for it?"

"They are the signal. I should have told you all this in the village, but I dared not be seen speaking with you. I galloped through the woods to cut you off, and concealed both my horse and myself."

"I am very much indebted to you," said I, "and the more so as you are the only German that I have met to-day from whom I have had common civility."

"All that I possess I have gained through contracting for the French armies," said he. "Your Emperor has been a good friend to me. But I beg that you will ride on now, for we have talked long enough. Beware only of Lutzow's night-riders!"

"Banditti?" I asked.

"All that is best in Germany," said he. "But for God's sake ride forwards, for I have risked my life and exposed my good name in order to carry you this warning."

Well, if I had been heavy with thought before, you can think how I felt after my strange talk with the man among the fagots. What came home to me even more than his words was his shivering, broken voice, his twitching face, and his eyes glancing swiftly to right and left, and opening in horror whenever a branch cracked upon a tree. It was clear that he was in the last extremity of terror, and it is possible that he had cause, for shortly after I had left him I heard a distant gunshot and a shouting from somewhere behind me. It may have been some sportsman halloaing to his dogs, but I never again heard or saw the man who had given me my warning.

I kept a good look-out after this, riding swiftly where the country was open, and slowly where there might be an ambuscade. It was serious for me, since 500 good miles of German soil lay in front of me; but somehow I did not take it very much to heart, for the Germans had always seemed to me to be a kindly, gentle people, whose hands closed more readily round a pipe-stem than a sword-hilt—not out of want of valour, you under-

stand, but because they are genial, open souls, who would rather be on good terms with all men. I did not know then that beneath that homely surface there lurks a devilry as fierce as, and far more persistent than, that of the Castilian or the Italian.

And it was not long before I had shown to me that there was something more serious abroad than rough words and hard looks. I had come to a spot where the road runs upwards through a wild tract of heathland and vanishes into an oak wood. I may have been half-way up the hill when, looking forward, I saw something gleaming under the shadow of the tree-trunks, and a man came out with a coat which was so slashed and spangled with gold that he blazed like a fire in the sunlight. He appeared to be very drunk, for he reeled and staggered as he came towards me. One of his hands was held up to his ear and clutched a great red handkerchief, which was fixed to his neck.

I had reined up the mare and was looking at him with some disgust, for it seemed strange to me that one who wore so gorgeous a uniform should show himself in such a state in broad daylight. For his part, he looked hard in my direction and came slowly onwards, stopping from time to time and swaying about as he gazed at me. Suddenly, as I again advanced, he screamed out his thanks to Christ, and, lurching forwards, he fell with a crash upon the dusty road. His hands flew forward with the fall, and I saw that what I had taken for a red cloth was a monstrous wound, which had left a great gap in his neck, from which a dark blood-clot hung, like an epaulette upon his shoulder.

"My God!" I cried, as I sprang to his aid. "And I thought that you were drunk!"

"Not drunk, but dying," said he. "But thank Heaven that I have seen a French officer while I have still strength to speak."

I laid him among the heather and poured some brandy down his throat. All round us was the vast countryside, green and peaceful, with nothing living in sight save only the mutilated man beside me.

"Who has done this?" I asked, "and what are you? You are French, and yet the uniform is strange to me."

"It is that of the Emperor's new guard of honour. I am the Marquis of Château St. Arnaud, and I am the ninth of my blood who has died in the service of France. I have been pursued and wounded by the night-riders of Lutzow, but I hid among the brush-wood yonder, and waited in the hope that a Frenchman might pass. I could not be sure

at first if you were friend or foe, but I felt that death was very near, and that I must take the chance."

"Keep your heart up, comrade," said I; "I have seen a man with a worse wound who has lived to boast of it."

"No, no," he whispered; "I am going fast." He laid his hand upon mine as he spoke, and I saw that his finger-nails were already blue. "But I have papers here in my tunic which you must carry at once to the Prince of Saxe-Felstein, at his Castle of Hof. He is still true to us, but the Princess is our deadly enemy. She is striving to make him declare against us. If he does so, it will determine all those who are wavering, for the King of Prussia is his uncle and the King of Bavaria his cousin. These papers will hold him to us if they can only reach him before he takes the last step. Place them in his hands to-night, and, perhaps, you will have saved all Germany for the Emperor. Had my horse not been shot, I might, wounded as I am——" he choked, and the cold hand tightened into a grip which left mine as bloodless as itself. Then, with a groan, his head jerked back, and it was all over with him.

that it was impossible for me to avoid it. I opened the Marquis's tunic, the brilliance of which had been devised by the Emperor in order to attract those young aristocrats from whom he hoped to raise these new regiments of his Guard. It was a small packet of papers which I drew out, tied up with silk, and addressed to the Prince of Saxe-Felstein. In the corner, in a sprawling, untidy hand, which I knew to be the Emperor's own, was written: "Pressing and most important." It was an order to me, those four words—an order as clear as if it had come straight from the firm lips with the cold grey eyes looking into mine. My troopers might wait for their horses, the dead Marquis might lie where I had laid him amongst the heather, but if the mare and her rider had a breath left in them the papers should reach the Prince that night.

I should not have feared to ride by the road through the wood, for I have learned in Spain that the safest time to pass through a guerilla country is after an outrage, and that the moment of danger is when all is peaceful. When I came to look upon my map, however, I saw that Hof lay further to the south of me, and that I might reach it more directly



"A BULLET HUMMED PAST ME LIKE A BEE."

Here was a fine start for my journey home. I was left with a commission of which I knew little, which would lead me to delay the pressing needs of my hussars, and which at the same time was of such importance

by keeping to the moors. Off I set, therefore, and had not gone fifty yards before two carbine shots rang out of the brushwood and a bullet hummed past me like a bee. It was clear that the night-riders were bolder

in their ways than the brigands of Spain, and that my mission would have ended where it had begun if I had kept to the road.

It was a mad ride, that—a ride with a loose rein, girth-deep in heather and in gorse, plunging through bushes, flying down hill-sides, with my neck at the mercy of my dear little Violette. But she—she never slipped, she never faltered, as swift and as surefooted as if she knew that her rider carried the fate of all Germany beneath the buttons of his pelisse. And I—I had long borne the name of being the best horseman in the six brigades of light cavalry, but I never rode as I rode then. My friend the Bart has told me of how they hunt the fox in England, but the swiftest fox would have been captured by me that day. The wild pigeons which flew overhead did not take a straighter course than Violette and I below. As an officer, I have always been ready to sacrifice myself for my men, though the Emperor would not have thanked me for it, for he had many men, but only one—well, cavalry leaders of the first class are rare.

But here I had an object which was indeed worth a sacrifice, and I thought no more of my life than of the clods of earth that flew from my darling's heels.

We struck the road once more as the light was failing, and galloped into the little village of Lobenstein. But we had hardly got upon the cobble-stones when off came one of the mare's shoes, and I had to lead her to the village smithy. His fire was low, and his day's work done, so that it would be an hour at the least before I could hope to push on to Hof. Cursing at the delay, I strode into the village inn and ordered a cold chicken and some wine to be served for my dinner. It was but a few more miles to Hof, and I had every hope that I might deliver my papers to the Prince on that very night, and be on my way for France next morning with despatches for the Emperor in my bosom. I will tell you now what befell me in the inn of Lobenstein.

The chicken had been served and the wine drawn, and I had turned upon both as a man may who has ridden such a ride, when I was aware of a murmur and a scuffling in the hall outside my door. At first I thought that it was some brawl between peasants in their cups, and I left them to settle their own affairs. But of a sudden there broke from among the low, sullen growl of the voices such a sound as would send Etienne Gerard leaping from his death-bed. It was the whimpering cry of a woman in pain. Down

clattered my knife and my fork, and in an instant I was in the thick of the crowd which had gathered outside my door.

The heavy-cheeked landlord was there and his flaxen-haired wife, the two men from the stables, a chambermaid, and two or three villagers. All of them, women and men, were flushed and angry, while there in the centre of them, with pale cheeks and terror in her eyes, stood the loveliest woman that ever a soldier would wish to look upon. With her queenly head thrown back, and a touch of defiance mingled with her fear, she looked as she gazed round her like a creature of a different race from the vile, coarse-featured crew who surrounded her. I had not taken two steps from my door before she sprang to meet me, her hand resting upon my arm and her blue eyes sparkling with joy and triumph.

"A French soldier and gentleman!" she cried. "Now at last I am safe."

"Yes, madam, you are safe," said I, and I could not resist taking her hand in mine in order that I might reassure her. "You have only to command me," I added, kissing the hand as a sign that I meant what I was saying.

"I am Polish," she cried; "the Countess Palotta is my name. They abuse me because I love the French. I do not know what they might have done to me had Heaven not sent you to my help."

I kissed her hand again lest she should doubt my intentions. Then I turned upon the crew with such an expression as I know how to assume. In an instant the hall was empty.

"Countess," said I, "you are now under my protection. You are faint, and a glass of wine is necessary to restore you." I offered her my arm and escorted her into my room, where she sat by my side at the table and took the refreshment which I offered her.

How she blossomed out in my presence, this woman, like a flower before the sun! She lit up the room with her beauty. She must have read my admiration in my eyes, and it seemed to me that I also could see something of the sort in her own. Ah! my friends, I was no ordinary-looking man when I was in my thirtieth year. In the whole light cavalry it would have been hard to find a finer pair of whiskers. Murat's may have been a shade longer, but the best judges are agreed that Murat's were a shade too long. And then I had a manner. Some women are to be approached in one way and some in another, just as a siege is an affair of

fascines and gabions in hard weather and of trenches in soft. But the man who can mix daring with timidity, who can be outrageous with an air of humility and presumptuous with a tone of deference, that is the man whom mothers have to fear. For myself, I felt that I was the guardian of this lonely lady, and knowing what a dangerous man I had to deal with, I kept strict watch upon myself. Still, even a guardian has his privileges, and I did not neglect them.

But her talk was as charming as her face. In a few words she explained that she was travelling to Poland, and that her brother who had been her escort had fallen ill upon the way. She had more than once met with ill-treatment from the country folk because she could not conceal her good-will towards the French. Then turning from her own affairs she questioned me about the army, and so came round to myself and my own exploits. They were familiar to her, she said, for she knew several of Poniatowski's officers, and they had spoken of my doings. Yet she would be glad to hear them from my own lips. Never have I had so delightful a conversation. Most women make the mistake of talking rather too much about their own affairs, but this one listened to my tales just as you are listening now, ever asking for more and more and more. The hours slipped rapidly by, and it was with horror that I heard the village clock strike eleven, and so learned that for four hours I had forgotten the Emperor's business.

"Pardon me, my dear lady," I cried, springing to my feet, "but I must on instantly to Hof."

She rose also, and looked at me with a pale, reproachful face. "And me?" she said. "What is to become of me?"

"It is the Emperor's affair. I have already stayed far too long. My duty calls me, and I must go."

"You must go? And I must be abandoned alone to these savages? Oh, why did I ever meet you? Why did you ever teach me to rely upon your strength?" Her eyes glazed over, and in an instant she was sobbing upon my bosom.

Here was a trying moment for a guardian! Here was a time when he had to keep a watch upon a forward young officer. But I was equal to it. I smoothed her rich brown hair and whispered such consolations as I could think of in her ear, with one arm round her, it is true, but that was to hold her lest she should

faint. She turned her tear-stained face to mine. "Water," she whispered. "For God's sake, water!"

I saw that in another moment she would be senseless. I laid the drooping head upon the sofa, and then rushed furiously from the room, hunting from chamber to chamber for a carafe. It was some minutes before I could get one and hurry back with it. You can imagine my feelings to find the room empty and the lady gone.

Not only was she gone, but her cap and silver-mounted riding switch which had lain upon the table were gone also. I rushed out and roared for the landlord. He knew nothing of the matter, had never seen the woman before, and did not care if he never saw her again. Had the peasants at the door seen anyone ride away? No, they had seen nobody. I searched here and searched there, until at last I chanced to find myself in front of a mirror, where I stood with my eyes staring and my jaw as far dropped as the chin-strap of my shako would allow.



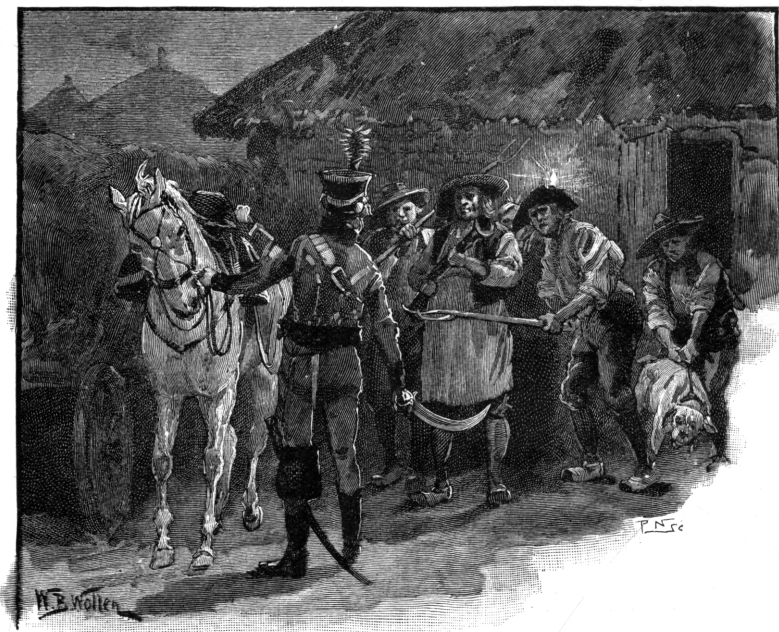
"WATER, SHE WHISPERED."

Four buttons of my pelisse were open, and it did not need me to put my hand up to know that my precious papers were gone. Oh! the depth of cunning that lurks in a woman's heart. She had robbed me, this creature, robbed me as she clung to my breast. Even while I smoothed her hair and whispered kind words into her ear, her hands had been at work beneath my dolman. And here I was, at the very last step of my journey, without the power of carrying out this mission which had already deprived one good man of his life, and was likely to

It was in the corner of the yard that I found him, a blunderbuss in his hands and a mastiff held upon a leash by his son. The two stable-hands, with pitchforks, stood upon either side, and the wife held a great lantern behind him, so as to guide his aim.

"Ride away, sir, ride away!" he cried, with a crackling voice. "Your horse is ready, and no-one will meddle with you if you go your way; but if you come against us, you are alone against three brave men."

I had only the dog to fear, for the two forks and the blunderbuss were shaking



"RIDE AWAY, SIR, RIDE AWAY!"

rob another one of his credit. What would the Emperor say when he heard that I had lost his despatches? Would the army believe it of Etienne Gerard? And when they heard that a woman's hand had coaxed them from me, what laughter there would be at mess-table and at camp-fire! I could have rolled upon the ground in my despair.

But one thing was certain—all this affair of the fracas in the hall and the persecution of the so-called Countess was a piece of acting from the beginning. This villainous innkeeper must be in the plot. From him I might learn who she was and where my papers had gone. I snatched my sabre from the table and rushed out in search of him. But the scoundrel had guessed what I would do, and had made his preparations for me.

about like branches in a wind. Still, I considered that, though I might force an answer with my sword-point at the throat of this fat rascal, still I should have no means of knowing whether that answer was the truth. It would be a struggle, then, with much to lose and nothing certain to gain. I looked them up and down, therefore, in a way that set their foolish weapons shaking worse than ever, and then, throwing myself upon my mare, I galloped away with the shrill laughter of the landlady jarring upon my ears.

I had already formed my resolution. Although I had lost my papers, I could make a very good guess as to what their contents would be, and this I would say from my own lips to the Prince of Saxe-Felstein, as though the Emperor had commissioned me to convey

it in that way. It was a bold stroke and a dangerous one, but if I went too far I could afterwards be disavowed. It was that or nothing, and when all Germany hung on the balance the game should not be lost if the nerve of one man could save it.

It was midnight when I rode into Hof, but every window was blazing, which was enough in itself, in that sleepy country, to tell the ferment of excitement in which the people were. There was hooting and jeering as I rode through the crowded streets, and once a stone sang past my head, but I kept upon my way, neither slowing nor quickening my pace, until I came to the palace. It was lit from base to battlement, and the dark shadows, coming and going against the yellow glare, spoke of the turmoil within. For my part, I handed my mare to a groom at the gate, and striding in I demanded, in such a voice as an ambassador should have, to see the Prince instantly, upon business which would brook no delay.

The hall was dark, but I was conscious as I entered of a buzz of innumerable voices, which hushed into silence as I loudly proclaimed my mission. Some great meeting was being held then—a meeting which, as my instincts told me, was to decide this very question of war and peace. It was possible that I might still be in time to turn the scale for the Emperor and for France. As to the major-domo, he looked blackly at me, and showing me into a small ante-chamber he left me. A minute later he returned to say that the Prince could not be disturbed at present, but that the Princess would take my message.

The Princess! What use was there in giving it to her? Had I not been warned that she was German in heart and soul, and that it was she who was turning her husband and her State against us?

"It is the Prince that I must see," said I.

"Nay, it is the Princess," said a voice at the door, and a woman swept into the chamber. "Von Rosen, you had best stay with us. Now, sir, what is it that you have to say to either Prince or Princess of Saxe-Felstein?"

At the first sound of the voice I had sprung to my feet. At the first glance I had thrilled with anger. Not twice in a lifetime does one meet that noble figure, that queenly head, those eyes as blue as the Garonne, and as chilling as her winter waters.

"Time presses, sir!" she cried, with an impatient tap of her foot. "What have you to say to me?"

"What have I to say to you?" I cried. "What can I say, save that you have taught me never to trust a woman more? You have ruined and dishonoured me for ever."

She looked with arched brows at her attendant.

"Is this the raving of fever, or does it come from some less innocent cause?" said she. "Perhaps a little blood-letting——"

"Ah, you can act!" I cried. "You have shown me that already."

"Do you mean that we have met before?"

"I mean that you have robbed me within the last two hours."

"This is past all bearing," she cried, with an admirable affectation of anger. "You claim, as I understand, to be an ambassador, but there are limits to the privileges which such an office brings with it."

"You brazen it admirably," said I. "Your Highness will not make a fool of me twice in one night." I sprang forward and, stooping down, caught up the hem of her dress. "You would have done well to change it after you had ridden so far and so fast," said I.

It was like the dawn upon a snow-peak to see her ivory cheeks flush suddenly to crimson.

"Insolent!" she cried. "Call the foresters and have him thrust from the palace!"

"I will see the Prince first."

"You will never see the Prince. Ah! Hold him, Von Rosen, hold him!"

She had forgotten the man with whom she had to deal—was it likely that I would wait until they could bring their rascals? She had shown me her cards too soon. Her game was to stand between me and her husband. Mine was to speak face to face with him at any cost. One spring took me out of the chamber. In another I had crossed the hall. An instant later I had burst into the great room from which the murmur of the meeting had come. At the far end I saw a figure upon a high chair under a dais. Beneath him was a line of high dignitaries, and then on every side I saw vaguely the heads of a vast assembly. Into the centre of the room I strode, my sabre clanking, my shako under my arm.

"I am the messenger of the Emperor," I shouted. "I bear his message to his Highness the Prince of Saxe-Felstein."

The man beneath the dais raised his head, and I saw that his face was thin and wan, and that his back was bowed as though some huge burden was balanced between his shoulders.

"Your name, sir?" he asked.

"Colonel Etienne Gerard, of the Third Hussars."

Every face in the gathering was turned upon me, and I heard the rustle of the innumerable necks and saw countless eyes without meeting one friendly one amongst them. The woman had swept past me, and was whispering, with many shakes of her head and dartings of her hands, into the Prince's ear. For my own part I threw out my chest and curled my moustache, glancing round in my own debonair fashion at the assembly. They were men, all of them, professors from the college, a sprinkling of their students, soldiers, gentlemen, artisans, all very silent and serious. In one corner there sat a group of men in black, with riding-coats drawn over their shoulders. They leaned their heads to each other, whispering under their breath, and with every movement I caught the clank of their sabres or the clink of their spurs.

"The Emperor's private letter to me informs me that it is the Marquis Château St. Arnaud who is bearing his despatches," said the Prince.

"The Marquis has been foully murdered," I answered, and a buzz rose up from the people as I spoke. Many heads were turned, I noticed, towards the dark men in the cloaks.

"Where are your papers?" asked the Prince.

"I have none."

A fierce clamour rose instantly around me. "He is a spy! He plays a part!" they cried. "Hang him!" roared a deep voice from the corner, and a dozen others took up the shout. For my part, I drew out my handkerchief and flicked the dust from the fur of my pelisse. The Prince held out his thin hands, and the tumult died away.

"Where, then, are your credentials, and what is your message?"

"My uniform is my credential, and my message is for your private ear."

He passed his hand over his forehead with the gesture of a weak man who is at his wits' end what to do. The Princess stood beside him with her hand upon his throne, and again whispered in his ear.

"We are here in council together, some of my trusty subjects and myself," said he. "I have no secrets from them, and whatever message the Emperor may send to me at such a time concerns their interests no less than mine."

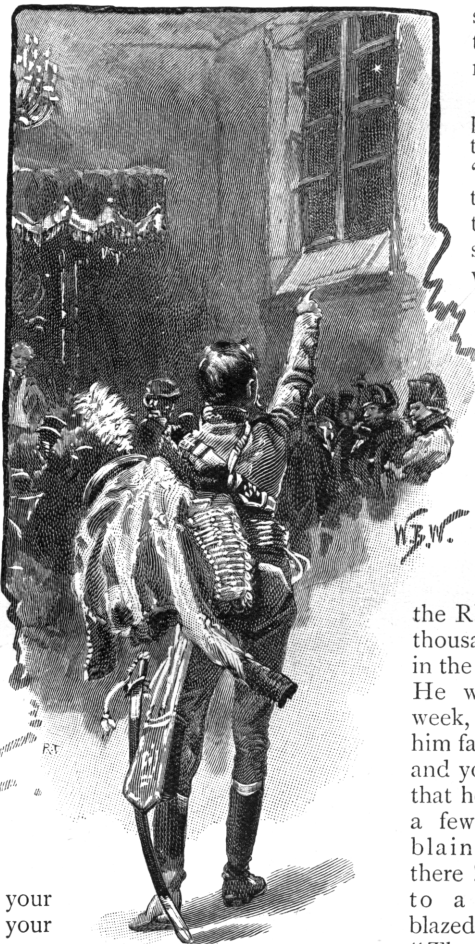
There was a hum of applause at this, and every eye was turned once more upon me. My faith, it was an awkward position in which I found myself, for it is one thing to address eight hundred hussars, and another to speak to such an audience on such a subject. But I fixed my eyes upon the Prince, and tried to say just what I should have said

if we had been alone, shouting it out, too, as though I had my regiment on parade.

"You have often expressed friendship for the Emperor," I cried. "It is now at last that this friendship is about to be tried. If you will stand firm, he will reward you as only he

can reward. It is an easy thing for him to turn a Prince into a King and a province into a power. His eyes are fixed upon you, and though you can do little to harm him, you can ruin yourself. At this moment he is crossing

the Rhine with two hundred thousand men. Every fortress in the country is in his hands. He will be upon you in a week, and if you have played him false, God help both you and your people. You think that he is weakened because a few of us got the chilblains last winter. Look there!" I cried, pointing to a great star which blazed through the window. "That is the Emperor's star."



"LOOK, THAT IS THE EMPEROR'S STAR."

When it wanes, he will wane — but not before.”

You would have been proud of me, my friends, if you could have seen and heard me, for I clashed my sabre as I spoke, and swung my dolman as though my regiment was picketed outside in the courtyard. They listened to me in silence, but the back of the Prince bowed more and more as though the burden which weighed upon it was greater than his strength. He looked round with haggard eyes.

“We have heard a Frenchman speak for France,” said he. “Let us have a German speak for Germany.”

The folk glanced at each other, and whispered to their neighbours. My speech, as I think, had its effect, and no man wished to be the first to commit himself in the eyes of the Emperor. The Princess looked round her with blazing eyes, and her clear voice broke the silence.

“Is a woman to give this Frenchman his answer?” she cried. “Is it possible, then, that among the night-riders of Lutzow there is none who can use his tongue as well as his sabre?”

Over went a table with a crash, and a young man had bounded upon one of the chairs. He had the face of one inspired — pale, eager, with wild hawk eyes, and tangled hair. His sword hung straight from his side, and his riding-boots were brown with mire.

“It is Korner!” the people cried. “It is young Korner, the poet! Ah, he will sing, he will sing.”

And he sang! It was soft, at first, and dreamy, telling of old Germany, the mother of nations, of the rich, warm plains, and the grey cities, and the fame of dead heroes. But then verse after verse rang like a trumpet-call. It was of the Germany of now, the Germany which had been taken unawares and overthrown, but which was up again, and snapping the bonds upon her giant limbs. What was life that one should covet it? What was glorious death that one should shun it? The mother, the great mother, was calling. Her sigh was in the night wind. She was crying to her own children for help. Would they come? Would they come? Would they come?

Ah, that terrible song, the spirit face and the ringing voice! Where were I, and France, and the Emperor? They did not shout, these people, they howled. They were up on the chairs and the tables. They were raving, sobbing, the tears running down their faces. Korner had sprung from the chair,

and his comrades were round him with their sabres in the air. A flush had come into the pale face of the Prince, and he rose from his throne.

“Colonel Gerard,” said he, “you have heard the answer which you are to carry to your Emperor. The die is cast, my children. Your Prince and you must stand or fall together.”

He bowed to show that all was over, and the people with a shout made for the door to carry the tidings into the town. For my own part, I had done all that a brave man might, and so I was not sorry to be carried out amid the stream. Why should I linger in the palace? I had had my answer and must carry it, such as it was. I wished neither to see Hof nor its people again until I entered it at the head of a vanguard. I turned from the throng, then, and walked silently and sadly in the direction in which they had led the mare.

It was dark down there by the stables, and I was peering round for the ostler, when suddenly my two arms were seized from behind. There were hands at my wrists and at my throat, and I felt the cold muzzle of a pistol under my ear.

“Keep your lips closed, you French dog,” whispered a fierce voice. “We have him, captain.”

“Have you the bridle?”

“Here it is.”

“Sling it over his head.”

I felt the cold coil of leather tighten round my neck. An ostler with a stable lantern had come out and was gazing upon the scene. In its dim light I saw stern faces breaking everywhere through the gloom, with the black caps and dark cloaks of the night-riders.

“What would you do with him, captain?” cried a voice.

“Hang him at the Palace Gate.”

“An ambassador?”

“An ambassador without papers.”

“But the Prince?”

“Tut, man, do you not see that the Prince will then be committed to our side? He will be beyond all hope of forgiveness. At present he may swing round to-morrow as he has done before. He may eat his words, but a dead hussar is more than he can explain.”

“No, no, Von Strelitz, we cannot do it,” said another voice.

“Can we not? I shall show you that!” and there came a jerk on the bridle which nearly pulled me to the ground. At the

same instant a sword flashed and the leather was cut through within two inches of my neck.

"By Heaven, Korner, this is rank mutiny," cried the captain. "You may hang yourself before you are through with it."

"I have drawn my sword as a soldier and not as a brigand," said the young poet. "Blood may dim its blade, but never dishonour. Comrades, will you stand by and see this French gentleman mishandled?"

A dozen sabres flew from their sheaths, and it was evident that my friends and my foes were about equally balanced. But the angry voices and the gleam of steel had brought the folk running from all parts.

"The Princess!" they cried. "The Princess is coming!"

And even as they spoke I saw her in front of us, her sweet face framed in the darkness. I had cause to hate her, for she had cheated and befooled me, and yet it thrilled me then and thrills me now to think that my arms have embraced her, and that I have felt the scent of her hair in my nostrils. I know not whether she lies under her German earth, or whether she still lingers, a grey-haired woman in her Castle of Hof, but she lives ever, young and lovely, in the heart and the memory of Etienne Gerard.

"For shame!" she cried, sweeping up to me, and tearing with her own hands the noose from my neck. "You are fighting in God's own quarrel, and yet you would begin with such a devil's deed as this. This man is mine, and he who touches a hair of his head will answer for it to me."

They were glad enough to slink off into the darkness before those scornful eyes. Then she turned once more to me.

"You can follow me, Colonel Gerard," she said. "I have a word that I would speak to you."

I walked behind her to the chamber into which I had originally been shown. She closed the door, and then looked at me with the archest twinkle in her eyes.

"Is it not confiding of me to trust myself with you?" said she. "You will remember that it is the Princess of Saxe-Felstein and not the poor Countess Palotta of Poland."

"Be the name what it might," I answered, "I helped a lady whom I believed to be in distress, and I have been robbed of my papers and almost of my honour as a reward."

"Colonel Gerard," said she, "we have been playing a game, you and I, and the stake was a heavy one. You have shown by delivering a message which was never given to you that you would stand at nothing in the cause of your country. My heart is German as yours is French, and I also would go all lengths, even to deceit and to theft, if at this crisis I can help my suffering fatherland.

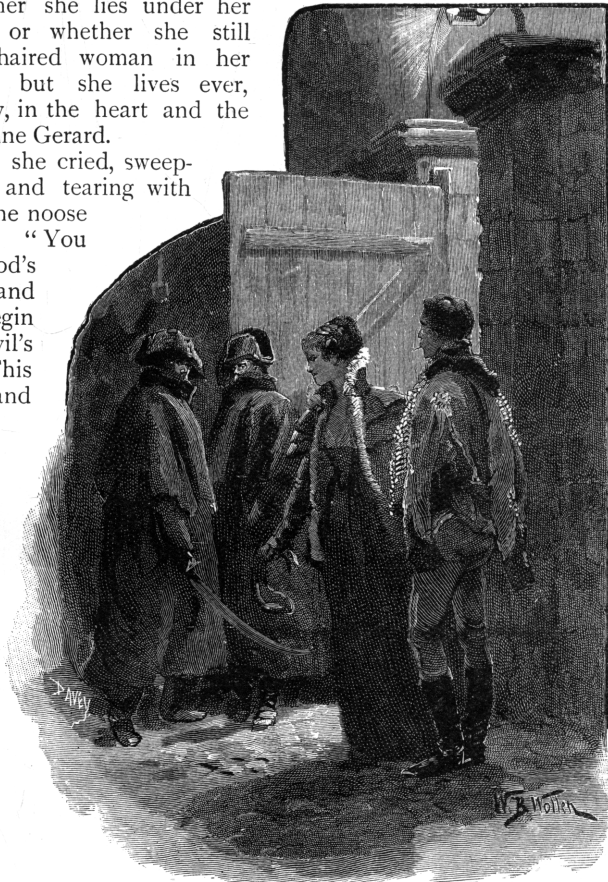
You see how frank I am."

"You tell me nothing that I have not seen."

"But now that the game is played and won, why should we bear malice? I will say this, that if ever I were in such a plight as that which I pretended in the inn of Lobenstein, I should never wish to meet a more gallant protector or a truer-hearted gentleman than Colonel Etienne Gerard. I had never thought that I could feel for a Frenchman as I felt for you when I slipped the papers from your breast."

"But you took them, none the less."

"They were necessary to me



"THIS MAN IS MINE.

and to Germany. I knew the arguments which they contained and the effect which they would have upon the Prince. If they had reached him all would have been lost."

"Why should your Highness descend to such expedients when a score of these brigands, who wished to hang me at your castle gate, would have done the work as well?"

"They are not brigands, but the best blood of Germany," she cried, hotly. "If you have been roughly used you will remember the indignities to which every German has been subjected, from the Queen of Prussia downwards. As to why I did not have you waylaid upon the road, I may say that I had parties out on all sides, and that I was waiting at Lobenstein to hear of their success. When instead of their news you yourself arrived I was in despair, for there was only the one weak woman betwixt you and my husband. You see the straits to which I was driven before I used the weapon of my sex."

"I confess that you have conquered me, your Highness, and it only remains for me to leave you in possession of the field."

"But you will take your papers with you."

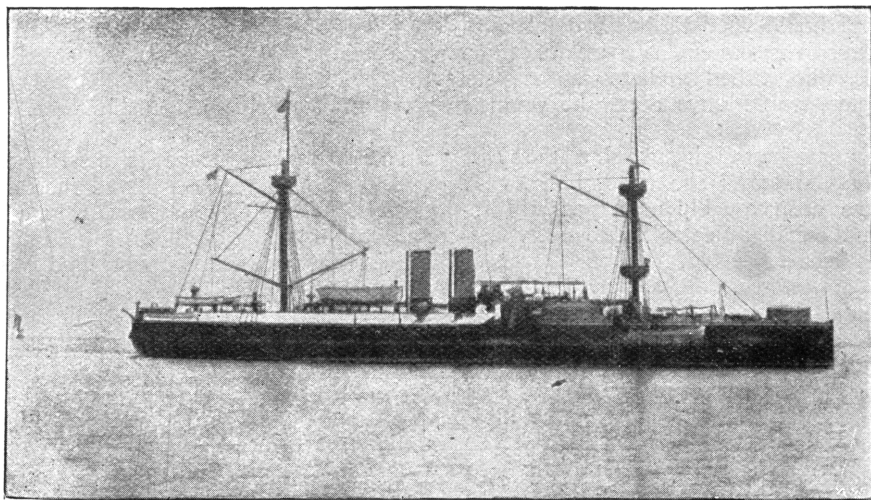
She held them out to me as she spoke. "The Prince has crossed the Rubicon now, and nothing can bring him back. You can return these to the Emperor and tell him that we refused to receive them. No one can accuse you then of having lost your despatches. Good-bye, Colonel Gerard, and the best I can wish you is that when you reach France you may remain there. In a year's time there will be no place for a Frenchman upon this side of the Rhine."

And thus it was that I played the Princess of Saxe-Felstein with all Germany for a stake, and lost my game to her. I had much to think of as I walked my poor, tired Violette along the highway which leads westward from Hof. But amid all the thoughts there came back to me always the proud, beautiful face of the German woman, and the voice of the soldier-poet as he sang from the chair. And I understood then that there was something terrible in this strong, patient Germany—this mother root of nations—and I saw that such a land, so old and so beloved, never could be conquered. And as I rode I saw that the dawn was breaking, and that the great star at which I had pointed through the palace window was dim and pale in the western sky.

[NOTE.—Mr. Conan Doyle has written a powerful Story which will succeed "*Brigadier Gerard*" in THE STRAND MAGAZINE, commencing with the January Number. It will be entitled "*Rodney Stone*," and will treat mainly of the period of George III. in a manner which has not hitherto been attempted. Though each instalment will, like "*The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*" and "*Brigadier Gerard*," have separate incidents of its own, there will be a plot running through them all, and the publication of this important work will continue during the greater part of next year.]

No. XLV.—CAPTAIN M'GIFFIN—COMMANDER OF THE "CHEN YUEN"
AT THE BATTLE OF YALU RIVER.

By ALFRED T. STORY.



From a

CAPTAIN M'GIFFIN'S BATTLE-SHIP THE "CHEN YUEN."

[Photograph.]



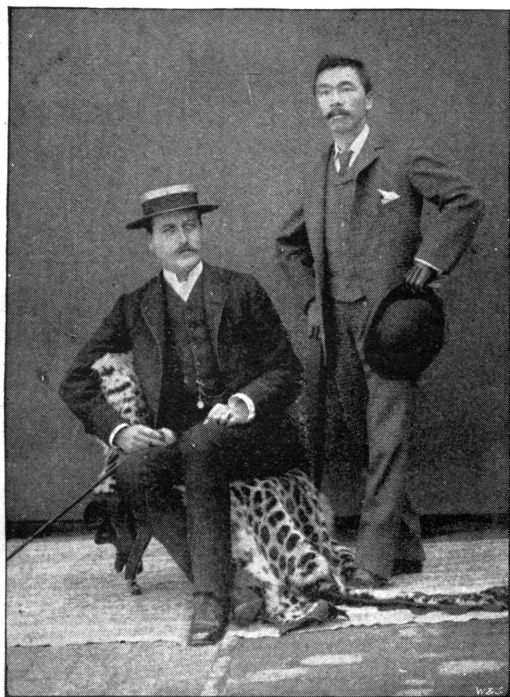
ALTHOUGH the Battle of the Yalu River was fought over a year ago, it is still fresh in the world's memory, and probably will be for many a long day, not only because of the

sensation it occasioned at the time, but for the reason that it showed the engines and implements of modern naval warfare in action as they had never been shown before, and so proved an object-lesson in the art of war of the most inestimable value. The eye-witnesses of the fight who were in a position to take an intelligent view of it were so few, and our information respecting it is consequently so scanty and imperfect, that too much can hardly be made of the evidence of Captain Philo Norton M'Giffin, who was the only European officer in command of any of the ships, either Chinese or Japanese. In reality, Captain M'Giffin was commander of the *Chen Yuen*, sister ship to the *Ting Yuen*, which was the flag-ship of Admiral Ting, the chief officer being Commodore Lin, who, as will be seen, was early put *hors-de-combat*, so far as all power of command was concerned, and M'Giffin had in consequence to take sole charge.

Captain M'Giffin went out to China twelve years ago, to take the position of professor of mathematics and of naval matters generally at the Naval College at Tien Tsin, which is between forty and fifty

miles from the sea, while the College itself was some four miles from the nearest river—"a proper sort of place for a naval school," observed Captain M'Giffin. None of the cadets—over 100 in number—had ever seen the sea or a ship, and being nearly all married men with families, they had no desire or intention of serving in the navy. They were simply cadets because the position was a salaried one, and they had influence enough to be appointed to the posts. "They were a poor lot," said Captain M'Giffin; "if I wanted them to do a bit of work to bring them forward in their studies, they immediately got leave and went to their families." After a few months, however, he took the senior class to sea in a training ship, and in the course of a couple of years turned out some very good officers. During this time Captain M'Giffin did a great deal of surveying work, making, in particular, a complete survey of the coast of Corea, and drawing up charts of it.

In 1887, through his instrumentality, the Naval Academy at Wei-Hai-Wei was established. It was under his direction, Lieutenant Bouchier, of the Royal Navy, being his colleague as gunnery instructor. Here, most of the Chinese officers who served in the war received their instruction in naval matters. Captain M'Giffin was thus in a position to judge of the material of which the *personnel* of the Navy was composed;



CAPTAIN M'GIFFIN AND ASSISTANT.
From a Photo, by Le Fong, Chefoo.

and while he entertains the highest opinion of the common sailor for his courage and hardihood, nothing could well exceed his contempt for the Chinese officer. Although there were bright exceptions, as a rule they showed themselves to be the veriest poltroons. "The class to which they belong," says Captain M'Giffin, "the Mandarin class, is the very worst in China. It is not a part of their aim or traditions to be brave and manly; but all their thought is to get into a position where they can squeeze and oppress, and live easy, indolent lives on the fruits of their spoil."

When the war broke out, Captain M'Giffin was about to go on a visit to his friends in the United States, on sick leave, his health having been somewhat undermined by his eleven years in China; but he immediately returned his leave and volunteered to serve in the war, and was appointed to the iron-clad *Chen Yuen*.

Although M'Giffin does not appear to have entertained any very ardent anticipations in regard to what the Chinese navy might do in the war, he certainly expected greater things of it than was achieved. The first brush a Chinese vessel had with the enemy gave him food for reflection, as well as some amusement. A few days before war

was declared, the torpedo cruiser *Tsi Yuen* went out to Corea to watch the landing of some Chinese troops. She returned a few days later, war having then broken out. He watched her go into harbour, and saw nothing to indicate that she had seen the enemy. But presently one of his men came into his office, and in reply to his question as to how matters had gone, he replied, "Plenty men sick." "I could not understand that," said Captain M'Giffin, "as there was nothing on board to make them sick; so I said, 'What on earth has made them sick?' Then the man became very excited and said, 'Plenty men break.' I knew at once what he meant. It was his way of saying that there were a lot of wounded men on board; they had been in action. I immediately went on board, and saw the 'broken' men and the evidences of the fight with my own eyes. The narrative of the action was not a reassuring one."

These and the following particulars were obtained from Captain M'Giffin on the occasion of a recent visit of his to this country. M'Giffin is a tall, muscular-looking man, with a strong, resolute face, and an eye that indicates that he would be a bad man to have as an enemy. He is Scotch by descent, though American by birth. Judged by his accent, he might be English.



CAPTAIN M'GIFFIN AT 17.
From a Photo, by F. M. Zutter, U. S. Naval Academy.

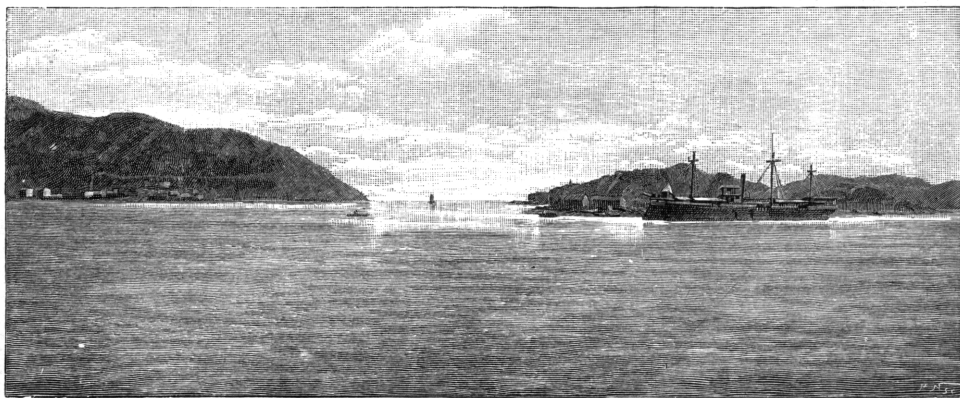
though he uses some Yankee idioms. Speaking of his Scottish ancestry, Captain M'Giffin relates an interesting fact in connection with the career of his great-grandfather, who, though born in Scotland, fought in the War of Independence as an officer on the side of the Colonists. In one of the battles in which he was engaged, he took several soldiers prisoners, and amongst them found his own brother. Captain M'Giffin is slow and deliberate in conversation, and prefers best to talk walking backwards and forwards as though on the quarter-deck. It was thus that the following narrative was drawn from his lips.

"It was," said he, "on the morning of the 17th of September, 1894, that we first sighted the Japanese fleet. Our squadron—under Admiral Ting Ju Chang—had arrived at the mouth of the Yalu River, in convoy of transports, the day before. The

torpedo-boats and four gunboats, besides our regular squadron, and they consequently thought we were even more formidable than we really were, because the torpedo-boats and the gunboats were up the river; and of the lot only two of the former joined us during the battle—and that when it was half over.

"While thus reconnoitring us," continued M'Giffin, "they were going parallel to our squadron, and, to the eyes of Commodore Lin, seemed to be steaming away from us.

"I shall never forget the effect the sight had upon the poor fellow. We were on the bridge together, and upon seeing them, as he thought, move away, his face became beaming, and he cried out, in English—he had previously been speaking in Chinese—clapping his hands together and striding along the bridge as he did so, 'Goddam, they retire! Goddam, they retire!' I said, 'They do not mean to go away, captain. We shall have our fight.'"



From a

THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER YALU—WHERE THE BATTLE TOOK PLACE.

[Photograph.]

disembarkation of the troops, which took place fifteen miles up the river, occupied the whole of the night. Next morning—Monday, the 17th—each ship went to general quarters, and we were busy exercising the crews at the guns, when the Japanese fleet came in sight. It was a beautiful day, with a gentle breeze, and we could see and count the number of their ships distinctly.

"As soon as we saw the enemy," said Captain M'Giffin, "and before they sighted us, we up anchor and started after them. As they were steaming ahead, and we were lying still, they made more smoke than we did, and so we got sight of them before they perceived us. But when we started in pursuit, they were immediately made aware of our presence by our increasing plumes of smoke. For a while they seemed to hold off, reconnoitring. They must have known that we had six

Captain M'Giffin explained that the men of the fleet had been spoiling for a fight for some time, in consequence of the jeers the soldiers at Wei-Hai-Wei and Port Arthur had been accustomed to throw at them because they had not destroyed the enemy's ships. The Commodore had pretended to be as eager to meet the Japanese as the men; but he was now overjoyed at the prospect of escaping the enemy, and continued to pace along the bridge and cry, "They retire! Goddam, they retire!"

"We followed them in this way for some distance," continued M'Giffin, "and then, being satisfied as to our actual strength, they showed us that they intended to fight. The battle began about 12.20 and lasted till about 5.30 p.m.

"I was on the bridge taking the range when the action began, and all through the

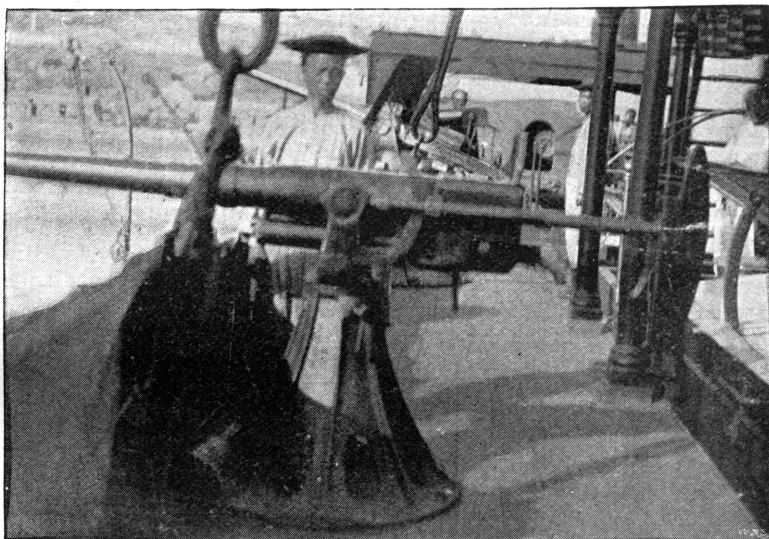
action I had little chance of seeing what was going on beyond the fighting of our own ship. But I had time to admire the enemy's line of battle. It was formed into two squadrons—the Flying Squadron, consisting of the *Yoshino*, *Takachiho*, *Naniwa*, and *Akitsuishima*, which led; and the Principal Squadron, constituted of the *Matsushima* (Admiral Ito's flag-ship), *Itsukushima*, *Hasedate*, *Chiyoda*, *Fuso*, and *Hiyei*. The *Akagi* and *Saikio* formed a reserve. Our fleet, which advanced in a zig-zag line, consisted of ten ships, as follows: *Ting Yuen*, the flag-ship, *Chih Yuen*, *Tsi Yuen*, and *Kwan Chia*, forming the left wing; and *Chen Yuen*, *Lai Yuen*, *King Yuen*, *Ching Yuen*, *Chao Yung*, and *Yang Wei*, forming the right wing. The *Ping Yuen* and the *Kwang Ping*, with the two torpedo-boats, did not put in an appearance until the fight was half over.

"But there was hardly time to admire the beauty of the scene before I was made aware that the action had begun in earnest by the *Ting Yuen* opening fire. We followed suit a minute or two afterwards, and the Japs soon replied to our music. It was curious to see the effect upon our officers. A shot passed over us; it was only a ricochet; but it was enough to put all the fight out of the major part of them. Indeed, I may say that hardly one was seen after that. I saw our navigating lieutenant, a Foo-chow man—all a cowardly lot—disappear, pale as a ghost, from the star-board turret at the second shot.

"I had occasion to give him a bit of my mind, or, rather, of my foot, a little later. Something had gone wrong with the training engine of one of the turrets, and I was obliged to go down into the armoured place below to put it to rights. As I was getting down, somebody caught hold of my legs and tried to stop me, shouting out, 'There's no room for any more here—you must go somewhere else to hide.' I looked down, and saw

the navigating officer and some half a score more crouching there in mortal fear. I was so mad with the navigating lieutenant that I let him have one in the chest with my foot, knocking all the wind out of him. They let me go down after that, and so I was enabled to put the engine to rights."

No wonder the Japanese were victorious with such a foe. But even this was not the worst, for Captain M'Giffin found Commodore Lin—commander of the right wing, and his senior officer on the *Chen Yuen*—in an even still more degrading position than his officers. "Every now and then I heard a strange noise in the conning-tower below me," said the



VIEW OF STARBOARD SIDE OF SUPERSTRUCTURE OF THE "CHEN YUEN," AFT—SHOWING 3-POUNDER SEMI-AUTOMATIC MAXIM-NORDENFELDT GUN, AND TWO 6-POUNDER HOTCHKISS QUICK-FIRING GUNS. THE BREECH OF THE 6-INCH KRUPP GUN IS SEEN THROUGH THE DOOR IN SHIELD IN BACKGROUND. From a Photograph.

captain; "it was more like the howling of a dog than anything else I can liken it to, and I was very curious to know what it could be. However, I had not time to inquire then. But after a while I had occasion to go down into the conning-tower, in order to fight the ship, when, to my astonishment, who should I see but my worthy captain! He was lying grovelling on his stomach, jabbering as fast as he could in Chinese—praying, in fact praying and cursing in the same breath—and every time a shot struck the ship he howled like a dog. I shall never forget the sight, nor the sound, as long as I live. I felt inclined to kick him, although I didn't. But all through the engagement, I knew when a shot had struck us by his howls, though otherwise I was too much taken up with the fight to have noticed the impact of the shots,

"As to the fighting of the *Chen Yuen*," said Captain M'Giffin, "the worst risk we ran was when she got on fire forward. I was in the conning-tower, from whence I had been issuing orders, when a fire broke out in the superstructure over the forecastle. It had made considerable headway when I gave orders for a line of hose to be run out. We were then in the hottest of the fight, and the men refused to go unless an officer led them. There was only one willing to undertake the job — the gunnery lieutenant in the port barbette, a fine, plucky fellow; but we could not spare him on account of his knowing so many of the Chinese dialects, and so I had to go myself.

"A number of men volunteered to follow me. We had no sooner reached the fore-castle than the awful fire of the enemy's guns began to tell upon us. One after another my men were fairly torn to pieces. A shot from a rapid-firing gun actually passed between my legs, wounding both wrists in its passage, and carrying away the tail of my coat. I was bending over pulling up a hose at the time. A shell hit the tower, and as it burst a piece struck me. I had just removed it when I received another wound in almost the same place, and from the same cause.

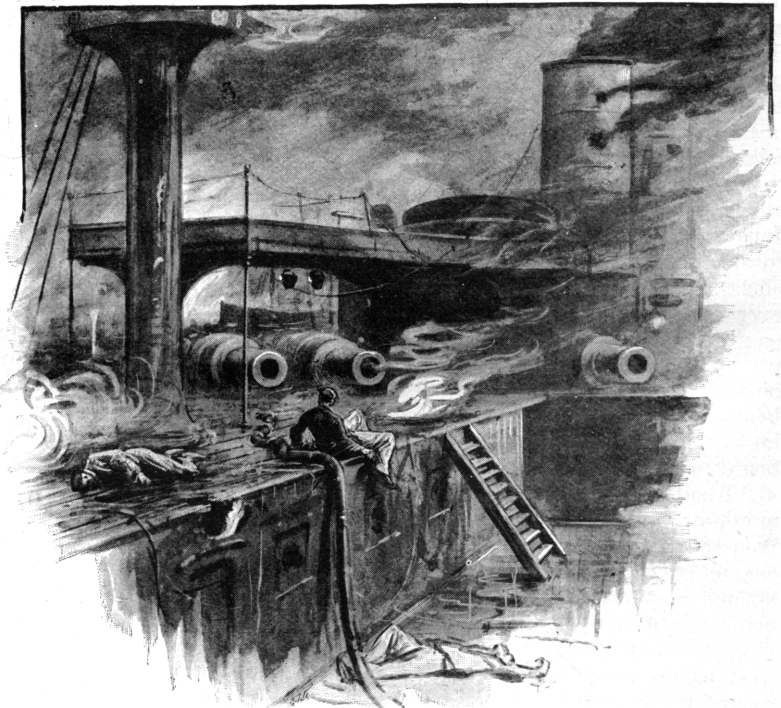
"At this time we were being peppered by three of the enemy's ships at close quarters — one on the port side, one on the starboard, and one right ahead; but the one on the port side was doing the most mischief, and so the men at the two starboard guns had been ordered to turn their guns round and try to silence the ship that was pressing us so hard on the port side. To do this, of course, they had to fire across the fore-castle. When, therefore, I and the men who had volunteered to go with me to put out

the fire were about to go forward, I ordered the head gunner at the starboard battery to cease firing at the vessel on the port side, and direct his guns at the ship right ahead, otherwise they would fire upon us. But the instant after I had turned my back, a shot knocked the head gunner to pieces, and the man who took his place did not know that we had gone forward, and, keeping the guns directed towards the ship on the port side, fired.

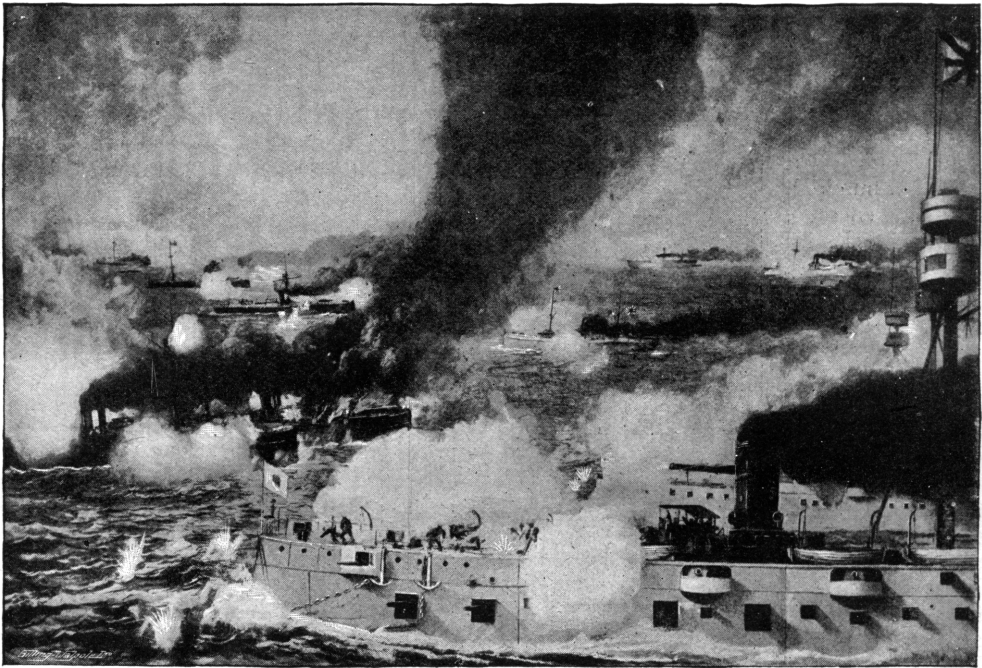
"The explosion blew all of us who were left off our legs. The man by my side, indeed, was killed. At the same time, a shot from one of the enemy's rapid-firing guns ripped across my body, cutting quite a gash, but not doing any serious injury. I was rendered unconscious, however. Fortunately, I had fallen upon a hose that had been torn by a shot, and the water spurting from the rent fell upon my face and revived me."

Captain M'Giffin here explained that the two guns were six feet apart, and he was lying ten feet in front of No. 2 gun when No. 1 went off. "The flash of it," said the captain, "was like an intense flash of lightning. It rendered me unconscious so quickly that, though I was so near, I did not hear the report of the gun.

"When I opened my eyes, I saw that I was right in front of the muzzle of the other



"I SAW THAT I WAS RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE MUZZLE."



From a Drawing by the]

THE BATTLE OF YALU.

[Japanese Artist, Bungo Sakuma.

starboard gun, and that my head was directly in the line of fire. I watched the training of the gun for a second or two; then, realizing that in another instant it would go off and I should be blown to pieces, I threw myself over the side of the superstructure on to the deck below, a depth of some eight feet. As I fell the gun went off.

"I fell heavily upon my chest, and a lot of blood gushed from my mouth, so that those who saw me thought I was dead, and left me where I was. I managed, however, to get round into the superstructure, near a shell-hoist. I hadn't been there long before a shot entered and smashed into the uptake. I then asked two of the four men at the hoist to carry me farther aft, so as to get away from the stench of sulphur, for I could not walk. We had not moved far from the spot before a shell burst just where we had been, blowing the other two men at the hoist to pieces. You will see the hole the shell made in the superstructure by this photograph"—showing the one reproduced in our illustration on page 623.

Captain M'Giffin is still suffering from the wounds he received on board the *Chen Yuen*, and he thinks that he will continue to suffer from them as long as he lives. When in England there were still pieces of shot lodged in the flesh of his left side and leg, which kept the wounds from healing. Within

the circumference of about a foot he seems to have been struck by at least from forty to fifty pieces of shot or shell. How he ever came out of the engagement alive is a miracle. "Our men," said he, "considered that I had a charmed life." In addition to his wounds, his clothes got on fire, and one of his eyes was badly injured, so that during the latter part of the action he was nearly blind.

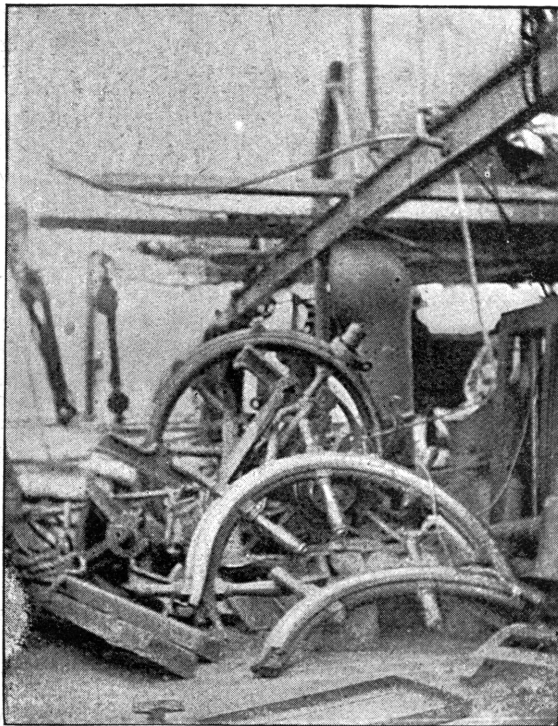
Asked a question with reference to the powers and qualities of the two fleets, Captain M'Giffin said that he went into action in the confident belief that the Chinese would win, the Japs being dubious as to the qualities of their ships in comparison with our armoured vessels. The Japanese were well served with ammunition, while the Chinese ran short. "We had very few shells for our big guns," said M'Giffin, "and the fuses of some of them were nothing but coal-dust." The captain attributes much of the disaster which befell the Chinese arms, both at sea and on land, to the treachery in high places which everywhere prevailed. Everybody, he avers, was in the pay of Japan, from Lo-Feng-Loh, the Chinese First Lord of the Admiralty, to the lowest official who had any information to sell.

"However, we did our best," continued Captain M'Giffin, as though conscious that he had deserved victory, if he had not

won it. "As for the *Chen Yuen*, she was in the thick of the fight all the time. The fact that no fewer than four hundred of the enemy's shots struck us ought to be fair proof of our having been in it. We were simply cut to pieces. But I flatter myself we gave back as good as they sent. It was the *Chen Yuen* that gave the Japanese flagship *Matsushima* such a mauling. If you remember, forty-nine officers and men were killed and over fifty wounded by one shell; while the gunnery lieutenant was blown into the sea, his cap and telescope being the only articles left as mementos of him.

"Soon after we brushed up against the *Matsushima* it was discovered that we had a few steel shells left for our 12.2in. gun. These shells were about 5ft. long, weighed 800lb., and carried a bursting charge of nearly 90lb. of powder. It was one of these shots that did such fearful execution. When the smoke cleared away we could see that it had wrought terrible destruction; but I did not know until afterwards the full extent of the damage. It appears from the Japanese report that it totally disabled their big 13in. Canet gun and exploded several charges of powder, which had been brought on deck in readiness for use.

"On the whole, I think our eight ships gave a very good account of themselves as against the thirteen Japanese vessels. For it must be remembered that the *Tsi Yuen* ran off in the beginning of the action, while the *Ping Yuen* was out of the way until the close of the fight, when she fired a shot or two, as it were, for form's sake, just as the enemy's fleet was clearing off. Indeed, the brunt of the fighting was sustained by the two ironclads, the *Ting Yuen* and the *Chen*



RUINS OF THE STEERING WHEEL. SEVEN MEN WERE KILLED BY THE FLYING SPLINTERS OF THIS WHEEL.
From a Photograph.

Yuen. The *King Yuen* caught fire in a very short time and went down. The *Lai Yuen* came very near suffering the same fate, as she also was set on fire. For a time all that her crew could do was to fight the conflagration.

"Yes, fire did the chief havoc with us. The *Chao Yung* and the *Yang Wei*, the two Armstrong cruisers, were made a set at by the enemy early in the action, and they were soon blazing furiously. Their thin sides were easily pierced by shells, and then their interior woodwork burned like match-board.

"The pluckiest thing that was done during the engagement? Well, the coolest courage was, perhaps, shown by a small boy, the brother of our gunnery lieutenant, who was on deck the whole time helping to hand things to the gunners, and who, though shot was falling all about, never flinched or showed the slightest fear. His brother was badly wounded, but he came off scatheless. He helped to carry his brother down when he was hit, but afterwards returned to his post, and remained at it till the end of the day. He was on board simply on a visit to his brother, not in any way as a part of the ship's company.

"But as regards the fighting of the ships, the most daring act was probably that of Captain Tang of the *Chih Yuen*, which, when making a move to support the *Lai Yuen*, was struck under the water-line by a shell or a torpedo — nobody knows — and at once took a heavy list. Seeing the game was pretty well up, Tang resolved to go for one of the big ships, intending to ram her. But the Japs, perceiving his game, rained a perfect hurricane of shot and shell upon him, with the result that the list became greater, and just before she reached her intended

victim, she rolled over and plunged, bows foremost, to be seen no more. Only seven of her crew were saved.

"One of the strangest things about the affair is that Captain Tang might have been saved but for a dog he had. It was a big, savage brute—too much sometimes for his master to manage. When the ship went down, Tang got hold of a piece of floating wreckage, and was supporting himself above the water with it when his dog swam to him, mounted upon his back, seized him by the throat, and compelled him to loose his hold, thus drowning him along with himself. The seven men who were saved saw this tragedy.

"Some of the Chinese officers brave men? Yes, I have said so. But the major part of them were Foo-Chows. Those who were not Foo-Chow men were brave enough. The *Tsi Yuen* was manned largely by Foo-Chow men, and they made off at the very outset of the fight. We saw them going for Port Arthur at 12.45. Fong, the cowardly captain of the *Tsi Yuen*, afterwards said that his entire battery had been disabled at the very beginning of the engagement, and that he was obliged to make tracks to save his ship. But upon examination

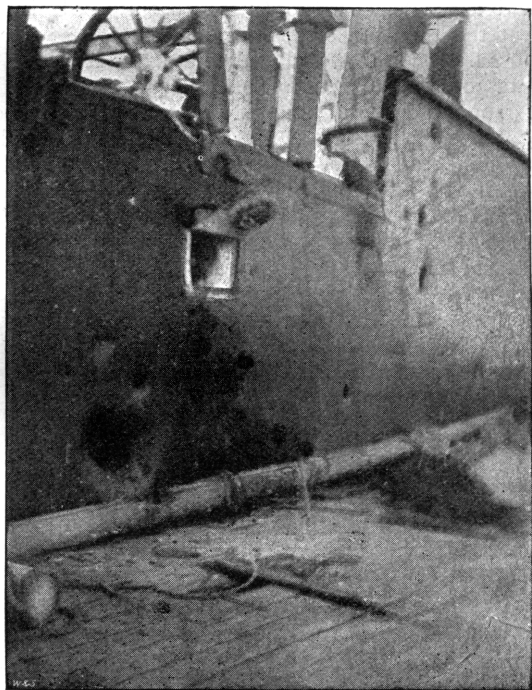
it was proved that this was the lamest of excuses, the only damage done to any part of his battery—and that not serious—having been received after he had turned tail!

"If it had not been for the war interrupting our work at Wei-Hai-Wei, we should soon have put a different complexion on the Chinese navy—as regards officers, I mean," said Captain M'Giffin. "We had the greatest hopes of the young men who would have graduated shortly. The gunnery school was especially good. As I have said, it was under the charge of Lieutenant Bouchier, of the British Navy. He was a splendid

gunnery officer himself, and took great interest in the work.

"The Japanese admiral, Ito, acknowledged our superior marksmanship; but it must be remembered that, on account of their large number of quick-firing guns and general numerical superiority, being twelve ships to our six during most of the engagement, we were much overmatched. As a matter of fact, though we secured about twenty hits out of 100 to their twelve, yet, as they could fire 600 shots to our 100, they made seventy-two hits to our twenty. Add to this that they had six targets to fire at and we twelve, and you will readily see our disadvantage.

"You would hardly believe," continued Captain M'Giffin, after a pause, "that while we were doing everything we could to make good sailors of our men, and good officers, and to encourage an *esprit de corps*, we were compelled to have with us a lot of men who did everything they could to mar all that we were doing. I refer to the secretaries that the officers are obliged to have about them to make their reports. Written Chinese is a difficult matter, and it is done by a class apart. These men are of the Mandarin



THE SUPERSTRUCTURE OF THE "CHEN YUEN" AFTER THE BATTLE.
From a Photograph.

class, and they have all their vices and nobody else's virtues. They are a mean, cowardly, and despicable set. They are, in short, an incarnation of all the Chinese vices, and as such they hang together, work together, and whenever they see anybody doing anything that is different to the old Chinese method, like wearing a uniform different to what they have been used to, or unlike their own garb, which is a long blue gown, learning drill, or anything of that kind, they stand by in groups, and point and sneer. They make remarks, too, telling them they are learning the habits of foreign devils, forgetting their Chinese origin,

and so forth. This has a bad effect upon the men, and discourages them greatly. Yet in a big ship we are obliged to have a lot of them—as many as twenty or twenty-five. When it came to fighting, or there was a possibility of fighting, these fellows suddenly became sick, or they found that it was necessary for them to go home to bury a father or a mother. It was astonishing the number of parents there were to be buried at such times. You never saw such filial piety—and poltroonery!

"One of these fellows," continued M'Giffin, "when, just at the outbreak of the war, there was a prospect of a brush with the enemy, fell into such a funk that he pretended to be sick and asked leave to go home. The fleet was at the time in Corea, and his request was refused. Then he heard that one of the ships was ordered to return to China, and that she would sail in the morning. During the night, therefore, he managed, by bribing some sailors, to get on board, and hid himself away in the hold. But in the morning, when he ventured to show himself on deck, he found to his dismay that the rest of the fleet had sailed for home, while the ship he had taken refuge upon was ordered on another expedition. The poor secretary begged and prayed to be sent back, that he might bury his father or his mother.

But that, of course, was out of the question, and he had perforce to accompany the ship. She did nothing, and got no hurt; but when, in a day or two, she returned to port, the cowardly, mangy secretary was so sick through fear that he was obliged to go home.

"This was one of the ways in which the Chinese were handicapped," said Captain M'Giffin. "We had, in fact, hardly a chance. The Japanese had by far the best of it in every way. They had the advantage of

us in ships, and the majority of their guns would fire five or six shots to our one. Then their ships had greater speed; we made several attempts to ram them, but what was the good, when they could go seventeen knots an hour to our twelve? And yet, in spite of every drawback, if all the ships had been fought as well as the *Ting Yuen* and the *Chen Yuen*, we should have done for the Japs. They confessed that we two—that is, the two ironclads—preserved our formation throughout, and that the *Chen Yuen*, by her steadiness and excellent gun practice, saved the Chinese fleet from actual annihilation.

"And yet the Battle of Yalu was decisive enough in all conscience. It gave the Japanese absolute command of the sea. It was a splendid strategic victory, and they deserve all credit for it. The fight was not such a great affair as regards the force engaged, but it was, in the results obtained, one of the most momentous naval engagements of the century, and by long odds the most important of the Chino-Jap War.

"About the price put upon my head? It's no use saying much about that. The Japs offered 5,000 yen—a yen is a dollar—for my capture. I don't know why. I was not the only one for whom they were willing to pay a price—I suppose in order that they might wreak their vengeance upon us. However, if they had captured me, I don't think they would have got much satisfaction out of me, for in the event I should not have had time to shoot myself, I always carried a small phial of prussic acid about with me for use in case of need."

In conclusion, Captain M'Giffin said: "I am sorry I have not any better photographs to offer you. I had a kodak with me, and in the beginning of the fight I took seven or eight shots; but the film proved to be bad, and so I had my trouble for nothing."



CAPTAIN M'GIFFIN AFTER THE BATTLE.
From a Photo. by Le Fong, Chefoo.



SEQUEL.

BY F. STARTIN PILLEAU.

THE extraordinary number of letters sent to the Editor, in response to the invitation given at the end of my story entitled "The Vision of Inverstrathay Castle," which appeared in the Christmas Number of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE* for 1894, must be my apology for intruding myself once more before the readers of that world-renowned periodical. Those who read that story will remember that my old friend, Tom Farquharson, and I were diametrically opposed as to the expediency of informing either, or both, of two young people (who, at that time, were engaged to be married) of a vision we had seen concerning them; and that we determined, after much discussion, to lay the facts of the case before the public, inviting such as felt competent to do so to give us their advice upon the matter.

I now take this opportunity of tendering my thanks to those who so promptly responded to my appeal, and who will, I think, take an interest in hearing the *dénouement* of the story. But, for the information of those who did not read the first story, at the Editor's request, I will begin with a brief summary of what took place.

I, while a guest at Inverstrathay Castle, occupied a haunted room. In the night the room was suddenly lit up; a young girl, terror-stricken, rushed into the room, closely followed by a man, who killed her. The vision was repeated the following night. I was much surprised to find staying in the house a young lady named Miss Craig, who

was exactly like the girl of my vision, and who also bore the same strong resemblance to a portrait of a Lady Betty Colquhoun, an ancestor of Tom Farquharson. There was a story attached to the place that, about the end of the sixteenth century, one Ronald Farquharson married a Lady Betty Colquhoun; but after three years of torture from her husband, the lady was said to have eloped with an old lover. I explained the whole matter to my host, who watched with me that night, when the vision again appeared. We pulled some of the wainscoting away and discovered a secret passage, at the end of which, in a dungeon, was a skeleton of a woman. Farquharson believed that his ancestor must have murdered his wife, hidden the body himself, and set going the story of the elopement. We were greatly perplexed for a solution to the mystery, as both the actors in the visionary tragedy were in modern evening costume. A year later, I met the villain of my vision in London. I told Farquharson of this, who informed me that Sir Philip Clipstone, the villain, and Miss Craig, the victim in the tragedy, were engaged to be married. We were very much troubled as to whether it was our duty to inform the engaged couple of what had taken place, or not; and this was the point which we determined to lay before the public.

The story, however, did not appear in print until it was too late for me to profit by the advice so freely offered by my readers. In the meantime, many important events happened, which it is now my purpose to relate.

Firstly, poor Farquharson, having returned

too soon to Inverstrathy Castle, caught the fever and died (after but ten days' illness), thus leaving to me the sole responsibility of either telling Sir Philip Clipstone and Dora Craig what we had seen, or keeping silence and letting events take their own course.

Secondly, almost immediately after poor Tom's death, both Duncan Farquharson and his younger brother Charles, first cousins of Tom's (the former of whom had succeeded to the Inverstrathy estates), were drowned while coming back from Madeira (where they had been yachting) to take possession of the property.

Thirdly, Sir Philip Clipstone and Dora Craig, in happy ignorance of what might be in store for them, and not knowing the importance of delay, or the excellent advice about to be tendered them by the public, calmly took the matter into their own hands and were quietly married on the 2nd of October, just about the time of the wreck of the *Albatross*, poor Duncan Farquharson's yacht.

Fourthly, in consequence of this last tragedy (the wreck, not the marriage) Sir Philip succeeded to Inverstrathy Castle and property.

It was one of the society papers which informed me, much to my surprise, of this last event; for I had not, until then, any idea Sir Philip was related to poor Tom. It seems, however, he was a second cousin, and took the name of Clipstone in consequence of inheriting an estate, in the West of England, provided he added the testator's name to his own, so that his full style and title was Sir Philip Farquharson Clipstone, Bart., and is, now that he has succeeded to Inverstrathy, Sir Philip Clipstone Farquharson, Bart.

It was with a feeling little short of dismay that I heard of this rapid development of Dora's destiny, and every day I half expected to hear of some terrible *dénouement*, but this was not the case; on the contrary, for the first few months the young couple seemed to be even more devotedly attached to each other than young married folk usually are. And whenever I met them in society, which was pretty often, even my suspicious glances could not detect the slightest appearance of duplicity in the lover-like behaviour of Sir Philip to his charming bride.

At first, it was only at the houses of mutual friends that I had an opportunity of observing them, for, although

Lady Farquharson immediately recognised me on the first occasion of our meeting after her marriage, and at once introduced me to her husband, the acquaintance, for a time, went no further. Indeed, it was not till after the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race that it rapidly ripened into a warm friendship. It happened, on that occasion, to be one of those unusually beautiful spring days which, now and again, visit our desolate shores, giving promise of better things to come, a promise, alas! but rarely fulfilled, and we were a merry party on Lord Coverdale's steam launch.

It was the first time I had seen Lady Farquharson without her husband, and I gathered, from what she was telling Lady Coverdale, that Sir Philip had been summoned away, on urgent business, just as they were leaving home.

No need to describe the event of the day, which, in fact, proved to be a mere procession; suffice it to say that, after the boats had passed, and the usual number of steamers and other craft were pressing in their wake, a clumsily-steered launch bumped against our quarter. The shock was not great, but more than sufficient to cause Lady Farquharson, who was standing near me, to lose her



"THE COUPLE SEEMED DEVOTEDLY ATTACHED TO EACH OTHER."

balance and fall into the water. Quick as thought, I jumped in after her, and easily managed to support her till a friendly boat took us on board.

It was a simple act, and one which anyone else would have done in the same circumstances, though, from the exaggerated thanks which Sir Philip showered upon me when I took Lady Farquharson home, you would have thought I had done something unusually heroic.

Fortunately, neither of us took the slightest harm from our immersion, for, as I have said, it was a glorious, sunshiny day. Had it been otherwise, it might have proved a more serious matter, at all events for Lady Farquharson, who, at that time, was in somewhat delicate health.

From that time my friendship with the Farquharsons rapidly progressed, and scarcely a day passed without my spending an hour or two in their society. Occupying, as I soon did, the post of confidential friend to the family, I had every opportunity for observing the relations between husband and wife. At first, I had not the slightest doubt as to the genuineness of Sir Philip's adoration of Lady Farquharson, and it was not till some time afterwards that I first began to suspect that there might be a slight "rift within the lute."

It is difficult to explain why my suspicions were aroused at all, so impalpable were the symptoms; but I had not lost any of the impressions of that horrible vision at Inverstrathy Castle, and my perceptions were in an abnormal condition of tension, so that I seemed to intuitively understand, rather than actually observe, that all was not quite right between them. They were both still delighted to see me whenever I put in an appearance, but on more than one occasion I could not help feeling that they looked upon my advent as a relief; that my appearance, in fact, had probably been the means of putting to an end a somewhat heated argument between them. Two or three times, too, I felt quite convinced that Sir Philip was on the point of taking me into his confidence, but some slight interruption on each occasion, unfortunately, prevented his doing so.

At length, in June, they left London for Scotland, having pressed me to join them in August for the shooting, and, though my heart bounded when the invitation was given (for what might I not witness in that gloomy old castle?), I determined nothing should prevent my going, and endeavouring, if possible, to avert the awful tragedy I felt convinced would otherwise take place.

In the early part of July I received a hurried letter from Sir Philip announcing, with much pride, the birth of a son and heir, and stating that, though the youngster had made his appearance somewhat sooner than was expected, both mother and child were doing well.

So far, so good. I was delighted at the news, and could only hope the boy would be a tie between his parents. Another week had barely passed, when I got a second letter from Sir Philip saying that Lady Farquharson was not going on quite so satisfactorily, but that he fully hoped and believed she would be all right again long before the 11th of August, when I was expected. "In fact," he added, "I wish it were possible for you to come here sooner, for there is a matter, about which I do not like to write, but which I should much like to talk over with you. However, I fear, from what you said, that that is not possible, but pray do not delay your visit a day longer than you can help, and please do not refer, in any way, to what I have said, when next you write."

These words set me thinking, and my thoughts were not pleasant. What was it he wished to discuss with me, but did not like to put into writing? And why was not Lady Farquharson to know anything about it?

Twice more I heard from Sir Philip, and, though each time his accounts of Lady Farquharson's health were more than satisfactory, there was a depression about the letters which seemed to me very ominous.

At last the 11th of August arrived, and I once again found myself in Sutherlandshire; but, as I had been visiting friends only some twenty miles off, I managed to reach Inverstrathy Castle in time for afternoon tea.

Both Sir Philip and Lady Farquharson gave me the heartiest of welcomes, but I was at once struck and grieved to see a marked and most distressing restraint in their behaviour. Though their bearing towards each other was precisely what one would expect, it wanted but a very superficial observer to detect the lines of worry and care, which were only too apparent, on the countenance of each.

I had no opportunity of getting a word alone with Sir Philip, though I could see he was most anxious to do so, and tea was barely over when, in all the glory of infant pomp and state, the future "Sir Philip" was ushered into our presence.

It would be difficult to say which of the two, Sir Philip or Lady Farquharson, was the more idiotically devoted to the child, and it did my bachelor heart good to see the extra-

ordinary change his presence made in both my host and hostess. All signs of worry or care seemed to be at once wiped out from their faces, and they out-vied each other in their protestations of love and devotion. Nay, more (somewhat, I confess, to my surprise), neither seemed in the least jealous of the other, but alternately hugged and kissed the little chap, as they called each other's attention to his marvellous intelligence—which, by-the-bye, I could not myself detect—in a manner which only young married people, with their first six-weeks-old infant, could possibly appreciate. When, however, the "phenomenon" was once more claimed by his nurse, I was concerned to see the same worried, anxious look gradually overcast their faces. Lady Farquharson, however, seemed to do her best to shake the depressing influence off, and laughed and chatted in a manner that would have been most cheering, had it not been so obviously forced. At length she rose, and suggested I might, perhaps, like to go to my room, adding, with a smile: "I think you already know your way there, as I understand from Mrs. Morgan, who is still here, that it is the same one you occupied when staying here with poor Tom."

I confess to feeling considerably appalled at the idea of again occupying that haunted chamber; but, not seeing how I could get out of it without making a fuss, I determined to make the best of it.

The moment Lady Farquharson left, Sir Philip eagerly asked me to accompany him to his study; but, as we were going there,

one of the footmen informed him that the steward wished to see him immediately about some matter of importance. He, therefore (very reluctantly I could see), said we must defer our chat till after dinner, and I at once went to my room to dress.

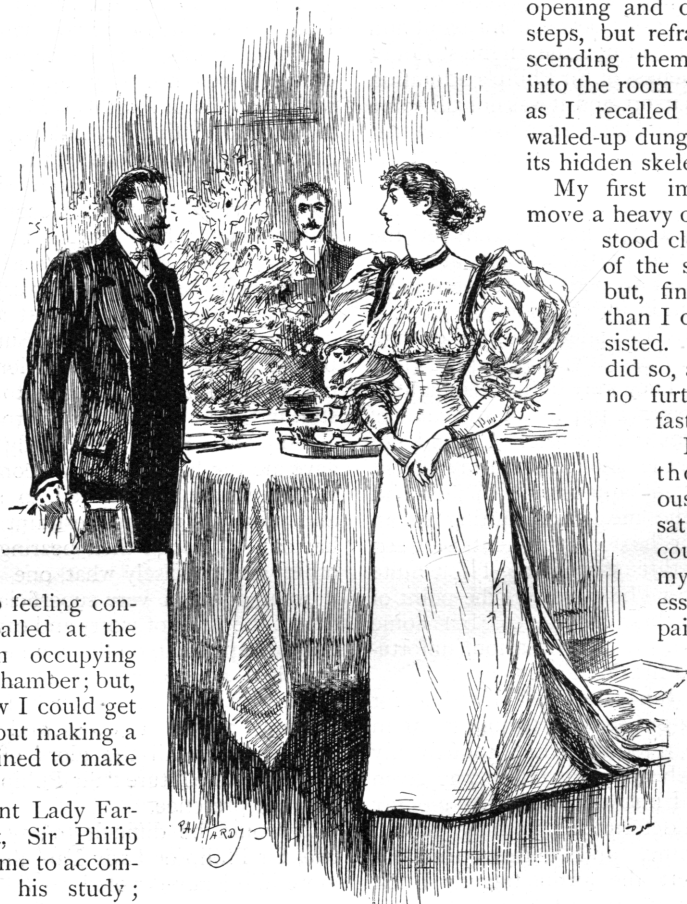
How well I knew it! There was the self-same antique four-poster, the same Persian hearth-rug in front of the fireplace, under which lay the blood-stain, or what Tom and I believed was a blood-stain; and the same rare old tapestry hanging round the gloomy walls. Of course I went at once to the farther corner to see if the secret door had been tampered with. I had no difficulty in finding it, for it opened of its own volition when I drew away the tapestry in front of it. Probably Tom had broken the spring when he forced it open on that memorable occasion, and had not been able, or had not troubled, to repair it, trusting to the heavy tapestry to conceal it.

I could not resist peering through the opening and down the stone steps, but refrained from descending them, turning back into the room with a shudder, as I recalled to mind the walled-up dungeon below, and its hidden skeleton.

My first impulse was to move a heavy oak press, which stood close by, in front of the secret opening; but, finding it heavier than I calculated, I desisted. Thank God I did so, and that I took no further means to fasten up the door!

It was a dreary, though sumptuous, repast that we sat down to, and I could see that both my host and hostess were struggling painfully to appear

at their ease. I did my best to keep the conversation alive, but failed dismally, except when I spoke of the "phenomenon"; then, indeed,



"I THINK YOU ALREADY KNOW YOUR WAY THERE."

both my entertainers opened their lips, and I have no cause to complain of their silence. But one cannot, or at least a bachelor cannot, converse for ever on infantine matters, and the conversation soon lapsed.

At length the weary dinner came to an end, and Lady Farquharson left the room, presumably for the nursery. We filled up our glasses, and I prepared to listen to what I knew Sir Philip was so anxious to tell me, when, before he had barely commenced, Lady Farquharson hurriedly came in and said, with tears in her eyes :—

“Oh, Philip! I’m sure there’s something dreadful the matter with baby!”

“Good God! you don’t say so?” said Sir Philip, starting up and turning ashy pale. “Excuse me for a moment, there’s a good fellow, while I go and see,” and both the fond parents hurried from the room, leaving me, once more, in ignorance as to what it was Sir Philip was so anxious to impart to me.

No doubt I am a cold-blooded, heartless bachelor, but I could not refrain from chuckling at the absurdity of Sir Philip’s and Lady Farquharson’s behaviour. The little beggar had been lively enough a couple of hours before, and it seemed to me highly improbable there could be anything serious the matter with him. It was half an hour before Sir Philip returned, and he then informed me he had already sent off an express for Dr. McDonald, who lived some five miles off. He was in a most terrible state of anxiety, and walked up and down the room in a nervous, agitated manner, which was most distressing to witness. Thinking to distract his attention, I suggested it was a good opportunity for him to tell me what he was so anxious I should hear, but he answered :—

“Not now; I couldn’t do it. I’m absolutely distracted with anxiety. My dear fellow, you don’t know what an awful life Dora and I have led the last three months, and now, just when little Phil seemed sent on purpose to comfort us, for aught I know, he may be dying.”

“But what does the nurse say?” I inquired. “She seems a sensible sort of woman, and, I suppose, has had experience in these matters.”

“She’s an old fool,” he irritably replied, “and the sooner she goes the better.”

“But what does she say?” I persisted.

“Why, she says there’s nothing at all the matter! As though his mother and I couldn’t see for ourselves that he’s terribly ill.”

“What are his symptoms?”

“Oh, I don’t know anything about his symptoms, but, anyhow, he’s pretty bad; and, if anything were to happen to him, God knows how it will all end!”

Fortunately, Dr. McDonald soon arrived, and Sir Philip at once conducted him upstairs. It turned out, as I fully expected, the wildest of scares, the doctor assuring me that there was absolutely nothing whatever the matter with the kid, except the very slightest amount of indigestion. It was ludicrous beyond description, yet pathetic, too, to see poor Sir Philip’s face brighten, as, after the severest cross-examination of the unfortunate doctor, he was forced to believe the child was not *in extremis*.

We spent a much pleasanter evening than I at all anticipated in the smoking-room (for Lady Farquharson only appeared to say good-night, and returned at once to her beloved offspring’s cot), and I found Dr. McDonald, whom Sir Philip had insisted upon putting up for the night, a most amusing companion. Long and racy were the yarns we regaled each other with, Sir Philip spend-



“NOT NOW; I COULDN’T DO IT.”

ing his time mostly in going backwards and forwards to the nursery, and it was pretty late before we turned in. When at last we did so, I had not the slightest intention of going to bed, as I expected little rest in that haunted room, but determined to sit up all night and see what would happen, when, upon casually looking out of the window, I was considerably surprised to see Lady Farquharson hurrying across the lawn. Astonished that she should be out so late, I watched to see what would follow, when, to my still further astonishment, she returned clinging to Sir Philip's arm, apparently endeavouring to persuade him to return to the house with her. Seemingly he would not do so, and although they were too far off for me to hear their conversation, I could distinctly recognise Sir Philip's voice raised in angry altercation.

What was the meaning of it all? Was he intoxicated? Was that the horrible mystery which darkened both their lives and caused that anxious look of worry I had seen on both their faces? Yet, no, this could scarcely be the case, for Sir Philip clearly wished to take me into his confidence, and I knew too much of human nature to suppose he would confess his domestic happiness had been wrecked by his own vice.

Puzzled as to what could possibly be the solution of the mystery, I turned from the window and sat down by the fire. After a time I must have fallen asleep, but my rest in that fateful room was ever destined to be brief, and I could not have slept more than a couple of hours at most, when again I wakened up with a horrible feeling of terror.

This time no vivid, unnatural light was the cause of my awakening, but the most awful, ear-piercing shriek, and, as I started up, once again I saw the tapestry at the farther end of the room drawn aside; once again the lady of my vision, so like Lady Farquharson, rushed into the room and fell upon her knees on the hearth-rug; once again the antique jewel slipped from off her neck to the floor;

and, once again, that bloodthirsty villain, so terribly like Sir Philip, raised his dagger to plunge it into her heart.

With one bound I sprang at his throat, and this time the vision vanished not from my eyes. This time my hand clasped human flesh, instead of empty air, and I desperately strove to wrest the dagger from his murderous hand. Fierce was the struggle between us; frantically I endeavoured to choke back his breath with my right hand as I grasped his wrist, as firmly as I could, with my left. Backwards and forwards we swayed in deadly silence, till at length, tripping over the prostrate form of Lady Farquharson, we both fell heavily to the ground, he, alas, uppermost! I knew now it could only be a



"FIERCE WAS THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN US."

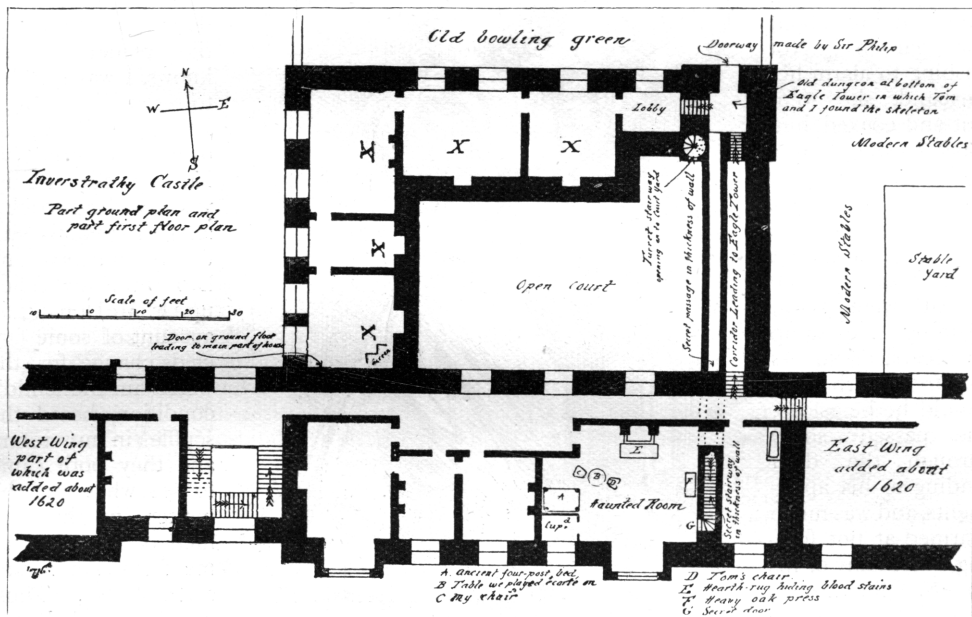
question of a few moments, for in falling I had lost my hold on his wrist; but I desperately clung to him with both hands and knees, twisting and turning to avoid the fatal thrust. At length the decisive moment came, when, kneeling on my chest, the infuriated ruffian

raised the dagger to plunge it into my breast. I even saw the light from the fire flash upon the blade as he waved it round his head, and then, just as it was descending, to my unspeakable relief and amazement, the door burst open and Sir Philip himself, followed by Dr. McDonald, rushed into the room, and, at the very last moment, freed me from my antagonist.

So soon as I had sufficiently recovered, Sir Philip gave me an explanation of the terrible mystery, which was shortly as follows:—

It appears that Sir Philip had a twin brother, who, delicate from his birth, had spent the greater part of his life travelling. While crossing the Libyan Desert, in the early

who was devoted to his brother, and to Lady Farquharson, and they sedulously kept the matter a profound secret, though Sir Philip suggested that I, being such an intimate friend, should be told. Lady Farquharson, however, at first, was strongly against it, and, in deference to her wishes, he abstained from doing so. The change from London to Inverstrathy, so far from proving beneficial, seems to have had an entirely opposite effect upon the invalid, and it became necessary to isolate him entirely from the rest of the household. Sir Philip had, therefore, set apart for his use a suite of apartments on the ground floor (marked X on accompanying plan of Inverstrathy Castle), which were in



PLAN OF INVERSTRATHY CASTLE.

spring of that year, he had received a severe sunstroke, which, in consequence of his not being able for some time to get proper treatment, and acting upon an already feeble constitution, had left his mind permanently affected, so that, when he at last reached England, he was quite incapable of taking care of himself. It seems it was his unexpected arrival which had prevented Sir Philip accompanying Lady Farquharson to the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race.

At first the experts hoped that, with proper attention and absolute quiet, he might, to a greater or less extent, recover; and it was in accordance with that advice that Sir Philip had taken him to Inverstrathy.

It was naturally a great blow to Sir Philip,

communication with the identical dungeon-like chamber Tom Farquharson and I had broken into, and which Tom seems to have denuded of its uncanny contents, for I heard nothing of any skeleton having been found there. This chamber is at the bottom of the Watch, or Eagle Tower, at the north-east angle of the castle, and Sir Philip caused a doorway to be made in the outer wall, so that the invalid could get exercise in the old bowling-green, which is quite secluded from the rest of the grounds.

Although these precautions were deemed advisable by Sir Philip and Dr. McDonald (who was in close attendance on the invalid), it was not for a moment supposed that there was any fear of a homicidal tendency develop-

ing on the part of the unfortunate patient, though, on the evening of little Phil's birth, Lady Farquharson had been considerably alarmed by his flourishing a knife in her face. He had, however, immediately quieted down upon Sir Philip's interference, though ever since he seems to have taken a violent antipathy to his sister-in-law, who, in consequence, rarely ventured into his society.

In consequence of the scare of little Phil's supposed illness, the usual surveillance over the patient had been somewhat relaxed,

and Lady Farquharson, happening to look out of the nursery window, noticed him walking about the garden. Not wishing to alarm her husband, she went out and coaxed him back to the house, and some hours later, fearing he might have again effected his escape, she went to his rooms to see if all were right. Shading the lamp she carried so as not to disturb him, should he be asleep, she passed softly through the door leading to his apartments, and was much alarmed at not finding him in any of his rooms. She at once turned back to tell Sir Philip, when, as she reached the last room, which communicated with the rest of the house, to her horror he sprang out from behind a screen, where he had been hiding, with a naked dagger in his hand, and intercepted her escape.

Scarcely knowing what she did, Lady Farquharson dashed back through the other rooms, pulling the doors to behind her, and thus gaining a few yards' start from her infuriated pursuer, whom she heard close behind, upsetting various pieces of furniture in his desperate eagerness to overtake her. At last she reached the old dungeon, but, to her dismay, found the door, leading to the old bowling-green, locked. Not knowing what to do, in her despair she threw herself

against the only other door she saw, and which she believed led to the turret staircase. Fortunately it was not very firmly secured and gave way, and she at once fled along the secret passage which Tom and I had previously discovered.

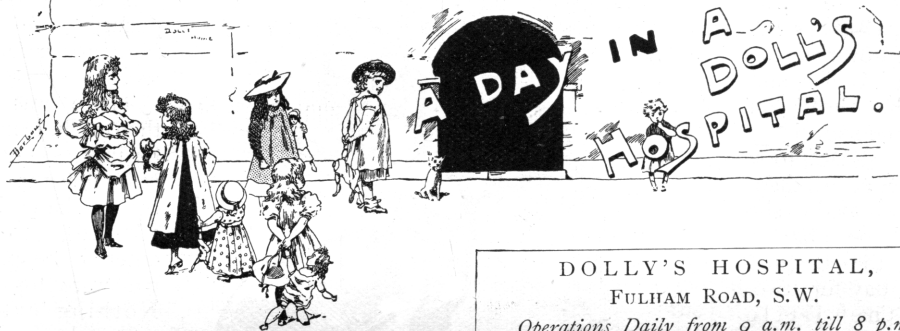
By this time the madman was fast overtaking her, and, by the time she had mounted the thirty-three steps, was but a yard or two behind her. Had the secret door leading into my room been fastened, or had I perse-

vered in dragging the heavy oak press in front of the opening, nothing on earth could have saved the poor woman from her doom; as it was, as the reader already knows, I was enabled to rescue her, though I very nearly lost my own life in doing so. Luckily Sir Philip, who had been paying another anxious visit to the nursery, and had ruthlessly called up Dr. McDonald, on account of some fancied change for the worse in the child's condition, heard the scuffle in my room, and they both came to see what was the matter, in the very nick of time to free me from my insane antagonist. Thus, happily, ended my terrible experiences of the haunted chamber at Inverstrathly

Castle, but whether the horrible vision which Tom and I saw was the premonition of coming events, I leave others to determine; suffice it to say that, although I have spent many a night since at Inverstrathly, and have always, at my own request, occupied the haunted room, my rest has never again been disturbed; nor should I say, judging from my own personal observation, are the relations between Sir Philip and Lady Farquharson ever likely to be other than that of a most devoted couple. I may add that Sir Philip's unfortunate brother was at once removed to a private asylum; but I fear, from what I hear, there is small chance of his recovery.



"SHE THREW HERSELF AGAINST THE ONLY OTHER DOOR SHE SAW."



BY HARRY HOW.



AMONGST the many philanthropic institutions of the country, one at least has not come in for that popular recognition which it undeniably deserves. Up to the moment of writing, no Lord Mayor of London has ever given a single thought to starting a subscription on its account, and its name has never appeared amongst the recipients of assistance from the coffers of the Hospital Saturday Fund. Still it has thrived for over twenty years, and has restored many a tiny patient—patients without whose presence in the home the lives of our youngsters would not be one-thousandth part so happy as they are to-day. For who could take the place of dolly, be she a humble rag or an aristocratic wax? And who more liable to meet with accident than the same young creature, to get her face smashed in by a wicked brother of dolly's owner, or her eyes gouged out by another equally bad imp of mischief? None, absolutely none. Hence a hospital is necessary, and it is gratefully recorded in these pages that the writer has discovered one.

Dr. M. Marsh, M.D.—M.D. stands for Mender of Dolls—presides over an establishment “down Fulham way.” Her husband was a wax-modeller, and when the jointed dolls came into fashion, this enterprising lady conceived the idea of giving them her closest attention, from a surgical and anatomical point of view. She issued the following prospectus:—

Vol. x.—80.

DOLLY'S HOSPITAL, FULHAM ROAD, S.W.

Operations Daily from 9 a.m. till 8 p.m.

M. MARSH

Cures all Complaints incidental to Dollhood; Broken Heads or Fractured Limbs made whole, Loss of Hair, Eyes, Nose, Teeth, Fingers, Hands, Toes, or Feet replaced; Wasting away of the Body restored to soundness; all Accidents are successfully treated by M.M.

Patients leave the Institution looking better than ever.

DECAPITATIONS AND AMPUTATIONS DAILY.

Heads, Arms, Legs, or Bodies to be had separately. New Heads put upon Old Shoulders, or New Shoulders put to Old Heads. Wigs and Heads for the French Jointed Dolls.

Not responsible for Patients left after Three Months from Date of Admission to Hospital.

CHILDREN'S OWN HAIR INSERTED IN THEIR DOLLS.

Dolls Dressed to Order.

DOLLS CLEANED AND REPAIRED.

114, FULHAM ROAD, S.W.

I determined to become better acquainted with Mrs. Marsh. Accordingly, on a certain Wednesday morning, some few weeks ago, I arrived at the hospital just as the shutters were being taken down. Not a moment too soon—half-a-dozen little mothers were there before me, all waiting to see the doctor. They had brought their children with them, and their faces betrayed signs of inward woe and outward tears. Poor little mothers! Only think of it. Here was one child with a broken nose, no eyes, and the sawdust actually pouring out from a nasty cut in the big toe. Another had its scalp nearly torn off; and yet another had no head at all. I heard the story of that horrible decapitation. The little mother told me.

“It was Jack,” she said. “Jack’s my

brother. He was playing at executions, and whilst I was looking out of the window and listening to a piano-organ, he put Matilda—that's her name—over a big box of bricks and cut her head off with the shovel."

The doctor took charge of Matilda, and hoped she would be able to leave the hospital in a day or two. So the little mothers were attended to one by one, and they left by the dispensary door a great deal happier than when they entered.

I was just about to inspect one of the wards, and to be present at a very serious operation—it was a case of ten new toes being wanted and a pair of fresh thumbs—when a loud barking was heard. In rushed a little girl, followed by a dog. The child was crying and, between her sobs, called the dog many a bad name—bad for a little one of seven, I mean.

"Ah! this is a very disagreeable case," said the doctor.

The dog had positively eaten off one of the doll's legs! I ventured to remark that I should think the animal would soon be in need of medical advice, but he paid no heed to my sympathy, and only barked his regrets to his young mistress.

"It's very bad; but," and the doctor inspected it thoughtfully, "a few hours in No. 1 Ward will soon put it to rights. Can you call this evening?"



A CANINE DOLL-DESTROYER.

country and emigrated to America. By its side is a good-looking pug, which took the prize for two years running at the New York Pug Dog Show.

But the patients—absolutely of all sorts

and conditions—present a pitiful appearance. Here are dolls of all nations: dark-eyed Spanish maidens and almond-eyed damsels from Japan; Scotch dolls, Irish dolls, Dutch dolls—dolls from every quarter of the globe where these silent witnesses to children's joy have their being. Here they lay huddled up in a corner—perfectly content to wait their turn—here they rest on a big table, an operating table in fact, many of them looking pictures of misery, whilst one or two still grin and bear it, though they have their



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

legs and arms hanging to their bodies by a solitary thread. One patient I could not help admiring: she had lost both her eyes, her scalp was off, and a front tooth was missing. And yet she smiled. She was born smiling, and knock her about the body as much as you like, nothing save a total smashing-up of the head would interfere with her amiable expression.

And how resigned to their fate they all are. Near the window of the ward—a window, by-the-bye, which bears on its sill the flowers and ferns which are never absent from an hospital—lies a poor patient for repair in a cardboard box. One does not like to grow gruesome in a spot such as this, but the doll looks for all the world as though lying in a coffin. But not for long, not for long. The doctor will soon bring along the necessary needle and cotton, with a brand-new limb (two shillings and sixpence) into the bargain, and the terrible accident which befell the



broke her left leg. Please put on another and return the old support in life, as a relic of the best doll that ever made my little girl happy."

How suggestive are some of the notes which accompany these temporary patients of Dolly's Hospital, and how delightful!

Who could remain untouched when reading the letter, written in very big and irregular letters, from the child who wrote—evidently at the instigation of her sympathetic mother:—



PATIENTS.

favourite of the nursery will soon be a thing to be remembered no more.

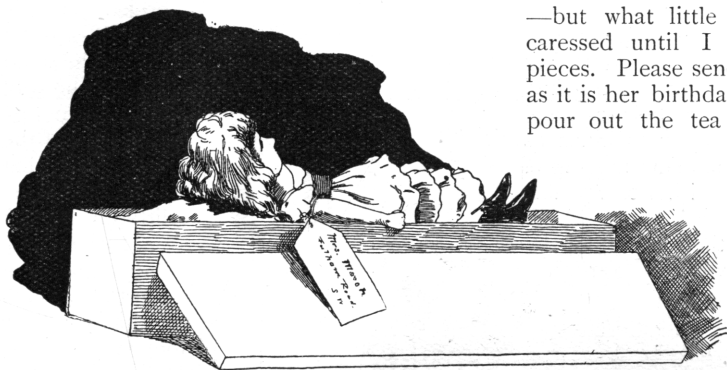
Accidents! You could not name an accident under the sun from which the inmates of Dolly's Hospital were not suffering. Many of them were labelled with appropriate cards specifying their particular complaints.

A fine doll—as big as its own particular mistress—had a paper pinned on to its white lace pinafore, which read: "Please restore dolly's hair and renew her eyesight, and say when she can leave the hospital."

Another blue-eyed study in wax was ticketed: "Lady Violet fell down stairs and



ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF DOLLS.



TO BE OPERATED UPON.

"I am sending you, by Parcel Post, my darling Belinda Evalina. She has no nose. I have simply kissed it all away!"

And where is the hardened wretch—save myself, for I had no occasion to utilize a clean pocket-handkerchief which I had specially put in my pocket that morning in case of accidents—I repeat with fervour, where is the hardened wretch who could read, without a tear, the contents of the missive which stated: "Dear, dear doctor, my darling Polly was run over by a perambulator this afternoon. There was nothing left of her



INSTRUCTIONS TO THE DOCTOR.



TEA.

—but what little there was I hugged and caressed until I nearly broke her all to pieces. Please send her to me by to-morrow, as it is her birthday, and she can't possibly pour out the tea at the party without her hands. Do"—and the "do" was underlined in red ink three times—"do make her better, and I will love you."

I visited many patients—I handled them and smiled at them! I laughed when—

ever I spoke to the doctor—who laughed whenever I spoke to her, but the dolls never moved a muscle. Mind you, I wouldn't have laughed if the youngsters had been there, it would have broken their hearts; but they never knew, and the broken-up dolls—hearts and all—couldn't tell them.

But to serious work. The doctor begins to start on her rounds. First case.—New eyes and fresh front



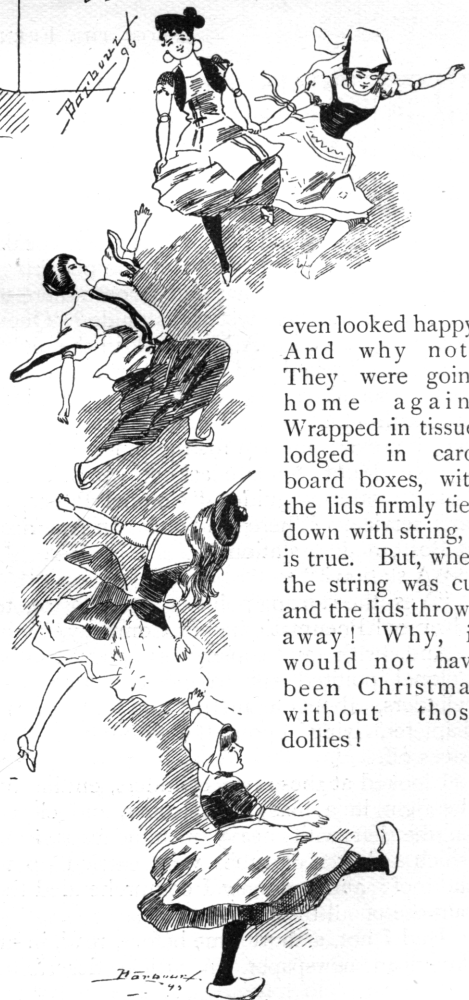
THE OPERATING TABLE.

tooth. Half an hour. One shilling to half a crown. Patient did not wince, and her new blue optics made her look herself again. Second case.—Broken legs. Nasty job this. Even dolls feel the loss of their legs. Capital patient; a model to humanity. Case number three.—Foot to be repaired, hair renovated, and face put right. Done in an hour. Fee, three shillings. Fourth case—but why cause the reader more pain than even the patients, by a recital of these sad, but necessary, operations? Sufficient to record the fact that the doctor was a merciful one, never applied the needle more than was necessary, never used more string or cotton than was absolutely needed, never wasted a drop of the spirits used when washing their faces—yet, never allowed them to leave her hands until they were renovated equal to new, with fresh stuffing in their bodies and new members to their system.

The doctor chats away, kindly and communicative. Last week there was a patient from Africa—travelled with a broken leg all that distance without a murmur, and alone. Sufferers come from the big drapers; artful drapers, they know this hospital.

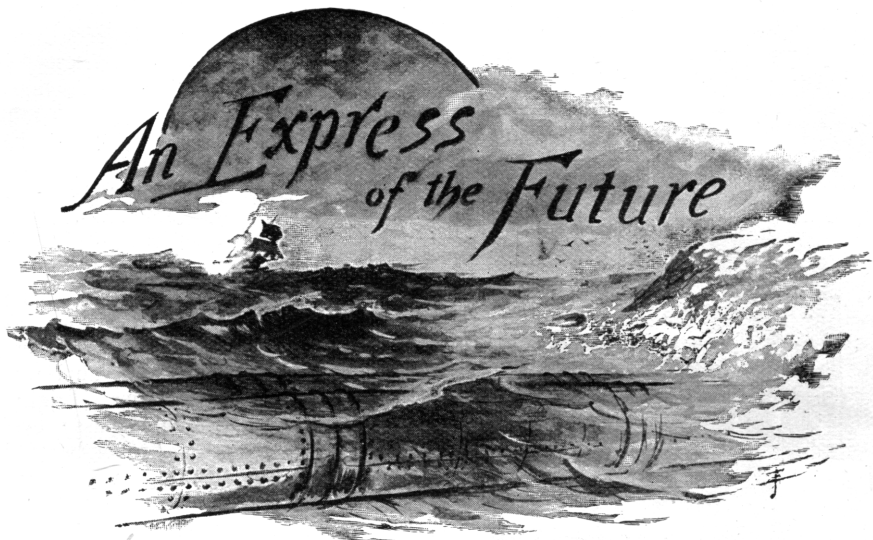
It was a pleasant day I spent at Dolly's Hospital. I had seen them go in in the morning—the lame, the blind, the broken-up and broken-hearted. I had watched the faces of their owners who came to the door

more upset than their silent treasures. It was getting dusk when I left the doctor, and I lit up a cigar on the doorstep. What a thoughtless specimen of humanity! But I saw the erstwhile patients—alive, alive, oh! Yes, hand-in-hand and dancing together. The lame young lady was skipping with delight, the temporary blind was laughing at you with her bright blue though glassy eyes, and the broken-hearted were turning up their perky little noses at you. They



GOING HOME.

even looked happy. And why not? They were going home again. Wrapped in tissue, lodged in cardboard boxes, with the lids firmly tied down with string, it is true. But, when the string was cut and the lids thrown away! Why, it would not have been Christmas without those dollies!



FROM THE FRENCH OF JULES VERNE.

“**T**AKE care!” cried my conductor, “there’s a step!”

Safely descending the step thus indicated to me, I entered a vast room, illuminated by blinding electric reflectors, the sound of our feet alone breaking the solitude and silence of the place.

Where was I? What had I come there to do? Who was my mysterious guide? Questions unanswered. A long walk in the night, iron doors opened and reclosed with a clang, stairs descending, it seemed to me, deep into the earth—that is all I could remember. I had, however, no time for thinking.

“No doubt you are asking yourself who I am?” said my guide: “Colonel Pierce, at your service. Where are you? In America, at Boston—in a station.”

“A station?”

“Yes, the starting-point of the ‘Boston to Liverpool Pneumatic Tubes Company.’”

And, with an explanatory gesture, the Colonel pointed out to me two long iron cylinders, about a metre and a half in diameter, lying upon the ground a few paces off.

I looked at these two cylinders, ending on the right in a mass of masonry, and closed on the left with heavy metallic caps, from which a cluster of tubes were carried up to the roof; and suddenly I comprehended the purpose of all this.

Had I not, a short time before, read, in an American newspaper, an article describing

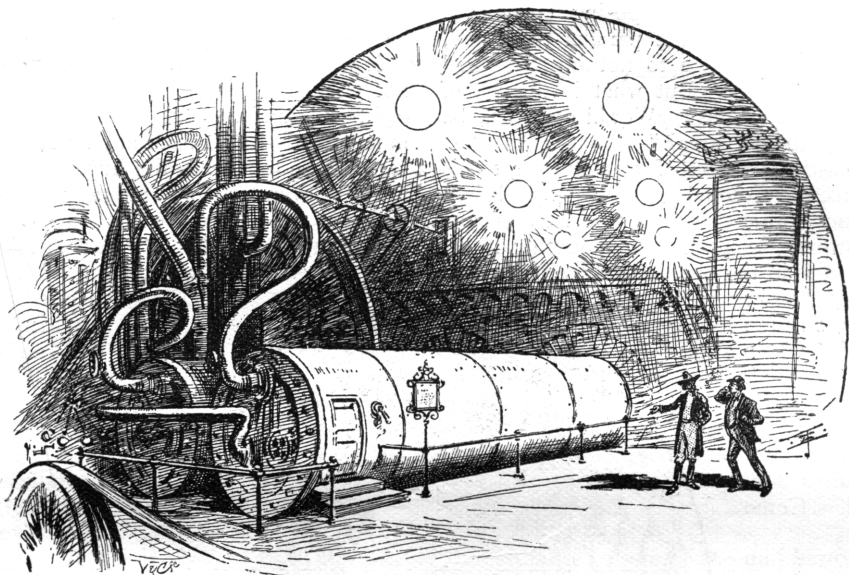
this extraordinary project for linking Europe with the New World by means of two gigantic submarine tubes? An inventor had claimed to have accomplished the task; and that inventor, Colonel Pierce, I had before me.

In thought I realized the newspaper article.

Complaisantly the journalist entered into the details of the enterprise. He stated that more than 3,000 miles of iron tubes, weighing over 13,000,000 tons, were required, with the number of ships necessary, for the transport of this material—200 ships of 2,000 tons, each making thirty-three voyages. He described this Armada of science bearing the steel to two special vessels, on board of which the ends of the tubes were joined to each other, and incased in a triple netting of iron, the whole covered with a resinous preparation to preserve it from the action of the seawater.

Coming at once to the question of working, he filled the tubes—transformed into a sort of pea-shooter of interminable length—with a series of carriages, to be carried with their travellers by powerful currents of air, in the same way that despatches are conveyed pneumatically round Paris.

A parallel with the railways closed the article, and the author enumerated with enthusiasm the advantages of the new and audacious system. According to him, there would be, in passing through these tubes, a suppression of all nervous trepidation, thanks to the interior surface being of finely polished steel; equality of temperature secured



THE PNEUMATIC TUBES.

by means of currents of air, by which the heat could be modified according to the seasons; incredibly low fares, owing to the cheapness of construction and working expenses—forgetting, or waving aside, all considerations of the question of gravitation and of wear and tear.

All that now came back to my mind.

So, then, this "Utopia" had become a reality, and these two cylinders of iron at my feet passed thence under the Atlantic and reached to the coast of England!

In spite of the evidence, I could not bring myself to believe in the thing having been done. That the tubes had been laid I could not doubt; but that men could travel by this route—never!

"Was it not impossible even to obtain a current of air of that length?"—I expressed that opinion aloud.

"Quite easy, on the contrary!" protested Colonel Pierce; "to obtain it, all that is required is a great number of steam fans similar to those used in blast furnaces. The air is driven by them with a force which is practically unlimited, propelling it at the speed of 1,800 kilometres an hour—almost that of a cannon-ball!—so that our carriages with their travellers, in the space of two hours and forty minutes, accomplish the journey between Boston and Liverpool."

"Eighteen hundred kilometres an hour!" I exclaimed.

"Not one less. And what extraordinary consequences arise from such a rate of speed!

The time at Liverpool being four hours and forty minutes in advance of ours, a traveller starting from Boston at nine o'clock in the morning, arrives in England at 3.53 in the afternoon. Isn't that a journey quickly made? In another sense, on the contrary, our trains, in this latitude, gain over the sun more than 900 kilometres an hour, beating that planet hand over hand: quitting Liverpool at noon, for example, the traveller will reach the station where we now are at thirty-four minutes past nine in the morning—that is to say, earlier than he started! Ha! ha! I don't think one can travel quicker than *that*!"

I did not know what to think. Was I talking with a madman?—or must I credit these fabulous theories, in spite of the objections which rose in my mind?

"Very well, so be it!" I said. "I will admit that travellers may take this mad-brained route, and that you can obtain this incredible speed. But, when you have got this speed, how do you check it? When you come to a stop, everything must be shattered to pieces!"

"Not at all," replied the Colonel, shrugging his shoulders. "Between our tubes—one for the out, the other for the home journey—consequently worked by currents going in opposite directions—a communication exists at every joint. When a train is approaching, an electric spark advertises us of the fact; left to itself, the train would continue its course by reason of the speed it had acquired; but, simply by the turning of a handle, we

are able to let in the opposing current of compressed air from the parallel tube, and, little by little, reduce to nothing the final shock or stopping. But what is the use of all these explanations? Would not a trial be a hundred times better?"

And, without waiting for an answer to his questions, the Colonel pulled sharply a bright brass knob projecting from the side of one of the tubes: in a panel slid smoothly in its grooves, and in the opening left by its removal

I perceived a row of seats, on each of which two persons might sit comfortably side by side.

"The carriage!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Come in."

I followed him without offering any objection, and the panel immediately slid back into its place.

By the light of an electric lamp in the roof I carefully examined the carriage I was in.

Nothing could be more simple: a long cylinder, comfortably upholstered, along which some fifty arm-chairs, in pairs, were ranged in twenty-five parallel ranks. At either end a valve regulated the atmospheric pressure, that at the farther end allowing breathable air to enter the carriage, that in front allowing for the discharge of any excess beyond a normal pressure.

After spending a few moments on this examination, I became impatient.

"Well," I said, "are we not going to start?"

"Going to start?" cried the Colonel. "We have started!"

Started—like that—without the least jerk, was it possible? I listened attentively, trying

to detect a sound of some kind that might have guided me.

If we had really started—if the Colonel had not deceived me in talking of a speed of eighteen hundred kilometres an hour—we must already be far from any land, under the sea; above our heads the huge, foam-crested waves; even at that moment, perhaps—taking it for a monstrous sea-serpent of an unknown kind—whales were battering with their powerful tails our long, iron prison!

But I heard nothing but a dull rumble, produced, no doubt, by the passage of our carriage, and, plunged in boundless astonishment, unable to believe in the reality of all that had happened to me, I sat silently, allowing the time to pass.

At the end of about an hour, a sense of freshness upon my forehead suddenly aroused me from the torpor into which I had sunk by degrees.

I raised my hand to my brow: it was moist.

Moist! Why was that? Had the tube burst

under pressure of the waters—a pressure which could not but be formidable, since it increases at the rate of "an atmosphere" every ten metres of depth? Had the ocean broken in upon us?

Fear seized upon me. Terrified, I tried to call out—and—and I found myself in my garden, generously sprinkled by a driving rain, the big drops of which had awakened me. I had simply fallen asleep while reading the article devoted by an American journalist to the fantastic projects of Colonel Pierce—who, also, I much fear, has only dreamed.



INSIDE THE CAR.

The Lost Property Office.

By WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.

FLOATING before my mental vision as I write is a wondrous *olla podrida* of lost property; and no wonder. For many weeks I have almost lived in huge, dim-lit warehouses, proclaimed by playful fancy to be the store-rooms of the kleptomaniacs of the universe. The great Lost Property Offices of London are a truly eloquent testimony to the catholicity of forgetfulness; and the task of classifying their amazingly diversified contents might well appal a Hercules, or even an alien Hebrew accustomed to deal with such things on a big scale.

You can understand a man losing himself, or his pipe, or his umbrella; but how account for a man leaving in a cab a canvas bag containing £700 in gold? Yet Mr. Howard, the jovial Assistant-Commissioner of Police at Scotland Yard—whom I saw in the absence of Mr. A. C. Bruce, the controller of this department—assured me that this large sum was left in a hansom by a banker who drove to Waterloo Station. The great terminus being crowded at the time, the driver, after receiving his pecuniary and parting with his human fare, was promptly ordered out. On searching his cab he found the bag and took it to Bow Street Police-station, whence news of its reception was wired to Scotland Yard. Next day the banker called at the Scotland Yard L.P.O., and received his bag of gold intact.

The *pro rata* reward was £105, but the cabman was satisfied with £75, wherewith he purchased a cab and horse of his own. This handsome reward was handed to him by Superintendent Beavis, who has had charge of the lost property department for upwards of fifteen years, and to whose courtesy I am indebted for much interesting information. Besides

the able superintendent there are three inspectors, two sergeants, and four constables wholly employed in the Lost Property Office.

In the first picture we see the interior of the Scotland Yard office for the reception of lost property from drivers of public vehicles—cabs, omnibuses, tramcars. A smart-looking cabman has just come in with a pocket-book, which the sergeant in charge is examining. A driver or conductor is under a penalty of £10 to deposit at the nearest police-station, within twenty-four hours, lost property of every kind found in a public vehicle. At the police-station the article is registered in a book with the date and hour of finding it, and either the route of the omnibus or tramcar or else the place where the cab was discharged. The finder has a receipt given him, and is required to sign a label, which is affixed to the article with sealing-wax and sealed in his presence. There are two despatches a day from all the police-stations to Scotland Yard, and to most of us the little, chocolate-coloured lost-property cart, driven by a policeman, is a familiar sight. If the property is claimed, the owner must pay a reward in proportion to its value. The present ratio is half a crown in the pound for ordinary property and three shillings in the pound for money, jewellery, etc. The reward payable on recovered property over £10 in value is left to the discretion of the Commissioner of Police.



SCOTLAND YARD L.P.O. ; A CABMAN DEPOSITING A POCKET-BOOK.

The minimum reward is a shilling, and the system is cash before delivery.

The Lost Property Act has been in force since 1853. Prior to the year 1870, property was retained at Scotland Yard for twelve months before being disposed of, if not claimed. Under the Act of 1870, property unclaimed after three months is either sold or given back to the finder—if he feels inclined to come for it. And he actually receives a letter of advice when it is due to him. Cheque-books, photographs, papers, and the like are kept for a year and then destroyed. The finder, however, receives a shilling for his trouble. In the next illustration we see part of the contents of one of the police carts, just delivered at Scotland Yard from one of

As Mr. Beavis conducted me through the various departments of this most interesting of offices, he pointed out numerous huge cupboards, each containing a certain class of article. For example, there was the men's cupboard, filled to overflowing with every conceivable article of male attire, from a dress-suit to a pair of navy's boots. All articles of value, such as watches, rings, purses, etc., are carefully deposited in a safe, which stands at the end of the public inquiry-room.

Fancy a man leaving jewellery worth £3,000 on the top of an omnibus! His carelessness cost him £75, but was, of course, very cheap at that. The biggest thing in the way of a deposit that Mr. Beavis

remembers was a black bag, containing £3,500 in cash and securities. This bag was left in a cab, and the lucky driver received a reward of exactly £100. He betrayed no sign of emotion as he watched the counting out of this handsome sum, but the charitable opinion entertained at "the Yard" is that he was too full for words; which is obscure.

After having thoroughly "done" Scotland Yard—an arduous task, this—I turned my attention to the great railway companies. Elaborate preliminary arrangements are necessary if you want the assistance

of these powerful corporations, but once the pendulum of their complaisance swings in your direction, they will move Heaven and earth—not to mention mountains of lost property—to carry out your wishes. The first railway official I had the pleasure of meeting was Mr. Groom, the district superintendent of the North-Western Railway at Euston. On the occasion of my visit, this gentleman's handsome and spacious office was set out as for a board meeting. There were a couple of big tables placed end to end, and on them were nice clean blotting-pads, pens, ink, and paper. A few of Mr. Groom's subordinates assisted at this interesting function, and others dropped in when required.

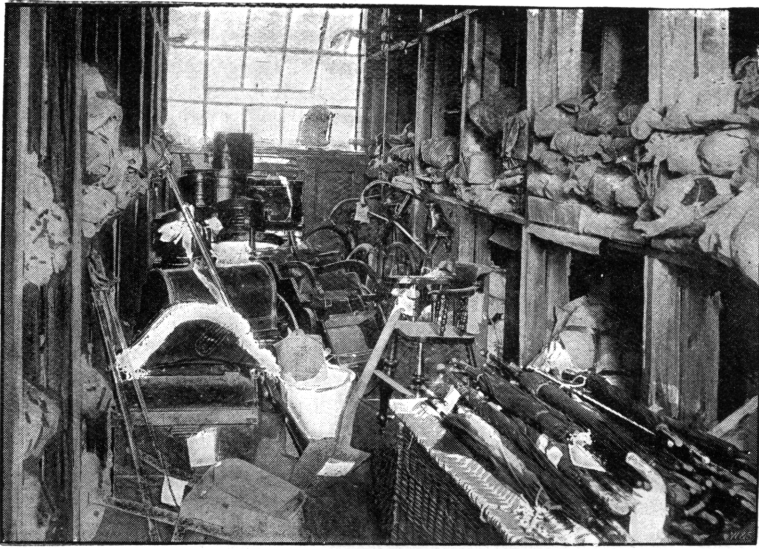
First of all, I shall show a corner of the L.P.O. at Euston. Here we see despatch boxes; a sewing machine; an admiral's cocked hat, with a sword and rifle; a navy's



ARTICLES JUST BROUGHT INTO THE SCOTLAND YARD L.P.O.

the outlying police-stations. Each article is red-taped, labelled, and sealed, and will presently be dealt with by the clerks. There are some wraps and a Gladstone bag; a couple of fans, a few books, a lady's boa, a box, a coat, a hamper, and a couple of opera-glasses. Monday is the busiest day. Mr. Beavis assures me that one Monday last season 198 articles were brought in; one "article" was a diamond set, worth nearly a thousand pounds.

The number of articles brought to Scotland Yard in 1869 (the last year under the old Act) was 1,912. During 1894 the number was 29,716. These included 13,874 umbrellas and sticks, 2,693 purses, 2,255 bags, 696 opera and field glasses, and 142 gold and silver watches. Of these, 15,987 articles were restored to their owners, who simultaneously parted with £2,270 in the shape of rewards.



A CORNER OF THE L.P.O. AT EUSTON STATION.

shovel and pail; a child's mail-cart and wheelbarrow; a couple of bicycles; some umbrellas; golf clubs; and a host of parcels, which may contain anything from a lady's dress to a few sandwiches.

There are at Euston an inspector and four men who do nothing else but look after lost property. Two of these are on the platform to answer inquiries, take particulars of all missing articles, and institute search therefor. The inspector and the other two men are at the *depôt*, where the lost luggage is registered and searched for clues as to ownership. Every station-master throughout the North-Western system reports to Euston and to the Railway Clearing House any unclaimed luggage he has on hand. Consequently, a passenger arriving at Euston without his luggage will receive news of it within twenty-four hours, if it be lost on this particular system. And even if it be lying at some wayside station on another railway altogether, he is certain to recover it through the medium of the Railway Clearing House, to which well-known institution every company reports lost property.

On an average, about 30,000 articles are received at the Euston L.P.O. during the year, and these range from a set of false teeth, found in a sleeping carriage, to a pile of huge Saratoga trunks. Upwards of three-fourths of the larger articles are restored to their

owners. In addition, something like 7,000 inquiries are registered, respecting articles that are never found on this system. There is nothing appertaining to civilized man that gets lost so frequently as an umbrella. The photograph reproduced here gives a capital notion of the umbrella-racks in the Lost Property Office at Euston Station: Something like 4,000 unclaimed umbrellas are sold by this company every year.

At this great terminus all unclaimed luggage found on the platforms after the trains have been cleared is at once removed to the Lost Luggage Office, and there registered by the clerks. Probably



ONE OF THE UMBRELLA-RACKS AT THE EUSTON L.P.O.

before twenty-four hours have elapsed the staff are enabled to trace the owner ; but if the property is still on hand at the end of a week, it is passed on to the *dépôt*, where it is opened by the inspector and his two men in the hope of finding something that will give a clue to the ownership. Perhaps the searcher will chance upon a book with a name and address written on the fly-leaf. A letter is at once sent to the person whose name appears, and the reply comes in due course : " I lent that book to Mr. —, of —." Yet another official intimation is sent to this gentleman, but he merely takes the clue a step farther by stating that he, in turn, lent the work to his father-in-law, who is now in the north of Scotland. And so the laborious task of tracing the owners of lost property goes steadily on.

Besides having a special lost property staff, and an elaborate system of reporting, telegraphing, tracing by inquiry and through the Railway Clearing House, each of the large companies have several "luggage-searchers," whose time is entirely taken up in travelling from one end of the country to the other in quest of missing luggage. The luggage-searcher visits all the Lost Property Offices and *Dépôts* of the various railways in connection with his inquiries.

Asked what was the most fruitful cause of the losing of luggage, one of these officials unhesitatingly replied, "Old labels and wrong labels." The travelling Briton, it appears, loves to see his luggage plentifully besprinkled with labels representing diverse localities. When the average railway porter handles a portmanteau bearing the names of two or three English and four or five Continental resorts, not to speak of half-a-dozen steamship labels, how is he to know the destination of the passenger ? Then there is the Margate tripper who deliberately labels his luggage, "Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo," in order to impress his friends. Mr. Groom assures me that, owing to faulty labelling, he has had London luggage returned from Paris, Brindisi, Quebec, and Cape Town. Ordinary Liverpool luggage, too, is occasionally taken for a trip across the Atlantic in a White Star liner.

Of course the great romance of the Lost Property Office lies in the vast numbers of strange and fearful things that find their way into this essentially human institution. In the accompanying illustration we see the Euston lost property cat mounting guard, as it were, over the lost property canary. And yet the surroundings show that the lines of this very real pictorial idyll are cast in a truly sordid place. Almost every railway Lost Property Office I visited had a cat that had been sent in a hamper from one place to another, and had somehow been thrown on the company's hands. The handsome cat shown here was sent from Liverpool, but neither consignor nor consignee could ever be traced. The animal now patrols the



L.P.O. CAT AND CANARY AT EUSTON.

whole department, prying into musty corners and exterminating the mice who nibble the umbrellas and clothing.

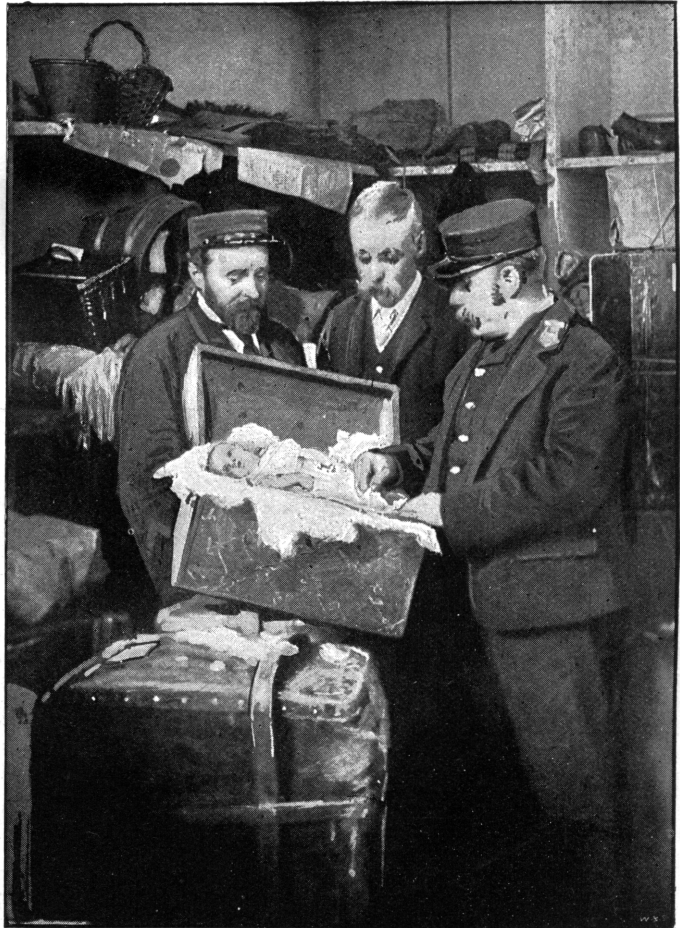
The stories told by railway officials respecting the queer folk they meet are well-nigh incredible ; but you must remember that the total number of passengers carried last year by the companies I visited was 428,709,919, besides 516,195 season-ticket holders, so that there was ample margin for eccentricity. I pass over the exasperating individual who doesn't know his own luggage when he sees it (it frequently happens that he has borrowed the portmanteau from a friend, and presently forgets what it looked like), and come at once to the curious applications received at Euston concerning lost property. One gentleman—a first-class passenger from

Liverpool to Euston—bemoaned the loss of his expensive artificial teeth, which he had unwittingly thrown out of the carriage window somewhere down the line. He had bought a basket of plums on the platform at Crewe, and supposed that, in disposing of the stones, he had taken the plate of his teeth from his mouth and thrown it out of the window. This passenger was unable to locate the precise spot, but the line was searched, and the teeth found, appropriately enough, in the vicinity of Nuneaton, about 100 miles from Euston.

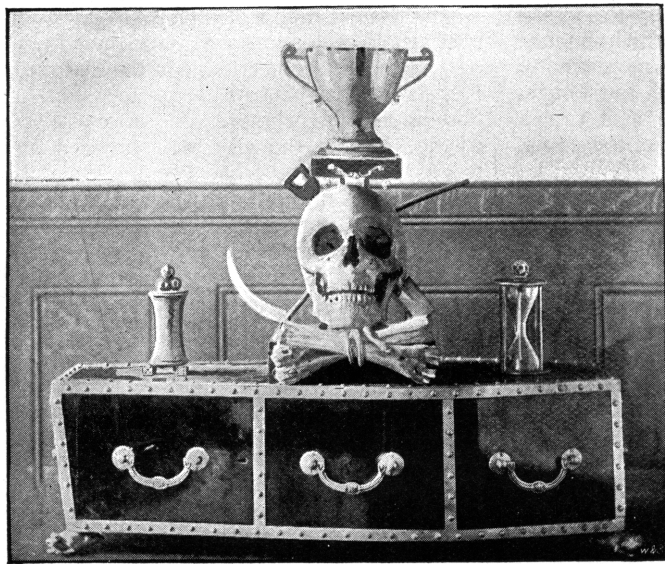
Hundreds of soldiers' and sailors' kits are found. The former are returned periodically to the various Government depôts, while the latter are generally restored to their owners if the name of any ship is found on the contents.

It is a sad fact that dead babies figure largely in the contents of the railway Lost Property Offices. These are at once handed over to the police, and a formal inquest is held. Some little time ago, Mr. Groom tells me, a live child was found in a small box on the departure platform, close to the eight o'clock Scotch train. The little one was cosily packed in wadding, and was provided with a feeding-bottle. A few holes had been drilled in the box—which, by the way, was covered with wall-paper, and was addressed to a home in Kilburn. The authorities of this home, however, refused to take in the child, as no money had been sent with it. So the poor, lost property infant was handed over to the police, who, in turn, passed it on to the workhouse, where it was christened "Willie Euston," and lived for four years. I succeeded in obtaining a photograph of the finding of this child, and the incident is shown in the accompanying illustration. The official on the right gave his own Christian name to the poor little waif.

On the next page is depicted an extraordinary article of lost property which was found packed in an ordinary case in the Outwards Parcels Office at Euston, four years ago. It bore no address, whatever, and no one knew whence it came, though it was surmised that this strange "parcel" had been collected by van from one of the North-Western receiving offices. Mr. Groom is of the opinion that this is an emblem belonging to some secret society, and that it was used at the ceremony of swearing in members. Howbeit, it is a gruesome relic. It consists of a small ebony coffin, silver-mounted, and resting on silver frogs. At the head is an hour-glass, surmounted by a small skull, and at the foot a dice-box. From one side spring two curved forks, supporting a two-handled cup, in which is a pair of tweezers apparently for letting blood. Beneath the cup is a real human skull, which, by means of clock-work



THE FINDING OF THE BABY, "WILLIE EUSTON," AT THE NORTH-WESTERN TERMINUS.



THE MYSTERIOUS COFFIN EMBLEM AT EUSTON.

mechanism inside the coffin, moves its jaws in an indescribably horrible manner, and emits a weird, whirring sound. Behind the skull are seen a scythe and a sexton's spade. In front are a couple of real human bones, kept crossed by a silver snake.

This railway company's sale of lost property takes place at their Broad Street goods station; and besides passengers' unclaimed luggage, cloak-room parcels, and miscellaneous articles found in the trains and on the platforms, the stock on hand in the goods department is also sold in the same way. This stock consists of merchandise either unclaimed or for which a claim for compensation has been made and paid. Samples figure largely in the unclaimed section. A builder may actually receive a sample case of new fire-bricks, or a grocer a sample of blacklead; but both may refuse to receive and pay carriage on the consignments. Then, again, a lady may receive a costly dress too late for some social function; or a bicycle may be damaged in transit, and perhaps in both cases the consignees will refuse to take the goods, and put in a claim for damages. This accounts for the amazing diversity of articles and "lots" that figure in the sale-room.

Pre-eminent among the extraordinary articles ever held by a railway company is the fossilized Irish giant, which is at this moment lying at the London and North-Western Railway Company's Broad Street goods depôt, and a photograph of which is

reproduced here. This monstrous figure is reputed to have been dug up by a Mr. Dyer, whilst prospecting for iron ore in Co. Antrim. The principal measurements are: Entire length, 12ft. 2in.; girth of chest, 6ft. 6½in.; and length of arms, 4ft. 6in. There are six toes on the right foot. The gross weight is 2 tons 15 cwt.; so that it took half-a-dozen men and a powerful crane to place this article of lost property in position for THE STRAND MAGAZINE artist.

Briefly the story is this: Dyer, after showing the giant in Dublin, came to England with his queer find, and exhibited it in Liver-

pool and Manchester at sixpence a head, attracting scientific men as well as gaping sightseers. Business increased, and the showman induced a man named Kershaw



THE IRISH GIANT AT BROAD STREET GOODS STATION.

to purchase a share in the concern. In 1876, Dyer sent his giant from Manchester to London by rail; the sum of £4 2s. 6d. being charged for carriage by the company, but never paid. Evidently Kershaw knew nothing of the removal of the "show," for when he discovered it, he followed in hot haste, and, through a firm of London solicitors, moved the Court of Chancery to issue an order restraining the company from parting with the giant, until the action between Dyer and himself to determine the ownership was disposed of. The action was never brought to an issue, and the warehouse charges, even at a nominal figure, will amount to £138 on Christmas Day, 1895. In addition to this large sum, there is the cost of carriage, and about £60 legal expenses which the railway company incurred. The injunction obtained by Kershaw which prevents the North-Western Railway Company from dealing with the giant is still in force, and the sanction of the Court must be obtained before it can be removed from its resting-place at Broad Street goods depôt; where it remains—a weird relic of distant ages in a vast hive of latter-day industry.

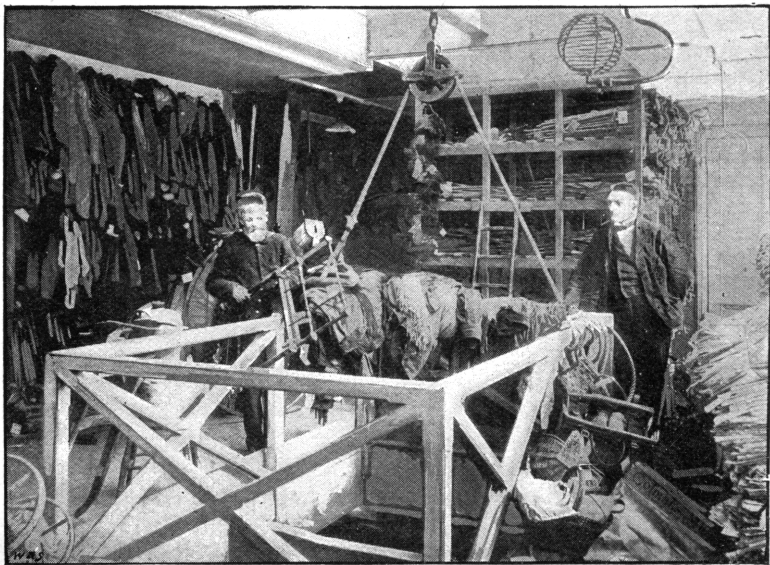
My next visit was to the Great Northern Railway Company at King's Cross, and here is a view of the interior of their depôt for the reception of lost property. The articles are first of all received and registered by clerks on the ground floor, and are subsequently hauled up into this dingy emporium, where, in due time, the auctioneer and his staff arrange things for the annual sale, which takes place in an immense warehouse at one side of the station. The sorting of the articles takes six weeks. In this picture the superintendent of the department is watching his man hauling up part of a small bedstead; and to the right of him is seen an immense pile of newspapers taken by the porters from the railway carriages. About two tons of newspapers figure in the Great Northern annual

sale. In the illustration are also seen a surprising variety of old clothes, a bicycle, and a string of ladies' muffs; several bundles of umbrellas, and a fitted luncheon basket.

At the sale the umbrellas are made up into lots of from six to thirty-six, according to quality, and fetch from two guineas a lot downwards. They are bought by Jewish dealers, and are subsequently displayed for sale on barrows in the poorer quarters of London. The sale of lost property realizes quite an insignificant sum. The amount derived from the Great Northern sale last year was £170; and in this sale were included 1,080 walking-sticks and 1,300 umbrellas.

The Midland Railway Company's lost property staff at Derby consists of several men, two of whom are searchers, and are constantly travelling all over this and other systems in quest of missing luggage. During 1894, 17,188 articles were dealt with at Derby. The number of umbrellas found in trains and not claimed was 3,538, besides 1,404 walking-sticks. I am told by Mr. Eaton, the assistant-superintendent of the line—who received me most courteously on the occasion of my visit to the Midland headquarters—that his company also adopt the system of daily reports from every station, advising the Clearing House, and so on. Property is retained at all local stations, including even St. Pancras, for seven days, and if it then remains unclaimed, it is sent on to Derby.

On the next page is seen a queer group. It consists of a couple of barber's chairs found



HOISTING A BEDSTEAD TO THE DEPÔT: KING'S CROSS L.P.O.



BARBER'S CHAIRS WITH CHICKEN AND PIGEONS
(MIDLAND RAILWAY COMPANY, DERBY).

on the platform at Leeds, and a parrot's cage, containing a live chicken and a couple of pigeons. The cage has long been in the Derby Lost Property Office, but our artist utilized it to hold the birds, who had previously occupied an unobtrusive corner of the depôt. The chicken came from Sheffield, while the pigeons were found at a station on the Dore and Chinley line.

There is no end to the strange things that figure in Lost Property Offices. In this illustration we see some framed pictures, and a front driving safety bicycle; a peripatetic knife-grinder's apparatus; a pair of

crutches, found in a third-class carriage—as though the former owner had lighted on a local Lourdes and then discarded his hitherto indispensable supports; a mail-cart and a trombone; a couple of hat-boxes and a lawnmower; a gun and a Union Jack—all standing out against a background of umbrellas and parcels, whose number is only equalled by their miscellaneousness. Mr. Eaton also showed me capacious drawers stuffed full of all sorts and conditions of pipes, hats, shaving utensils, books, spectacles, and a host of other small articles. In addition, the genial assistant-superintendent of the "Ideal Railway" tells me he has recovered a portmanteau from Moscow, and missing luggage from remote parts of America.

Upwards of 20,000 entries concerning various articles are made annually in the books of the Great Western Lost Property Office at Paddington; and from 1,200 to 1,500 of these are parcels which require to be opened in search of clues as to ownership. I should like to relate here a few incidents in connection with the Great Western Railway Company's detective department.

Some years ago a canon of the Church of England was going from Paddington to the West of England. He was a most punctilious man, and personally supervised the packing of the luggage, of which there were eleven packages, each carefully numbered and labelled. When the reverend gentleman reached his destination he found that a very valuable trunk was



A CURIOUS COLLECTION AT DERBY (MIDLAND RAILWAY COMPANY'S L.P.O.).

missing, which he declared most emphatically he had himself seen placed in the train.

About 150 telegrams of inquiry concerning this trunk were at once dispatched throughout the country, but no news was heard. At last an inquiry was made at the canon's house in London, when the missing luggage was found upstairs. Of course, it had not been taken from the house.

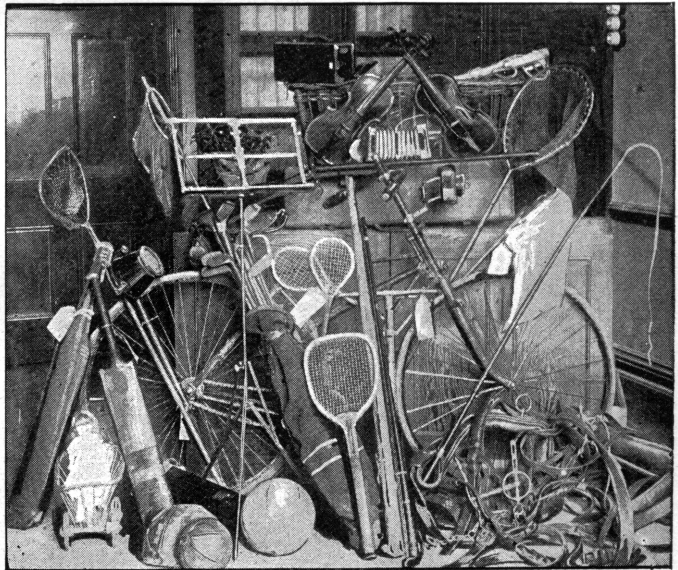
Here is a queer story, strange, but absolutely true. An elderly maiden lady who had buried a relative was returning home with—among other articles of luggage—a big box full of antique silver, that she had acquired under this relative's will; the lady had to change at Bath, and, on arriving home, she missed the box of silver. Many months afterwards the railway company received a letter from some people at Bath, to the effect that an unclaimed box with Great Western labels was lying at their house. This proved to be the missing box of silver. It transpired that the day on which the old lady travelled, and by the same train, a new servant arrived from London for the house at Bath. The man sent to meet this girl at the station brought away the box of silver, thinking it was part of her belongings, both lots of luggage lying contiguously on the platform at the time. The box was taken to the house and placed beneath the girl's bed. She, assuming it to be the property of her master and mistress, said nothing about it; so that it was not until the servant had left their employ that the people were aware that the box was in the house.

Some years ago a Greek gentleman journeyed from Paddington to Oxford with a case full of ancient manuscripts, which he valued at £1,500, and was about to submit for the inspection of an expert at the Bodleian Library. The Librarian declared the manuscripts were worthless—which is more than likely in view of subsequent events. The Greek, on returning to London, said that he brought the case to Oxford Station (G.W.R.), and saw it labelled for Paddington, but on the arrival of the train at this terminus the precious documents were not to be found.

Result — a claim for £1,500, for it was not a small thing. It is no exaggeration to say that every inch of the way was searched, from Oxford to Paddington, but in vain. The quest might well have been postponed—and that with peculiar appropriateness — *ad Græcas kalendas*. The guileful Greek had simply gone to the North-Western Station at Oxford, and travelled to Euston, at which terminus he had claimed his trunk full of manuscripts. He got nothing for his trouble except twelve months' hard labour.

The queerest Lost Property Office deposit on record here is a lot of rifles with deal stocks and galvanized iron barrels, intended for trading purposes in Africa. If all the arms smuggled into the Dark Continent were of this sort, surely, "gun-running" were a comparatively innocuous pastime.

The accompanying picture, representing various "sports and pastimes," is from a photograph of a corner of the Great Eastern Railway Company's Lost Property Office at Liverpool Street Station. The group is composed of a Kodak camera, a couple of violins, and a plebeian concertina; a music-stand and some fishing-nets; tennis rackets, golf clubs, cricket bats, and footballs; a bicycle and



A "SPORTS AND PASTIMES" GROUP, LIVERPOOL STREET L.P.O.

some fishing-rods; a few toys, a whip, and a complete set of harness.

Without going into the goods department, there is a truly extraordinary variety of articles included in this company's passenger lost

property. An analysis of last year's sale was specially made for this article, and a few notes from so very human a document cannot fail to be interesting. Well, then, 140 handbags turned up, and there were five huge cases of books; 459 pairs of boots and shoes; 614 collars, cuffs, and fronts; 252 caps; 505 deerstalker hats; 2,000 single gloves; 230 ladies' hats and bonnets; 94 brushes and combs; 265 pipes; 110 purses; 100 tobacco-pouches; 1,006 walking-sticks; 300 socks and stockings; 108 towels; 172 handkerchiefs; 2,301 umbrellas; and seven big cases and 128 separate articles of wearing apparel.

The Lost Property Receiving Office at Liverpool Street is on the new east side of that vast station. The principal store-rooms, however, lie below this office, and are reached by a lift. In a corner here may be seen several sacks packed full of lost gloves of every description, each sackful representing a week's gloves. The contents of one of these was shot out on the floor to be photographed by our artist, and the photo. is



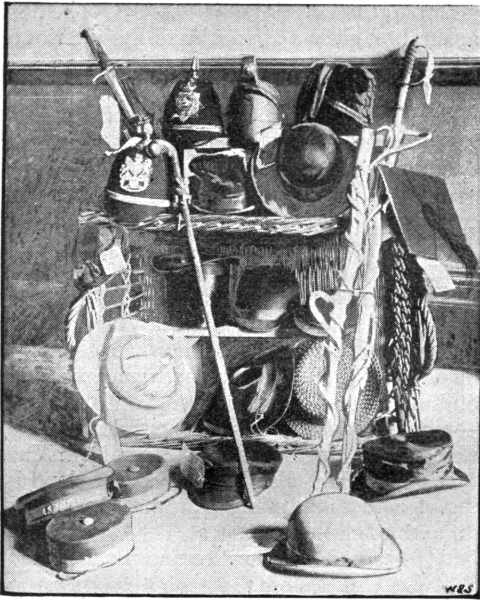
MISCELLANEOUS GROUP AT LIVERPOOL STREET L.P.O.

reproduced in the accompanying illustration. It is said that unclaimed gloves, after having been bought at the company's sale, are paired as nearly as possible, then dyed a sober black, and sold at the London markets on Saturday afternoons. Omnibus and cab-drivers also buy them for about eightpence a pair. At the last Great Eastern sale of lost property, one dealer bought 2,000 gloves for £4 12s. 6d.; while another bid was received for 200 old silk hats. The latter dealer would strip the silk from the better hats and stretch it on new frames; inferior "toppers" find a last resting-place on the head of the untutored savage of the West Coast of Africa.



A WEEK'S GLOVES (LIVERPOOL STREET L.P.O.).

Yet another miscellaneous group, consisting of an ormolu clock and a siphon of soda-water; an ice-cream machine and a butcher-boy's tray; some tools and a coster's naphtha lamp, fruit and parsley, a section of cable, and a baby's chair. And the next illustration is even more interesting, depicting as it does a museum of all kinds of hats. The Army is re-



AN ASSORTMENT OF HATS AT LIVERPOOL STREET.

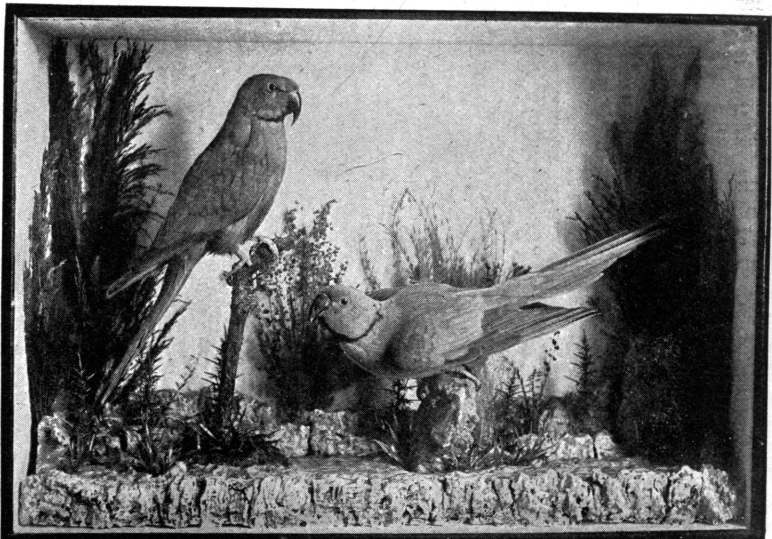
presented by infantry helmets and a hussar busby; then we have the Navy, the Church, and the Indian Service. There is a fireman's helmet, even; also an excursionist's straw hat, an academic "cup and saucer," a few costers' hats, and an irreproachable and an unspeakable silk hat.

The system adopted at Waterloo is similar to that in vogue on other lines, but I thought the superintendent of the South-Western line, Mr. White, might have something interesting to communicate anent the 13,084 articles found by his staff last year. There were 3,572 umbrellas; 1,872 sticks; 1,740 paper parcels; 2,300 pairs of gloves and 1,296 odd gloves; 184 coats; 103 mackintoshes; 340 hats and caps; 872 books; and 443 pipes and pouches. The number of unclaimed articles was 8,990.

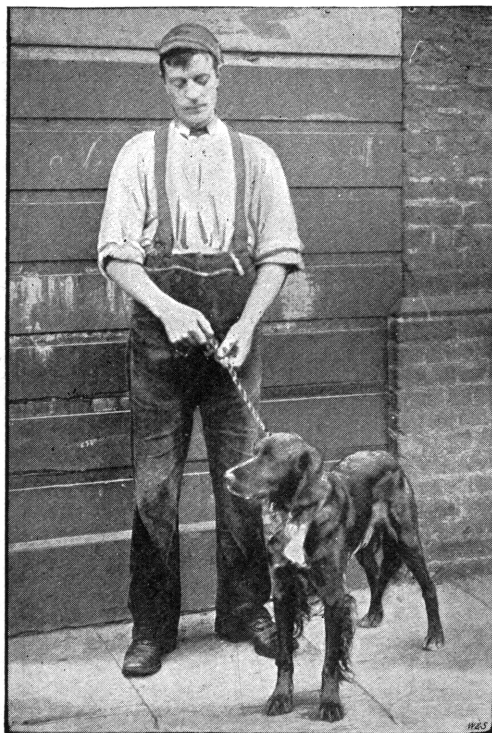
A few years ago a baboon, about 4ft. 6in. high, turned up as lost property at Water-

loo Station. It was taken from the guard's van of a Southampton boat-train, and had probably been brought direct from South America. It was maintained for a long time at the company's expense, the inspector in charge feeding it on nuts and milk. Within this same official's memory are records of dead children—of course; live kittens, dogs (three or four a week are found), rats, and white mice, which somehow escaped, increased and multiplied, and filled the Lost Property Office, and were, by the irony of fate, destined to be chased and eaten by a lost property cat.

Look at these parrots. True, they are now in a glass case—mere examples of the taxidermist's art, but listen to their story. They, too, were found in a Southampton train, and probably belonged to a discharged soldier or sailor. For eight years they lived in the Lost Property Office, the solace and amusement of the officials in that depressing department. They had few vices, but they essayed at times to answer the inquiries of irate passengers who were storming at the counter about property that had been lost. With strange sensitiveness these birds took the abuse unto themselves and replied with surprising vigour, feeling morally certain they had done nothing to deserve this thing. They were patriotic, too, these parrots. During intervals of lucidity they would greet every inquirer with a hoarse scream, "Three cheers for the Queen." This was irrelevant and provoking to a man who had lost a pile of luggage, but when it was followed by a torrent of glib oaths it was apt to overwhelm



ORNITHOLOGICAL OFFICIALS (LOST PROPERTY PARROTS), FORMERLY AT THE WATERLOO L.P.O.



A LOST PROPERTY DOG AT THE SOUTH-WESTERN
COMPANY'S STABLES.

one. People used to come to see these birds, for whose benefit a small aviary was rigged up by one of the men in the Lost Property Office. Dogs are usually sent to the company's extensive stables; and in the accompanying picture will be seen one of these dogs—a brown setter—found on the station quite recently; the animal had come by train, but no owner could be found.

The purses found on this line yield on an average £100 a year. Persons who recover lost property have to pay a small fee—sixpence for a portmanteau, two-pence for an umbrella, and so on. At this they

grumble; but such is human nature. The next illustration gives a good idea of the interior of the Lost Property Office at Waterloo. A claimant has just come in.

The record item of lost property on the London and Brighton system is a bundle of bank-notes to the value of £310, which was found by a guard under the seat of a first-class carriage in the month of July, 1891. The train had arrived at London Bridge Station from Goodwood, and the owner of the notes being discovered and the property restored to him, he generously gave the guard a £10 note. Mr. Humphriss, the courteous assistant-manager of this popular line, remembers the finding of at least twenty lost property babies—mostly dead. Unclaimed articles are disposed of at a three-days' sale, generally in May.

My informant also remembers the depositing of a rusty old saucepan that was found in a third-class carriage at Portsmouth. It had remained in the London Bridge Lost Property Office about three months, when very early one morning, a little after three o'clock, the watchman on duty beheld dense volumes of smoke issuing from the basement depôt, where lost property articles of long standing are stored. The saucepan was the cause of an outbreak that might have ended in the destruction of this immense terminus. It was half filled with phosphorus, and half with water; in due time the latter evaporated, and spontaneous combustion followed.

Mr. Humphriss has a capital story, which I really must let him tell in his own words: "One wet Derby night a gentleman, who was



INTERIOR OF L.P.O. AT WATERLOO STATION.

returning to town from Epsom Downs Station, dropped in the mud a diamond ring worth £300. There was no mistake about the value; it was a magnificent stone. A Metropolitan constable, specially hired by the company for duty outside Epsom Downs Station on that day, thought he saw some valuable ornament fall and glisten, but, owing to the crowds that were surging into the station, partly to get under shelter, he only just had time to stoop and grab a handful of mud. In this, however, he found the ring, which he brought to me next morning.

"A few days after this, I was reading my paper in the train, coming up to my office, when I saw an advertisement setting forth that a very valuable ring had been lost in a first-class carriage between Epsom Downs Station and Victoria. I wrote to the advertiser asking him to call on me, although I had not failed to notice the discrepancy in the venue of the loss. Pending the arrival of the possible owner, I got the loan of a lot of rings somewhat similar to the one that had been found.

"These I mixed nicely, but the gentleman instantly picked his own ring from among the others, and without doubt he was the owner. He was an American, and the ring was a legacy that had been left to him by his deceased father. Next came the question of reward, concerning which I wrote to the Chief Commissioner of Police; and, eventually, it was arranged that the constable was to receive unconditionally a reward of £10; and I had the pleasure of handing him this sum myself."

That is the story; here is the sequel: "Some time afterwards this same constable called upon me at my office and besought me, with tears in his eyes, to accept a prize canary in a handsome cage. He bred these birds in his spare time; and, needless to say, the canary that tootled on my desk had gained as many medals and distinctions as the most brilliant diplomatist. I took the bird home with me that night, and it was the pet of my family for many years."

During 1894, 18,143 packages of lost property were received at the Cannon Street depôt of the South-Eastern Railway Company; of these 6,705

were claimed. A good annual sale will realize £500 or £600. The queer articles on record here include an infernal machine, wrapped in an old ulster; and a baby boy, who was sent to the City of London Union, and, fourteen years afterwards, entered the Royal Navy.

Mr. Abbott, the South-Eastern Company's chief station-master, showed me quite an amazing collection of crates of straw hats, lost out of the windows of seaside trains, for your tripper likes to survey an unfamiliar country. Seeing a consignment of stray straw hats brought in one day, Sir Edward Watkin, who happened to be on the platform at the time, anxiously inquired whether there had been an accident, but was assured that it was merely a weekly collection from stations down the line. Passengers commence to lose their property at an early age. I was shown at Cannon Street a perfect museum of tiny boots and shoes, kicked off by the fretful babies of the hop-pickers.

But the most interesting lost property item I heard of at Cannon Street was unquestionably Whit, the South-Eastern dog, whose intelligent head is shown here. This dog—a splendid Irish retriever—was found frolicking on the footbridge at Cannon Street one Whit Tuesday—hence its name. It wore no collar, and was otherwise without means of identification. A porter took the dog to the Lost Property Office, where with infinite difficulty it was kept for a week or two; then, as it was not claimed, it was christened Whit, and from that day became a kind of canine official with undefined duties.

Whit lived for ten years in the service of the company, and was quite spoiled by the passengers, who used to take the dog into the refreshment-rooms and treat it to all kinds of delicacies. Whit used also to carry a newspaper every Sunday morning to Mr. Abbott's house, but he never looked for it on a week-day.

One morning—probably owing to an extraordinary system of dietetics—Whit was found dead in the bath chair that is always kept under cover on the platform for the use of passengers. His head was sent to a taxidermist, and stuffed by order of Mr. Abbott, in whose house at Lewisham this interesting relic hangs.



HEAD OF "WHIT," THE SOUTH-EASTERN DOG.

The Lepers' Guest.

A STORY OF THE PYRENEES.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.



HE omen of the night was not such as to lead me further upon my road ; yet, well or ill, it did not lie in my power to turn back. I had been riding upon a bridle-path since the clock of a village church chimed the hour of four ; and now the way was so narrowed and stony that no horse could turn upon it. Nay, I began to fear that I should ride on to an impasse, and find myself for my pains perched high upon the mountain side in a place of peril and difficulty whence I might never hope to emerge. And at this I fell to hard thoughts of the man who had sent me from the high road, and had put me to so much discomfort for the gratification of so small a curiosity.

I say "for so small a curiosity," and, indeed, at that time I thought his curiosity almost pitiful. I had met him three weeks before in the English Club at Pau. They told me that he was a man of substance, and entitled to call himself the Duc de Trevino ; though he was known commonly as Señor Quiroga. The most part of his lands had long passed from his possession to that of his hungry creditors ; yet he contrived to maintain some position, and had no little glory from his traditional lordship over three castles in the Basque provinces. It was to one of those that I was now going, at his request. He had learnt, in a short conversation with me at Pau, that I had affairs to settle in the country of his birth. A mutual devotion to horses and to trout had put us upon terms of considerable intimacy. He begged me, if it should happen that I found myself in Biscay, to strike the mountain road to Durango, and to seek out the village of Mondragon.

"It would be a very great favour to me," said he, "if you would accept the hospitality of my steward, even for a single night. I would welcome a word on that which you see. Once you are at Mondragon, you will not meet a man who cannot put you upon the road to the château. I myself must be at Santander in the last week of the month. You tell me that you also must be there at that time. If that is so, I should have news

of my home from an unbiased and friendly witness."

I assured him that nothing would give me greater pleasure, and told him that I hoped to come to Mondragon one day during the Christmas week. And at this his anxiety that I should do his bidding redoubled.

"Nothing could be better for both of us," said he ; "although a Spanish welcome is not usually exhilarating, I promise you a cordial greeting from my steward. Ask for Juan Bazán anywhere in the village, and tell him that you spend Christmas Eve with him. I say Christmas Eve, for it is then that you would see some of the most amusing of our customs. You know something of the Basque legends, of course?"

I said that I did, and having repeated my promise to help him in his intention, I took leave of him. For the matter of that, the conversation passed quickly from my mind, and I proceeded to forget both the Duc de Trevino and his steward who was to welcome me. Not until the third week in December, when my business as a railway engineer carried me to the western spur of the Pyrenees, did any thought of my promise recur to me. But a filthy Spanish inn at a village called Isaro, and the rough company of equally filthy Spanish peasants, brought it suddenly to my mind. And it was curious, indeed, that this inspiration should have come to me on the morning of Christmas Eve. In short, I resolved to go.

The intention being formed, I spoke of it forthwith to the landlord of the venta. He surprised me by regarding it as an excellent joke ; so excellent, that he called other of the villagers in to share his merriment ; and they stood together, alternately guffawing or regarding me with a curiosity too profound for words. They were still standing thus when I turned the corner of the street, and the last word I heard was the host's shrill cry :—

"Ho, Ho, the noble cavalier rides to the House of Snows. God be with you, señor. Hasten your visit, señor. Ojala !"

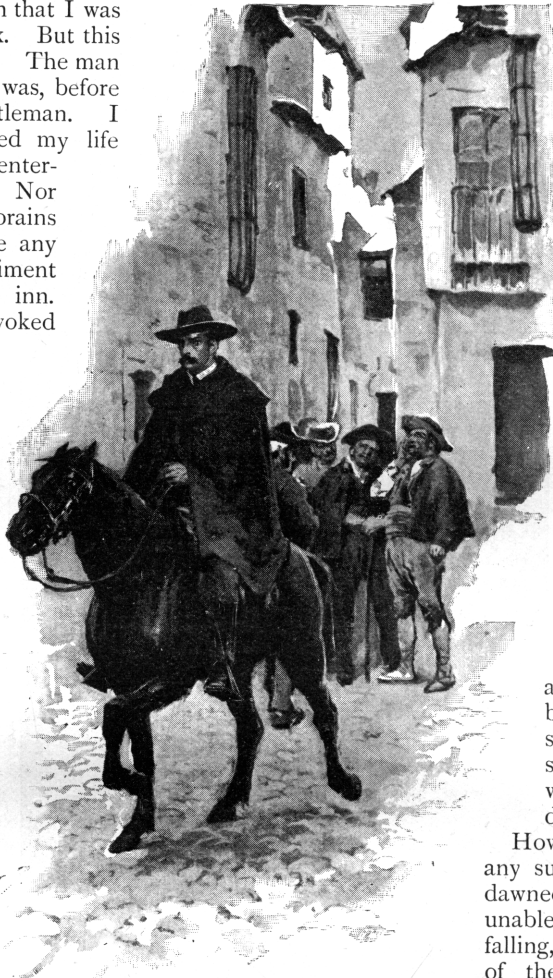
Now, what to make of talk like this, I knew no more than the dead. That they should find amusement in my visit to the Duke's house was only to be accounted for

upon the supposition that I was the victim of a hoax. But this I would not believe. The man I had met at Pau was, before all things, a gentleman. I would have wagered my life that he would not entertain so sorry a trick. Nor could I, rack my brains as I would, imagine any reason for the merriment of the folks at the inn. Indeed, it rather provoked me to curiosity, and, determined as much to fathom it as to keep faith with him who sent me, I put my horse upon the mountain road and set out for the place.

It was then about three o'clock of the afternoon, and the sun shone pleasantly in the valleys, though up upon the peaks the snow was glistening upon countless domes and spikes and silvered rocks. What wind there was came shrill and cutting through the gorges and the forests of pine; and so keen had been the frost

of the night, that even the cascades were still, and hung like ropes of jewels and of crystal down the faces of the ice-bound hills. The trees themselves were powdered prettily with the scattered snow-flakes; the rough road below me was as hard as iron; the chasms above seemed to be plated with gold as the sun fell upon them. There was no sign of man or beast or of any living thing, save a great eagle soaring. All the world had fled to the towns to keep the feast, and I alone was abroad upon the pass.

They had told me at the inn to strike the bridle-path, which would appear upon my right hand when I came to a shrine of the Virgin, some four miles or more from the village. I was mounted upon a sturdy brown-black cob, cunning at treading a



"THEY WERE STANDING THUS WHEN
I TURNED THE CORNER."

narrow track, and well used to the dangers of the heights. I had a thick black Spanish cloak or capa about my shoulders, and a sombrero of felt drawn over my eyes. Myzamarra, or short coat, was of black sheepskin, and my wine-bottle upon my saddle was strained to the point of bursting with its generous store of the rich vino de toro. Nor had I forgotten my pair of Army revolvers, which were at my hand upon the saddle, and likely, I said, to be of service if necessity should find me still upon the road when night came down.

How long I rode before any suspicion of the path dawned upon me, I am unable to say. Dusk was falling, and there was mist of the snow in my eyes when at last I observed that any further abridgment of the track would

compel me either to halt or to risk my neck in an endeavour to turn upon the path. And that was no place to invite a careless foothold. On the one hand, the sheer rock towering up with face as of quartz and jasper to the snow-bound heights above me; on the other hand, the fathomless ravine with its thousand precipices and jagged points, the valley round lying like a streak of silver amidst the pine woods below me. One false step, one slip of my horse, and we should go hurrying down to death. The thought braced me to renewed effort; it called also for unspoken abuse of the man whose hospitality was girt about such a forbidding frontier. Indeed, in that moment, I cursed the Duke of Trevino and all that belonged to him; and with a final word of

oburgation for the day upon which I had met him, I gave my cob his head, and prayed aloud for my safety.

There is an old saying that a sick man must be worse before he is better. And this, for a fact, was my own case. I had come at last to a place upon the path which, it seemed to me, no human thing could pass. The precipice here turned abruptly to the right. The track itself wound round the face of the rock, but with such a treacherous foothold that my cob must go like a cat, hesitating at every step and shivering with terror. — As for me, I was benumbed with the icy cold, the wind searched my very skin, my right arm brushed the wall of rock, my left hand swung above the ravine, whose depth I dare not imagine. And just at the moment when I had shut my eyes, fearful to survey the situation longer, the good beast, who had carried me so well, began to neigh with pleasure and to bound forward in a free, swinging canter which, I swear, was the most delightful I have ever known.

A single glance made manifest to me the change which had come upon our fortunes. The turn of the path had carried us out upon a broad plateau nestling in the very heart of the mountains. A fair carriage-way was to be observed not a furlong distant, and it was plain to me at once that this was the road by which I should have come up to the Duke's house. For the matter of that, there was the castle itself, standing, as it were, in a niche cut out of the solid rock; a bare, gaunt structure of white stone, looking for all the world like a monastery; and just as uninviting as any house I ever clapped eyes upon. Though it was now almost dark, not a light shone from any of the narrow windows of

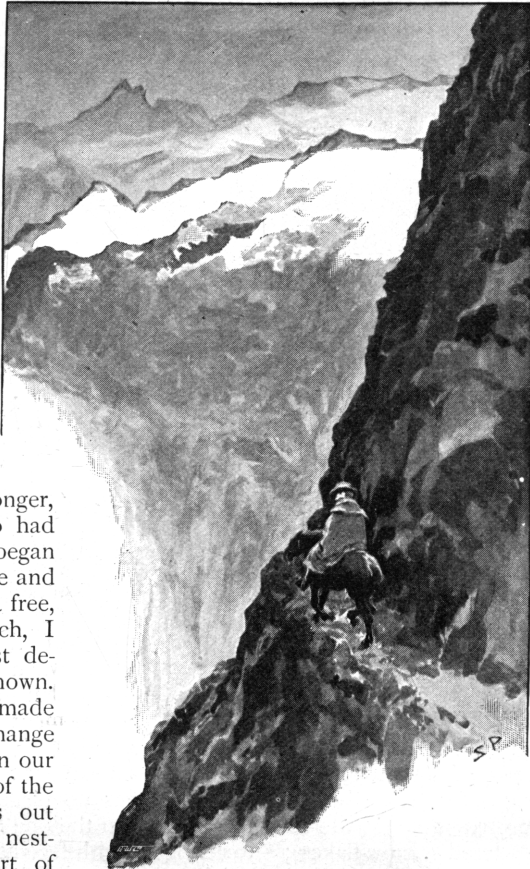
that gloomy building; no gates shut it off from the highway; there was no pretence of approach or inclosure; the lower windows were barred like the cells of a prison; no loom of smoke blurred the exquisite whiteness of the snow above its towers; no foot-mark was to be seen upon the untrodden carpet before its door. Desolation, solitude, neglect, these were my impressions, and every step that my horse took did but strengthen them.

"This, then, is the Duke's joke," said I

to myself when at last my cob began to clatter up the stony pavement before that which would have been called, by courtesy, the great gate. "Here plain enough is the cause of mine host's merriment. The one has sent me fifty miles out of my way to inspect a ruin; the other will tell him of his success. The deuce take the pair of them."

It was all very well to indulge in this pious wish, but it did not help me to food or to shelter; and for food and for shelter I had begun to crave exceedingly. The night was setting in bitter cold; the blast howled dismally in the hollows of the hills; a spume of wind-cloud covered the sky threateningly.

The lonely shapes of the gaunt headlands brought me to a sense of melancholy and foreboding; I thought of my friends making merry in Bayonne or Pamplona; I remembered that the morrow was Christmas Day — and at this, my estimate of the Duke was such as I could not possibly write. Nevertheless, I was but half convinced that he could plan so shabby a jest; and with this thought for consolation, I tugged at the long handle of his bell, and



"THE TRACK WOUND ROUND THE FACE OF THE ROCK."

was answered by a jangle of sound which echoed a thousand-fold from every height and depth around. To my utter astonishment, the great, iron-studded door was opened at once; and just as I was saying that there was no one in the house, a civil old man was bowing before me and muttering phrases which, for all the meaning I could make of them, might have been so much Chinese.

"Holloa!" said I, when at last the old fellow paused, and, indeed, he was shivering like a man with the ague; "are you Juan Bazán?"

Now, instead of answering me directly (and I have some considerable acquaintance with Spanish), he, to my confusion, began to ramble on with such a string of appeals and complaints that I set him down at once as a maniac.

"God save me," he cried, again and again; "I am but an old man, and it was not my work. I have meant no ill-will to you. Blame not the servant for the deed of the master. Let me go, and my lips shall be shut upon this night's work—I will swear it upon the Holy Cross. Before Heaven, I am telling you the truth."

This was the way he gabbled on; nor do I believe for a moment that he was sane when he spoke to me. All my appeals fell on deaf ears. I gave him the letter from the Duke, his master, and he stood gibbering with the note unopened in his hand. Meanwhile, I had dismounted from my horse, and had pushed my way into a Moorish court which would have moved an antiquarian to ecstasies. Glorious arches, memorials to dead centuries, raised their frescoed crowns on every side. A fountain, rich in sculpture and tracery, cast out a frozen jet which had the appearance of a band of silver; a balcony with delicately wrought balustrades gave access to innumerable rooms. Never was a greater contrast between interior and exterior. Without, I had been the sole actor in a scene of desolation; within, I was the guest in a house which kings might have built and queens enjoyed. Yet this was the mystery, that the man who was responsible for my entertainment regarded me as a cut-purse who had come to steal his master's spoons.

"Look here," said I, angered beyond restraint, "don't you think that you've played the

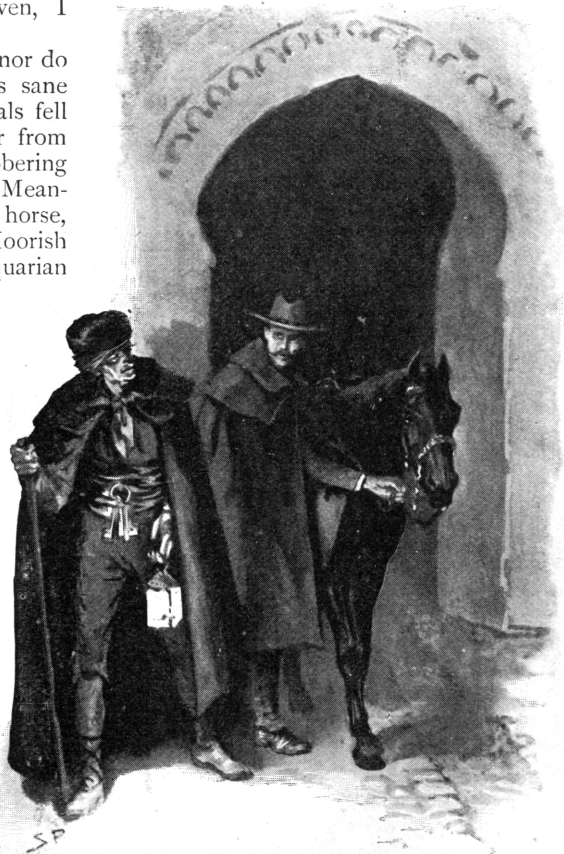
fool long enough? I have come here to stay the night at your master's orders. You have his letter in your hand, if my word is not enough. Take me to the stables, I beg, and get me some supper."

At this appeal he bowed again, though I could see that his legs were tottering under him.

"Certainly," exclaimed he. "I know well whence you come. Oh, indeed, I am your servant. All that you ask shall be done—I pledge my faith. I am but an old man, and it was not my work. God save your Excellency."

"Amen, to that," said I, telling myself that Juan Bazán, steward to the worthy Duc de Trevino, was nothing less than an imbecile. But he was already on his way to the stables, and thither I followed in a state of perplexity and wonder which no words could express.

"This way, señor," he cried, snatching up a lantern which he had left upon the pavement, "this way, I pray you. The stables are through the great arch here. Have a



"THIS WAY, SENOR,"

care to the pavement ; it is worn, I fear. If I had but known sooner. Oh, truly, news goes with a lame foot in Biscay."

"Then you knew that I was coming?" cried I.

"Your Excellency is the best judge of that," he exclaimed, and at the same moment he threw open the door of the stables.

His answer struck me as curious and enigmatical. Unless the landlord down in Isaro had played a joke upon the pair of us, who should have told him of my coming? And this supposition afforded the only key that fitted the logic of the mystery. I saw at once that they had frightened the old man, and I turned round to tell him so. But he, who a moment before had been at my elbow, was no longer to be seen. He had vanished like a fleeting ray of light.

"A malediction on the old fool," said I to myself ; "they have told him some cock and bull story, and he takes me for a brigand. I shall have an account to settle with mine host of Isaro if ever misfortune carries me to his village again."

Truth to tell, directly I had begun to understand the thing, the humorous side of it appealed to me irresistibly. I had played many rôles in a young life—but the rôle of brigand was new to me. Better, said I, to be taken for a brigand than a bagman ; and with this for satisfaction, I tended my horse and gave the poor beast a feed. Nor could I, in reason, complain of the stables. They were ornamental enough to have moved architects to tears ; and I did not fail to observe that one of the stalls was occupied by a sturdy bay cob, which was in the best of condition. Mad or sane, the steward of the Duke of Trevino undeniably loved his beast, and this was no small point in his favour. I resolved that I would reward him by putting an end to the farce we were playing ; and so thinking, I returned to the court and began to call to him.

Many times I called, my voice sounding wonderfully deep and baying under the old arches of the cloister ; but no word answered me. A search in the lower rooms about the quadrangle was no more fruitful ; the most part of these, as is the custom in Spanish houses, being given up to lumber and to cellarge. It was only when I had made the circuit of the yard twice, and had come upon a little staircase which carried me to the balcony above, that I found evidence of life and occupation. Many doors opened upon this balcony ; some leading to reception-rooms, gaudy in Spanish

splendours ; some to gloomy bed-chambers of vast size ; one to a chapel with an altar weighed down with time-worn emblems of devotion ; one to a library sparsely stocked with heavy volumes. But at the very far end of the passage, facing the stables, I came suddenly upon two apartments that spoke unmistakably of very recent occupation ; and in the larger of these there was a spectacle which filled me as much with merriment as with wonder.

The first of these rooms was furnished as a sitting-room, the second as a kitchen ; but it was not their furniture which I remarked with such amusement. Piled high upon the floor of the larger chamber were silver vessels, cups, goblets, dishes, spoons, of every conceivable shape and variety. Mingled with them were a number of rings, bracelets, necklaces, and other votive offerings, snatched, I surmised, haphazard from the altar near by. I guessed instantly that the excellent Juan Bazán had made this attempt to save such of his master's property as he could from the hands of one whom he regarded as a marauder. Defeated in his purpose by my sudden coming to the House of Snobs, he had left the heap as a witness to his endeavours. But more than this, he had also left the house. Even as I was examining the amazing collection at my feet, I heard the great gate clang upon its hinges. The windows of the room looked out upon the mountains ; I beheld, by the white light of the glittering snow, the unhappy steward flying for his life down the broad road to Isaro. Terror at length had conquered him. I was sure that he had gone for the police.

This utterly unlooked-for greeting struck me at first as entirely funny. I said to myself that a whole company of alquazils would occupy the house presently, and that they would be merry souls, at any rate, and to be preferred to the gibbering idiot who had offered me such a bewildering welcome. Meanwhile, the terror-stricken man had left a very decent dinner and a very good bottle of wine behind him—not, perhaps, the dinner to be eaten on a Christmas Eve in England, but mightily welcome in the Pyrenees, and a God-send under the circumstances. I judged that it would have been an insult not to have sampled his cooking on the spot, and wishing him *bon voyage* on his way to the police station, I fell to with the appetite of a hungry and snow-driven man, and made a meal worthy of a prince-bishop.

It must have been near to nine o'clock when I had finished. There was a wealth of

the moon's beams then pouring into my room, and the surpassingly white light fell plenteously upon the mountains. All the valleys had put on armour of silver and of jewels; the amphitheatre of hills and peaks glittered with an irradiance blinding to the eyes; the pine trees had the aspect of great bushes made of silver twigs; the cascades were like froth of diamonds and of pearls. No human thing was abroad at such an hour. I opened the window of my room and listened if there were any sound of horses' tramping, or of men approaching. But all was still as the zenith of the night; the police which Juan Bazán were to bring were not yet to be heard. Solitude reigned in the heights; the towns alone echoed the spirit of the feast.

I had made myself sure of this, and was about to close the casement again, for the wind was bitterly cold, when the first really startling vision of that night of visions came to my eyes. I say that I thought myself alone, the victim of a pretty hoax, the one living thing in that house of mysteries. And just when I was hugging the notion that I would do Juan Bazán the honour of sleeping in his bed until he should return, and was about to make the window fast, what should I see but the shadow of a girl cast plain and clear-cut upon the white terrace before the house. There it was, the reflection of the shape of a woman in Spanish dress; of a young woman, as I thought, and of one who was watching and waiting. During long moments the shadow lay upon the snow. Then it passed quickly; nor was there any sound, not so much as of a footstep or a whisper, to indicate whence it came or whither it had gone.

To say that this apparition alarmed me, would be to magnify the truth. There had

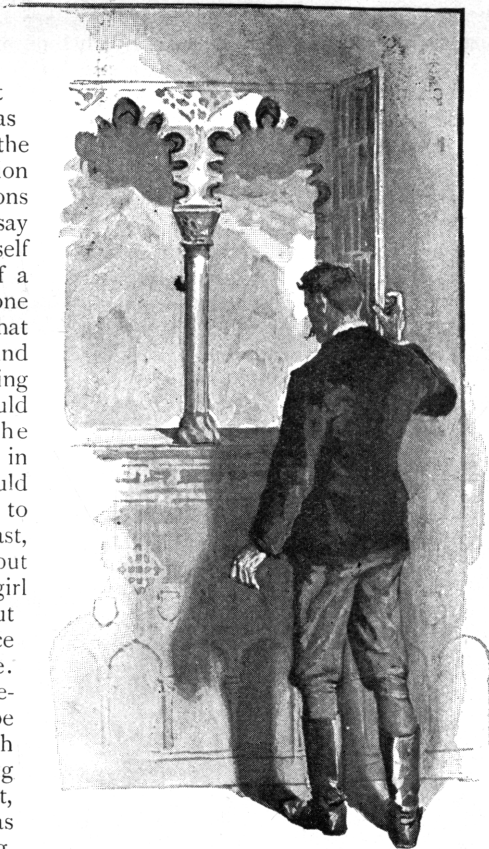
been nothing particularly terrifying about the aspect of Juan Bazán; there was nothing so far in the house which he had left to compel suspicion or watchfulness. I argued that the girl possibly was his daughter; or was employed about the place. She, too, it might be, went in dread of the "brigand" who had descended so suddenly upon her home. I determined to reassure her; and snatching the lantern which the estimable Juan had left behind him, I ran into the court and began to bawl Spanish exclamations with the energy of a watchman. Yet, and this was strange, not a whisper of an answer did I get. Except for the crackle of the frost beneath my feet, the whole yard was as silent as the fields of snow upon the heights

above. Smaller courts opening from the greater one were alike deserted, and lit only by the moonbeams which flooded down upon them so searchingly. No longer did any black shadow lie upon the untrodden snow. The ghostly corridors had no company; the entwining pillars were the only sentinels that guarded this haven among the mountains.

Convinced of this, I began to think that a poor digestion was responsible for my apparition; and though a certain vague uneasiness, bred, perhaps, of the strange shapes about me, was not to be put off, I returned at last to the steward's room and lay down upon his bed.

The lantern was still burning where I had set it; there was a flicker of firelight upon the ceiling when at last I went to sleep. The day's work had tired

me; the crisp, bracing air of the mountains weighed down my eyes with drowsiness. I could not have been upon Juan's bed more than ten minutes when a dreamy, restless unconsciousness stole over me. And the same dreamy feeling still possessed me when, after that which seemed an 'ex-



"WHAT SHOULD I SEE BUT THE SHADOW OF A GIRL!"

ceeding short time, I awoke again, and observed the red glow from the fire still dancing upon the ceiling of the room. But the flame of the lantern had burnt itself out, and I was in the very act of feeling for a match, when there burst upon my ears a sound which seemed to freeze my very heart, so mournful was it, so shrill, so dirge-like. It was the sound, not of one, but of many men chanting a slow measure, fit to be styled a dirge of the dead—a haunting, weird melody rising up like a summons to all the spirits of the mountains—a chant, now of triumph, now of despair—as wild and as plaintive as any music man has listened to.

A roving life, lived amongst many men, and in many cities, is the best antidote to the sins of the nerves. For my part, whether it be temperament or whether it be education, I have never been a considerable victim of panic or of alarms. Yet, I confess that when first I heard that mysterious chanting in the House of Snows, my heart seemed to stand still, and an icy cold sweat broke out upon my forehead. Whence came the sound I could not, at the first hearing, tell. The whole house was full of it; the cloisters resounded the dismal note; the night wind carried it far up into the mountains. Now shrill as with voices of women; now deep and sonorous as with the power of men, the measure rose and fell in haunting cadences, swelling at one time to the grandeur of a great organ, dying away presently until it was a mere lisp of words. And so soul-stirring was it, so terrifying, that I listened spell-bound, motionless, nay, almost terrified.

The chant rose and fell and died away in lingering harmonies. It was not until the final chord had ceased to reverberate beneath the eaves that the spell left me; and full of curiosity, perhaps of fear, I sprang from the bed and ran out upon the balcony before my door. Clear reason had then returned to me, and I knew that the music was the music of human voices. But whence came they; why were they raised in the House of Snows? The answer to such speculations was given to me immediately. No sooner was I upon the balcony than I saw a spectacle which I shall not forget, though I may live for a hundred years. The court, which had been dark save for the moonlight when I had gone to my sleep, was now glowing with a hundred lights from a hundred flaming torches. Wild figures of wild-looking men danced and capered in grotesque attitudes around a great fire which burnt at the very foot of the frozen fountain. Women snapping castanets, girls

dancing dreamily, cripples hobbling, the blind feeling their way, ragged cloaks elbowing scarlet sleeves and embroideries of gold; strange creatures, drunk with excitement and with warmth, helped that wondrous and haunting scene. Never had I looked upon the like of it; never heard sounds so strange or cries so shrill. A hundred demons might have risen suddenly from the shades and come to hold carnival in the mansion of the Duke. The master of pantomime might have had out his wares in the court especially for my delectation.

For many minutes I stood upon the balcony watching this medley with curious feelings. I had remembered that the Duke had spoken to me of the Basque customs, and had laid it upon me to visit the house if possible at the eve of Christmas. This remembrance helped me to regard the whole thing as a play, a surprise of the wily old steward who had left me so cunningly. And I was just about to declare myself, thinking to get fun of the frolic and the din, when events below took a turn which showed the whole thing in a new light, and one so horrible that its memory is to this day like a haunting vision of my sleep. Of a sudden there was a great cry at the chief gate of the court. I beheld many with torches running to that place; but returning immediately with new-comers, who had formed a ring round one whom they were beating and cuffing and dragging onward, regardless of the shrieks and cries, and wailing appeals for mercy. Now falling, now up again, now torn almost limb from limb, his face bleeding, his eyes outstanding, I recognised the victim of the mob. He was Juan Bazán, the steward of my host, the Duke of Trevino. And him they pushed forward, the women more fiercely than the men, until they had him at the edge of the great fire they had made; and here they formed a ring about him, while he continued to raise cries which must have been heard miles away in the mountains.

"Mercy! for the love of God! Mercy, as you hope for mercy. I am an old man; I have done you no hurt—I swear it. I am but the servant—pity me!"

These, often repeated, were his words when they forced him upon his knees before the fire. And the mob, listening to them, greeted him with ringing guffaws; some stripping his clothes off his shoulders, some thrusting torches in his face, some flashing their shining knives before his eyes. Nor, for many minutes, could you hear a word; not, indeed, until a deformed old man, who appeared to be the

leader of the gang, suddenly raised his hand, when instantly the whole company hushed its voice. And to this hush there followed the croaking note of the leader—harsh, satirical, and un pitying.

"Juan Bazán," said he, and I could but just follow the patois, "you ask mercy of us. We will give it to you even as you have given it to us. You cry that we shall pity you. Let our pity be as yours. You call on the sacred name of God, that name under the cloak of which your master has hunted us from house to house and hill to hill, putting a curse upon our children and a yoke upon our lives. Let the holy name of God be our justification."

He said this, and with the word he raised a hand from the shelter of the brown cloak. As I looked at it by the torches' light, an overwhelming horror came upon me. It was the hand of a leper. But he went on with his accusation.

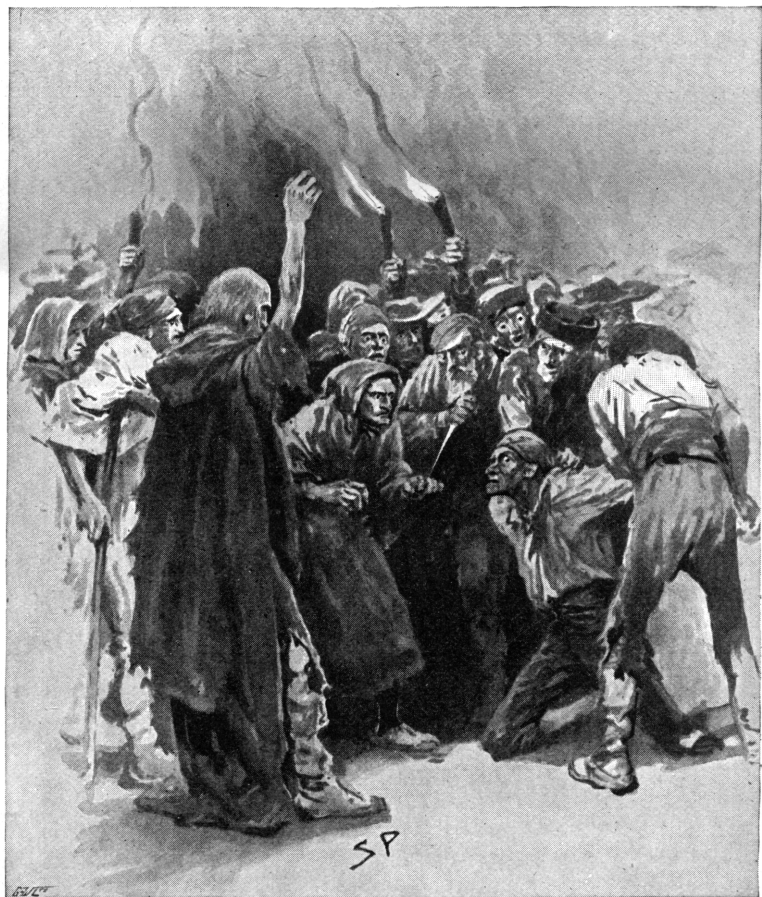
"Let the holy name of God be our justifi-

cation," he repeated, turning to the mob behind him, who answered his words with a savage roar of anger. "What say you, my children? This man who has driven you from your homes, who has hunted you like wolves—what shall be done to him?"

It was not possible to doubt the nature of the answer which would be given to him. The horde no longer had patience to listen to the accusation. Drunk with the desire of blood, hot in uncontrollable anger, the Spaniards sprang upon the terror-stricken steward. The light playing over his face showed me a countenance distorted with agony and the fear of death. In one horrible moment I saw the flash of many knives; I heard the man's long-drawn shriek as the blades were buried in his body; I saw him roll over and over, clutching the ground in his agony. And then I shut my eyes for very terror, and a loud cry escaped my lips.

Until this time I had watched the scene like a man in a dream. Waked from my

sleep to take part in it, there were moments when I said that I had imagined the whole thing—that it was a freak of the brain following upon a stolen supper. But no sooner had I uttered a word of protest than the grim reality was brought home to me. Every face in that throng below instantly turned upward to mine. A hundred torches were raised that their light might fall upon me. The quivering body of the steward was left that men might come and look at him who sought to stay their hands. And never have I heard anything like the shouts which fell upon my ears when the mob had satisfied itself that I had witnessed its work.



"IT WAS THE HAND OF A LEPER."

Twenty men seemed to leap together to the staircase upon my right hand ; others, grinning with rage, swarmed up the pillars ; some ran to and fro roaring with their desire of vengeance ; the women and young girls added voices to the clamour ; the leader endeavoured to make himself heard, but none listened to him.

As for myself, though I had whipped out my pistols as the horde ran to the staircase, I looked for nothing but instant death, for such a death as Juan Bazán had died. The meaning of those shrill cries was unmistakable. The faces of the first-comers, as they appeared at the head of the staircase, betrayed neither pity nor hesitation. I was one against a hundred mad with the lust of blood and murder. The very thought moved me to a dogged and obstinate determination to strike one blow for my life. Quick as light, I set my back against the wall and covered the first of the Spaniards with my pistol. As he thrust his dirty face forward, raising his arm to strike me, I shot him through the shoulder and his body rolled back upon his fellows. A second and third discharge, fired point-blank into the mob, left a second and a third of the

company prone upon the stairs. For an instant, the tide of the assault rolled back. A hush as the hush of storm fell upon those below. I heard the leader's voice, loud and sonorous, as he called upon his men to come down. I heard a new and angrier roar of refusal ; and then, as the mob gathered itself together for a last great rush, I, of a sudden moved by one of those clear ideas which come to us often in the heat of danger, sprang headlong from the gallery to the snow below, and was at the leader's side even before those who pressed upon me had marked my intention.

"For God's sake, look what you do," cried I, shouting with all my lungs. "I am an Englishman, and your people will pay for this night's work."

"What do you here, then?" he asked, turning upon me a pair of eyes horribly bloodshot and watering.

"I was passing through the mountains, and I came for a night's shelter. I have friends at Isaro, who will look for me tomorrow. There is my passport."

It was a terrible moment. The crowd, as crowds will, had paused directly their chief



"I SHOT HIM THROUGH THE SHOULDER."

exchanged a word with me. I saw about me hundreds of wild eyes and horrid faces, knives glistening, features drawn with ferocity. Hands raised here and there; bared breasts, legs showing through rags which swathed them, told me of what sort these men were. They were cagots, the lepers of Biscay, those hunted, driven wolves of the mountains of which even tradition speaks with a hushed voice. And now they pressed upon me, while the dread and the loathing of them which I suffered is not to be set down.

The chief made a pretence of reading my passport. His fellows waited for his word. I knew that it was the supreme moment of my life. A sign from him—a hesitating word, and the mob would tear me limb from limb. So great was the agony of suspense that the sweat rolled from my face and fell in cold drops upon my hands.

"Well," said the chief at last, and hours seemed to pass before he spoke, "I see that you are an Englishman. But I must ask again, what brought you to this house?"

"The request of the Duke of Trevino, whom I met last month at Pau."

The thing was said without a thought of the consequence. Yet it proved to be the turn of the crisis.

"The Duke is at Pau!" almost screamed the leader.

"He was there when I left," said I, "but he is to be at Santander directly."

I had raised my voice again, so that all the Spaniards in the court could hear me. The result was remarkable beyond any expectation.

"Listen to that," cried the chief; "the Duke is to be at Santander directly."

The others answered him with turbulent shouts.

"You swear that you are not lying to us?" cried the leader, turning upon me suddenly, as the possibility occurred to him.

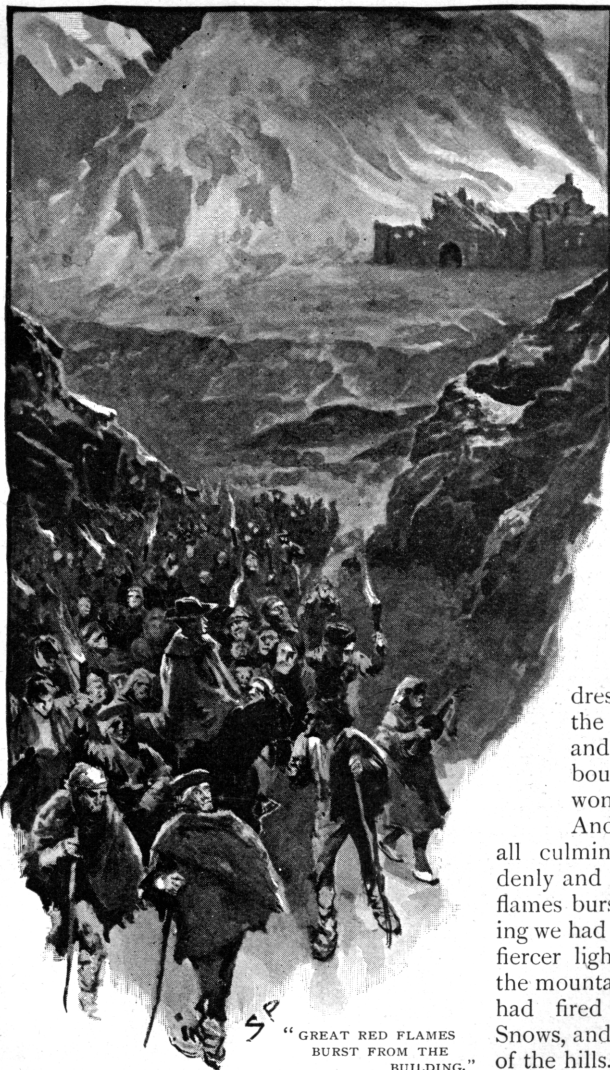
"I swear it," said I.

"Then let him lead us there," cried a young girl in the throng—and her suggestion moved the mob to raptures of delight. The crowd began to pour out of the great gateway, some of the crew calling for my horse, some bidding their friends to fire the building, others again

wringing their hands in delight at the news I had given to them. Soon I found myself, how I know not, once more in the saddle, with the army of repulsive lepers gibbering about my horse's girths. A hundred torches lit up the darkness of the mountain road. The brown cloaks of the men (not a few of them stamped with the duck's foot, the sign of the leper in Biscay), the bright

dresses of the girls, the music of guitars, and the clash of tamboreens added to the wonders of the scene.

And the drama of it all culminated when, suddenly and terribly, great, red flames burst from the building we had left, and a newer, fiercer light shone out over the mountains. The assassins had fired the House of Snobs, and made it a beacon of the hills.



"GREAT RED FLAMES
BURST FROM THE
BUILDING."

The burning of the house, and this was not strange, modified, in some measure, the ardour of the mob. There were many who turned their backs upon the company and slipped away in the darkness directly we left the gateway. That which had been a band of a hundred or more when we set out was a company of fifty when we gained the summit of the pass. At a mile from the burning building there was but a score of men with me, and they had lost their tongues.

Turning round in my saddle, I looked down the mountain road upon the house I had left. It burned with a lurid red light; but soldiers were moving in its courtyard, and with them were many villagers come to see the meaning of the beacon. Elsewhere all was still in the heights; of all the throng that had set out so gaily to the murder of the Duke of Trevino but one remained, and she was a girl; a girl whose age, allowing for her Southern maturity, could not have been more than sixteen years. Pretty, piquant, quaintly dressed, with large, round eyes, and coarse, black hair—she now stood timidly holding to my stirrup-strap. I saw that she wished to speak with me.

"Well, pretty one," said I, "why do you wait? Do you not see the soldiers?"

"Señor," said she, avoiding my question, but holding the tighter to my strap, "will you take me away from here?"

"Take you away, child?—where should I take you?"

"To Santander—to the Duke, my master."

"And what would you do at Santander?"

"I would warn him. Oh, I can tell him what he will never hear. Do not be afraid of me—I am not as the others."

By this she meant that the fearful disease to which so many of her companions were victims had not put its dreadful seal upon her, and she held up a pair of exquisitely white arms, to convince me of the truth. Yet how to answer her, I did not know.

"See, little one," said I at last, "there is but one horse."

"I will ride on the saddle before you," she protested; and giving me no time to answer her, she sprang up suddenly from the ground, and soon was resting in my arms.

An argument pressed home like this was irresistible. I gave the beast his head, and we began to descend the pass to Bilbao. But at the next posting-station, where I left her to see if I could procure another horse, she rewarded me roughly for my pains. For when I came out of the post-house, there was not a trace of her to be seen. She had

ridden off with my cob; and I did not doubt that her destination was my own.

I arrived at Santander on the eve of the following day, thinking it imperatively necessary to make known to the Duke of Trevino the whole circumstances attending the sack and destruction of his house. With this intention I descended at the principal inn, La Fonda de Boggio, and asked the landlord for news of him I sought. He met me with a look of surprised incredulity.

"How," said he, "have you not heard? The Duke was assassinated in the Calle de Bacedo at two o'clock this afternoon. The whole town is full of it. He was struck down by a girl as he was coming from the house."

I listened, silent, in amazement. Then I asked:—

"Have they caught the creature?"

"Indeed, no—and yet she was only a child. Oh, trust a *cagot* for craftiness."

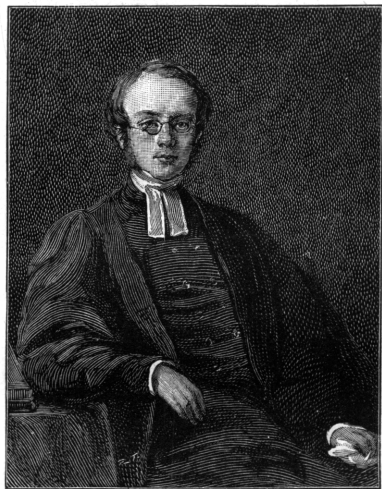
"And to what do they attribute the crime?"

"To the fact that he prevented the slut's marriage to one of his servants because she was the daughter of a leper. Oh, he has hunted them merrily, those poor devils, and now they have repaid him. God rest his soul."

I muttered an Amen—and it seemed to me that the whole story of the night was now made clear. The Duke had sent me to the House of Snows to bring him news of those he had persecuted. I knew well that roving bands of hunted lepers were still to be found in the mountains and caves of Biscay. And it was such a band that had worked so deadly a vengeance upon Juan Bazán and his master. Every year for many years, they told me afterwards, these nomadic lepers had held carnival at Christmas Eve somewhere upon the Duke's estate, always swearing vengeance and nursing their hate. But upon the night when I crossed the mountains, they had conceived the daring notion of supping in the Duke's very house. Juan Bazán must have heard of this intention, and was preparing to defend himself when I arrived. I reflected bitterly that if, in his panic, he had not mistaken me for one of those whom he feared, I might have saved his life and that of his master. It was clear that they had caught him as he fled to the village, and had carried him back to be the passive victim of that memorable scene I had witnessed.

As for the Duke, I have never doubted that the hand which struck him down was the hand of the child I had carried in my arms through the mountains.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.



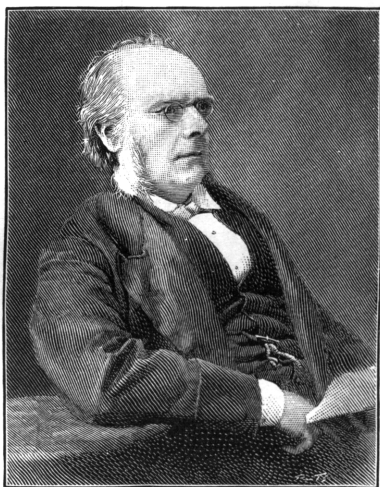
From a] AGE 27. [Painting.

THE REV. J. GUINNESS ROGERS,
B.A., D.D.



HE REV. JOHN GUINNESS ROGERS, B.A., D.D., Congregational minister and writer of world-wide reputation, was educated at Trinity College,

Dublin, where he graduated in 1843, and afterwards prepared for his ministerial duties by study at Lancashire Independent



From a Photo. by] AGE 55. [Elliott & Fry.

College. He has been successively Congregational minister at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Ashton-under-Lyne, and Clapham, where he now officiates.



From a] AGE 40. [Photograph.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Martin & Sallnow.



AGE 4.

From a Photo. by E. Drewett, Guildford.

E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A.

BORN 1852.



R. E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A., one of our most prominent sculptors, was born in London, and as a boy had a great desire to become an artist. In 1870 he went to Antwerp, soon working his way up to the Antique School, where he studied under M. Buffeau.



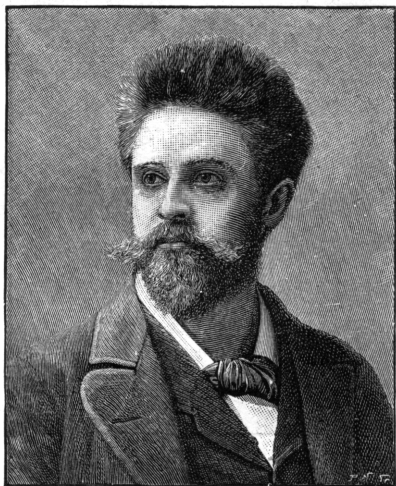
From a Photo. by]

AGE 12.

[Drewett, Guildford.

In 1871 he went to Munich and joined the Academy, still studying painting; but shortly before leaving he gave up painting and took to sculpture. In 1874 he returned to England. His principal statues are Sir Rowland Hill,

K.C.B., 1882; the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., 1883; Henry Irving as *Hamlet*, 1883; and "Linus," 1884. Besides these he has executed a number of busts, amongst which may be mentioned the Archbishop of York, 1884, and Lieut.-General



From a]

AGE 21.

[Photograph.

Sir Andrew Clarke, 1886. In 1885 he exhibited a relief, "In Memoriam"; and his statuette, "Folly," was purchased by the Royal Academy under the terms of the Chantry Bequest. Among his most recent works are a statue of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and bronze busts of Mr. Arthur Hacker, A.R.A., and Mr. Walter Armstrong.



PRESENT DAY

From a Photo by Elliott & Fry



AGE 8.

From a Painting by Nevenham.



SIR MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY was educated at Harrow, and Balliol College,

Oxford, where he took a "first" and a Fellowship at All Souls. He has sat, in the Conservative interest, for the Black-pool or Northern Division of Lancashire since 1886, and was this year returned unopposed. Sir Matthew has hitherto displayed a very modest political ambition; but he has his chance now, and his friends



AGE 18.

From a Photograph.



AGE 21.

From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.

THE
RIGHT HON.
SIR M. W.
RIDLEY,
BART.

BORN 1842.



AGE 31.

From a Photo. by L. Suscipi, Rome.

ment. He was at the Home Office from 1878 to 1880, and at the War Office and the Treasury successively since 1885-86. Lord Salisbury in June last appointed him Home Secretary. Sir Matthew is honorary

lieut.-col.

of the Northumberland Hussars, and a director of the North-Eastern Railway; he has been President of the Royal Agricultural Society, of which he is still a prominent member, and plays golf with much vigour.



AGE 37.

From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.



From a Photo. by

PRESENT DAY.

[Elliott & Fry.]

believe he will achieve great success. He ran Mr. Gully very close in the race for the Speakership on Mr. Peel's retire-

MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.



From a

AGE 8.

[Photograph.



MISS TERRISS, born in the Falkland Islands, is the daughter of Mr. William Terriss, the well-known actor, and was

educated by private tutors. She had always entertained a strong wish to adopt the stage as a profession, and the opportunity occurred for her to make her *début* through the illness of Miss Cissy Freake, who was then playing the part of *Mary Herbert* in Calmour's "Cupid's Messenger," at the Haymarket Theatre. Miss Terriss only undertook that part for a fortnight, relinquishing it to go to Mr. Charles Wyndham at the Criterion Theatre. During that time she played close on thirty different parts, conspicuous among them being *Ada Ingot* in "David Garrick"; *Lottie* in "The Two Roses"; *Maria* in "The School for Scandal"; *Miss Neville* in "She Stoops to Conquer," etc. Mr. Wyndham then arranged for her to play *Arra Na Pogue* in the drama of that name, in the revival at the Princess's. Following upon this she created the part of the heroine in "The Great Metropolis," and played the boy in "Alone in London"; and

the heroine in "After Dark." From this she went to the Court Theatre, where she played *Miss Lily* upwards of 400 times in "The Pantomime Rehearsal." Among the original parts and otherwise which she also played at the Court Theatre were *Lady Wilhelmina* in "The Amazons"; *Mrs. Singleton* in "Faithful James"; *Eve* in "Marriage"; *May Winter* in "Good-bye"; *The Ingénue* in "The Other Fellow"; *Mary* in "His Last Chance"; and *Jesse* in "Over the Way." She then made a charming *Cinderella* at the Lyceum; shortly afterwards scoring a great success in "Jack Sheppard" at the



AGE 10.

From a Photograph



AGE 15.

From a Photograph.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Sarony.

Gaiety Theatre. At the Lyric she created the part of *Thora* in "His Excellency," and returning to the Gaiety she appeared in "The Shop Girl," the name part of which she has played nearly 150 times; and at the present time she is touring with the same piece with Mr. Edwardes's company in America. Miss Terriss was married to Mr. Seymour Hicks on October 3rd, 1893.

The Handwriting of John Ruskin.

FROM 31ST DECEMBER, 1828, TO 28TH NOVEMBER, 1884.

(Born 8th February, 1819.)

BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.



Looking through the present collection of Mr. Ruskin's handwriting we shall, I think, see a fairly representative set of specimens, which are often very characteristic of their writer, who, indeed, can scarcely fail to be characteristic in any of his actions: limits of space have caused all the illustrations of this article to be reduced from the size of the originals, but this necessary reduction of size has not destroyed the character of the writing.

The beautiful little letter shown in No. 1 was written when the boy was in his tenth year; it is a good illustration of a clever French writer's description of elementary Art, or, rather, of the qualities that are factors of an elementary Art-sense—neatness, ornamentation, arrangement. The first and last qualities are plainly seen at a glance, and the

ornamentation of this pretty letter comes out in the studied printing of the year (1828), in other details, and probably in the choice of a specially fine piece of writing-paper—which perhaps had a lace border—by the little boy who sixty-seven years ago sat down to write this New Year's letter to his father. I have been enabled to include this Ruskin-gem by the kindness of Mr. George Allen, who sent me a fine facsimile of the original letter, which may be seen, full-size, in the large-paper edition of "The Poems of John Ruskin," collected and edited by W. G. Collingwood. Here is the "inclosed poem" mentioned in No. 1:—



No. 2.—One of several rough sketches of heads on the back of No. 3.

My dear papa

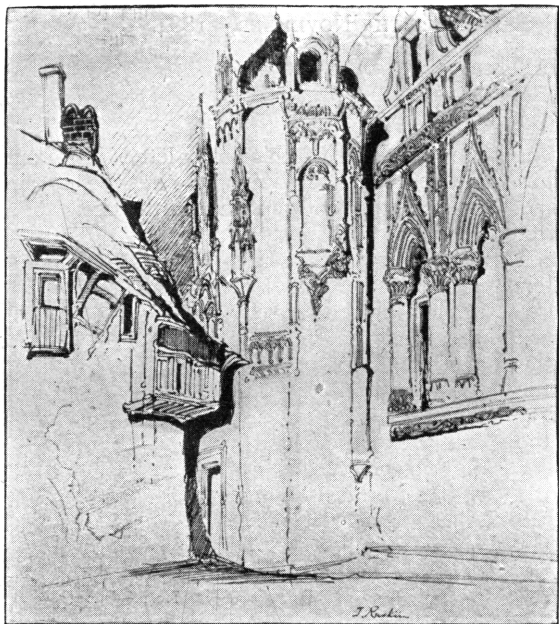
A good Newyear to you I at first intended to make for your Newyears present a small model of any easily done thing and I thought I would try to make an orrery but at length I gave it up on considering how many different things were wanted and composed the enclosed poem with another short address to you but Mamma disliking my address and telling me to write a small letter to you I attempted though I will not say I have succeeded to do it which thing I hope you will accept however unworthy it be of your notice

*dear papa
your affectionate son
John Ruskin*

But frightened was the preacher when
He heard all echoed down the glen
The music of the clans.
'Twas martial music, and around
Well echoed was the beautiful sound,
By valley, rock, and hill.
It died away upon the ear,
And spread abroad, now there, now here,
And gathered strength again.
And now the flute and now the drum,
Mingling upon the winds they come,
And die away again.
Another strain, another sound,
And now 'tis silence all around—
The martial music's gone.

This poem, like many of John Ruskin's early writings, was most beautifully and carefully written, after the fashion of printed letters. As we are now mainly concerned with Ruskin's handwriting, it is in-

*Herrnhill
December thirty first 1828*



No. 3.—An architectural drawing by John Ruskin. About 1840–42.

teresting to say that he refused to be taught to read and write in the orthodox way by syllabic spelling and copy-book pot-hooks. He preferred to find a way for himself, and so, by the time he was four years old, had taught himself to write in vertical characters, like printed letters. He found out how to read whole words at a time by the look of them. At five he was a bookworm, and his first dated poem was written a month before little John Ruskin reached the age of seven; it is a tale of a mouse, "The Needless Alarm."

The originals of Nos. 2 and 3 are in the collection of Mr. A. E. Cropper, of Birkdale, Lancashire, who very kindly lent the fine architectural drawing seen in No. 3, and which is thought to be part of Stirling Palace; the back of this drawing is covered with rough sketches of heads and pencil jottings of algebraic equations; specimens of these are faintly visible in No. 2. The letter of which a part is shown in No. 4 was written at age 27–28, to his publisher, Mr. George Smith (of Smith, Elder), and it contains a reference to "Modern Painters," the second volume of this work being published in the year 1846. This is an example of Mr. Ruskin's early handwriting, almost as different from the later style as from that of the boy's letter in No. 1. Very likely a volume of "Wit and Humour," pub-

lished in 1846, might not have attracted the man who then wrote that wit and humour are "... two characters of intellect in which I am so eminently deficient as never even to have ventured upon a conjecture respecting their real nature." Be this as it may, Mr. Ruskin's works and letters do not quite bear out this opinion of his own deficiency, and he certainly could show the humorous side of an incident. Take, for example, this extract from Mr. Ruskin's account of his old nurse Anne, who had nursed him as a baby:—

... And she had a very creditable and republican aversion to doing immediately, or in set terms, as she was bid; so that when my mother and she got old together, and my mother became very imperative and particular about having her teacup set on one side of her little round table, Anne would observantly and punctiliously put it always on the other; which caused my mother to state to me, every morning after breakfast, gravely, that if ever a woman in this world was possessed by the Devil, Anne was that woman.

At another time, four years prior to the date of No. 4, and, therefore, when Mr. Ruskin was in his twenty-fourth year, he wrote from Dijon to a clerical friend a very fine letter, which I cannot show here, but from which I quote the following: "... And so, my cool fellow, you don't

My Dear Sir
I ought before to have
thanked you for your obliging
present of "Wit & Humour".
— Two characters of intellect in
which I am so eminently deficient
as never even to have ventured
upon a conjecture respecting their
real nature
believe a copy of the second

Dear Richmond.

My friend Mary gave
me the enclosed key—one evening
at your house—the morning
it to be the key of my Daguerreotype.
It does not look like the key of
the pantry—nor of the street door.
—so it is not likely to be of use to
me—and if it be a key of knowledge,
I am sure it will be to her—So
I send it back—with my
love—Yours ever affectionately
Ruskin—By the way

No. 5.—Written in 1848. Age 29—30.

find any 'refreshment' in my poems. . . .
'Refreshments,' indeed! Hadn't you better
try the ale-house over the way next time? It
is very neat of you—after you have been putting
your clerical steam on, and preaching half the
world to the de— (I beg pardon—what was
I going to say?) I back again—to pull up at
Parnassus expecting to find a new station and
'refreshment' rooms fitted up there for your
especial convenience—and me as the young
lady behind the counter—to furnish you with a
bottle of ginger-pop"

My dear Watson

Would you be so kind as to say to the
people who ship my baggage for Venice that I
would rather the things were left on their arrival
in the hands of their agent, until I come, as I
do not want to trouble any of my friends with
them. Also to thank Mr. Ritchie very much
for the piece of the Wall of China—though I am
very glad the bricks in our country are Red, and
not of the colour of Blue Pell. Ever
most truly Yours J. Ruskin.

No. 6.—Written June 28, 1852. Age 33—34.

The reduction in size renders No. 5 not
quite so easy to read as the original, so I
give a transcript of it:—

Dear Richmond,—My friend Mary gave me the
enclosed key—one evening at your house—she
supposing it to be the key of my daguerreotype. It
does not look like the key of the pantry—nor of the
street door—so it is not likely to be of use to me—
and if it be a key of knowledge, I am sure it will be
to her—and so I send it back—with my love.

The spontaneity and naturalness of John
Ruskin's nature are very clearly reflected in
the gesture of his handwriting; one does not
often see writing which shows so plainly as

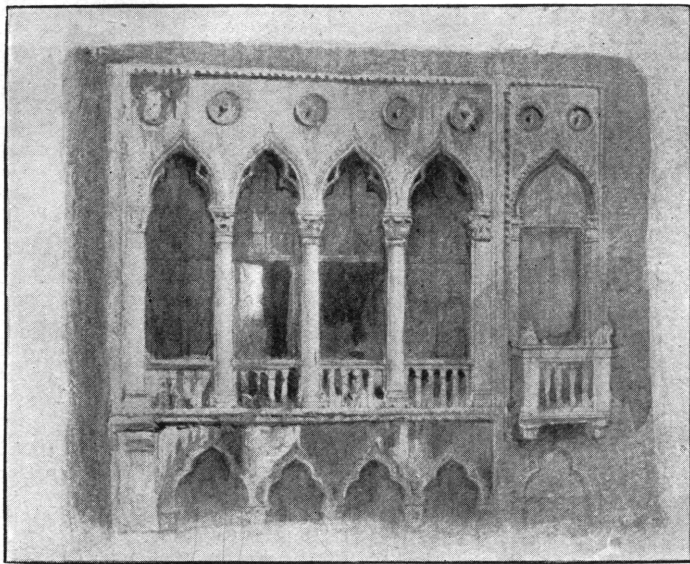
in the world. here & there. the
most of it is. most of them are
often to be foolish. I am more
offended & wonderment by
people's absurdity than any
thing else in the world. So
then—what wonderful power
a single fool has—the wrong way
But you know all your amusements
as well as mine—comes of
their disbelief. If you really
suffer there is a master to
the household you have
nothing to do but to attend to
his business & be quiet & comfortable
Truly Yours.

Ruskin Always
yours

No. 7.—Written February 5, 1856.
Age 36—37.

No. 5, for example, these salient
traits of character, and even a
tyro in the art of deducing
individualistic qualities from
handwriting can see that there
is no *arrière-pensée* in the mind
of the man whose written-ges-
ture we are examining—it is too
impulsive to admit of dissimu-
lation.

No. 6 was written a few years
later, when Ruskin was setting
out again for Venice for a spell
of work on the palaces and
churches, and now more draw-
ings were to be made for



No. 8.—From the original drawing by John Ruskin.

"Stones of Venice." John Ruskin asks his friend ". . . to thank Mr. Ritchie very much for the piece of the Wall of China—though I am very glad the bricks in our country are Red, and not of the colour of a Blue Pill." An interval of nearly four years passes before we reach No. 7, which is the end of a letter sent to an artist friend, who still possesses the original. After encouraging his correspondent about his work, "which is very good, though I can't give you much for it, or I should unjustifiably raise the hopes of the other men," Ruskin went on: "We must finish a little more before we can command price." Needless to say this was before the coming of the "impressionist" school of artists, with a blur of colour put on to canvas in a few hours, and a fee of two hundred guineas or so paid for the result. Perhaps most people, except the impressionists themselves, have a preference for pictures that at any rate show something resembling design, being guided perhaps by a feeling akin to that which, in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's *Bab Ballad*—

Macphairson Clong-
locketty Angus,
my lad,
With pibrochs and

reels you are driving me
mad.

If you really must play on
that cursed affair,
My goodness! play something
resembling an air.

Impressionist pictures,
like the bagpipes, are a
form of high Art which
appeals only to the initi-
ated.

After the signature in
No. 7 there was the
kindly message: "Always
write to me when it does
you good, as it does *me*
good too."

The artist-owner of the
original drawing from
which No. 8 has been
copied—it shows some of
the stones of Venice—
said to me as he took the
drawing from his por-
tfolio: "I think this is the

most wonderful piece of work of its kind that I have ever seen—its delicacy and finish are marvellous." Truly they are—you actually see the balcony in Venice, and the stone is real stone, with extraordinarily minute details of weatherwear and age-marks subtly shown by the finest and most carefully judged work. It is, of course, impossible to reproduce the true effect by any process of illustration available for a magazine each page of which is printed by hundreds of thousands, but No. 8 serves to suggest what an admirable piece of work the original of it must be.

The next specimen, No. 9, is the last paragraph of a long letter sent from the Borromean Islands, Lago Maggiore, Italy, in Mr. Ruskin's fortieth year. It was written on thin foreign paper, and the ink has become faint, so perhaps a transcript of this interesting passage will be useful:—

You may comfort the young lady whose hand runs away with her by telling her that when once she has bridled it properly, she will find many places where she can give it a pleasant canter—or even put it to speed—in sketching from Nature. But it must be

*You may comfort the young lady whose
hand runs away with her by telling her
that when once she has bridled it, probably
she will find many places where she can give
it a pleasant canter, or even put it to speed—
in sketching from nature. But it must be well
fitted. Bridled perhaps would be a better
word. I put. Always most truly yours
J. Ruskin*

half past seven o'clock

Ever affectionately Yours

J. Ruskin

I'm so glad you like
those economy papers.
The next will be a smasher.
I'm only afraid they
won't put it in - If they
don't, I'll print it
separate.

No. 10.—Written October 1, 1860. Age 41—42.

well bitted (braceletted perhaps would be a better word) first.—Always most truly yours, J. RUSKIN.

There is a very interesting allusion to *Unto this Last* in No. 10, which is a sentence written at the end of a letter dated October 1st, 1860: "I'm so glad you like those economy papers—the next will be a smasher." The "economy papers" (forming *Unto this Last*) were then in course of issue in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*. The "next" would be Chapter IV., *Ad Valorem*, which appeared in the *Cornhill* for November, 1860.

No. 11 was taken from a letter addressed to Mrs. Carlyle from Luzern in December, 1861, and written to her husband also: it is a specially fine letter, and at the end of it John Ruskin wrote: "I've no patience with the Swiss—now—nor with anybody; myself included. Good-bye.—Ever your affectionate, J. RUSKIN." There was a close friendship and mutual regard between Carlyle and Ruskin, which began about 1850; and, later, when Ruskin took up

social and economical work, Carlyle's esteem for him was increased. The younger man wrote and spoke as a disciple of the elder, and in some of his letters addressed Carlyle as a pupil addresses his master, or as a son writes to his father—"Ever, dear papa, your affectionate, J. RUSKIN"; or, "Ever your faithful and loving servant and son, JOHN RUSKIN." On one occasion, in 1865, Ruskin, hating tobacco, sends his "master" cigars, and Carlyle wrote:—

Dear Ruskin,—You have sent me a munificent Box of Cigars; for which what can I say in answer? It makes me both sad and glad. . . .

We are such stuff,

Gone with a puff—

Then think, and smoke tobacco!

The generosity which is so marked a trait of Ruskin's nature comes out in No. 12, which is but one of many similar letters I have seen. This letter was written to an

Dear Ward.

Best thanks for
letter. I know of the
clothing. I would gladly
give 2 1/2 guineas which
I believe is the trade price
plus ten shillings - for the
garment. I can't afford
to buy any more. with I
could. But I get requests
now on the average for
about fifty pounds a week
and all difficult to refuse - though
sometimes necessary. Your credit
won't fail however. I enclose
5/- and am always
affectionately Yours. J. Ruskin

No. 12.—Written in 1862. Age 43—44.



No. 11.—Written December 22, 1861. Age 42—43.

artist of whose work Ruskin thought highly:—. . . "I get requests now on the average for about fifty pounds a week, and all difficult to refuse, though sometimes necessary. Your credit won't fail however. . . ." There is a piece of sound

My dear Ward.

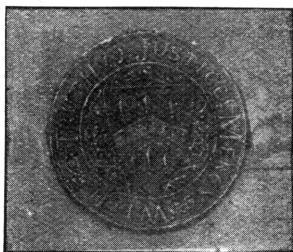
Try 4 Chancel St. Perhaps
there a Chancel St. Strand. I am
made anxious by your letter for fear
something has gone wrong with
my next paper for *Fors*.
Don't cover your paper so with lines
Use fewer. and think about them



Yours affectionately
J. Ruskin

No. 13.—Written February 15, 1863. Age 44—45.

advice to a draughtsman in No. 13, and, in the shell there drawn, a good practical illustration of the advice: "Don't cover your paper so with lines. Use fewer, and *think* about them." The next illustration, No. 14, is rather a curiosity: it was lent to me by a gentleman who has a large collection of Ruskin's sketches, letters, etc., and he told me that one day, many years ago, when he was at the Denmark Hill house, its master showed him a sketch of a design like No. 14, which Ruskin was just then making, and which embodied the initials of the famous landscape painter, Joseph Mallord William Turner, in the motto round the design—"With Truth, Justice, Mercy. Some few years ago, my informant came across the original of No. 14 on the cover of a book he bought at a second-hand shop, and he tells me that he believes it to be a print of the completed design which he saw in the making.



No. 14.—A sort of book-label, designed by John Ruskin, embodying the initials of Turner, the painter (J. M. W. T.).

"Put your name on the back of the cheque," was written at the end of No. 15 by the man who had put his name on the front of the cheque, and whose handwriting here shown must have been pleasant reading to the lady who was told

to indorse the cheque which went with this kind letter.

Many of Mr. Ruskin's letters contain "thumb-nail" sketches of Turner's pictures, and one of these is shown in No. 16 as a fairly representative example.

Special interest attaches to the little note in No. 17. It was dated 17th May 1871, and on the 1st of January in that year a small pamphlet was issued, headed "*Fors Clavigera*," in the form of a letter to the working-men and labourers of England; dated from Denmark Hill, and signed "John Ruskin." It was not advertised, and no arrangements were made for its sale by the booksellers; it was sold by Mr. George Allen, at Heathfield Cottage, Keston, Kent, at sevenpence a copy, carriage paid, no discount, and no abatement on taking a quantity—and yet it was sold, and sold in considerable numbers. Mr. Ruskin once said:

"The public has a very long nose, and scents out what it wants, sooner or later." In No. 17 he wrote to a friend: "I am glad you like *Fors*. People will find it a very intrusive 'dream' in a little while, if I live." Two or three weeks earlier than the date of this letter Carlyle had written to Ruskin: "This *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 5th, which I

Dear Mr Ward

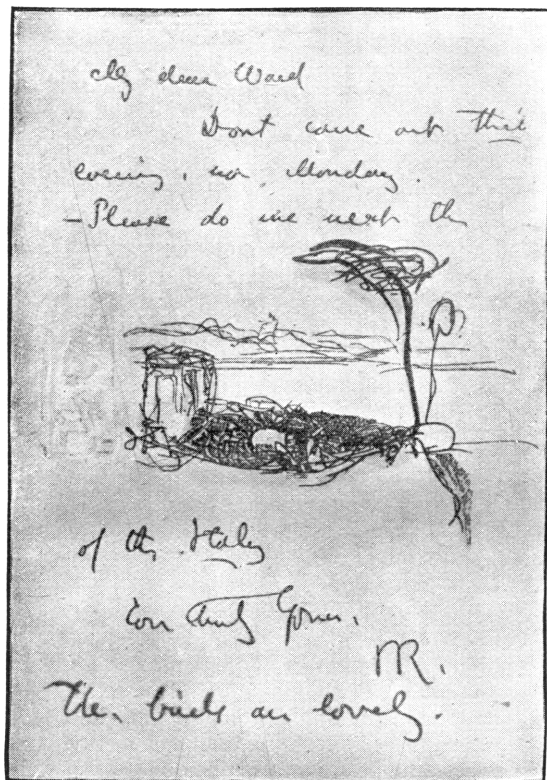
I enclose you a cheque
for 10. ~ with great pleasure at
the same time in being ab-
le to tell you that your husband
is doing beautiful work, and I
hope, will in future be happily
confident in his own powers, and
sufficiently prosperous in their
career, for his entire comfort
and yours.

Yours truly
J. Ruskin

J. Ruskin

Put your name on the back
of the cheque.

No. 15.—Written November 13, 1867. Age 48—49.



No. 16.—Written December 18, 1869. Age 50—51.

have just finished reading, is incomparable ; a quasi-sacred consolation to me, which almost brings tears into my eyes ! Continue, while you have such utterances in you, to give them voice. They will

1871

Denmark Hill,
S.E.

I am glad you like Tass
People will find it a very
interesting "dream" in a little while
if I live.

Yours always faithfully
J. Ruskin

No. 17.—Written May 17, 1871. Age 52—53.

find and force entrance into human hearts." In the same year, Mr. Ruskin proved his sincerity when he put down his own money, £7,000, the tenth of what he had, as he recommended his adherents to do. The newspapers, and people generally, could not understand a man who practised what he preached at the cost of self-interest, and it is likely that one of the many false reports about John Ruskin occasioned the letter to which No. 18 is a characteristic reply: "Dear Mr. Talling, — Never believe anything you hear about me — nobody knows anything about me." This was dated 20th September, 1871.

The spontaneous generosity of John Ruskin's nature is shown not less plainly by his handwriting than by his actions and words, and now that we have seen more than a dozen specimens of his written-gesture at different dates, it is worth while to specially refer to another side of his character which has too often been misunderstood.

Lately, a friend said to me when I was reading to him a passage from one of Ruskin's letters, "He's a very conceited man," meaning by "conceited," not the old sense of the word—*endowed with fancy or imagination, ingenious*—but the modern sense—*endowed with vanity and egotism*. For the life of me I cannot see this modern version of conceit in Ruskin : vanity and egotism usually show themselves plainly in a man's handwriting (see, if you care for an explanation of this, my paper called "Written-Gesture," in the *Nineteenth*

Dear Mr Talling

never believe anything
you hear about me. nobody
knows anything about me -

No. 18.—Written September 20, 1871. Age 52—53.

Century for March, 1895), and they are not to be seen in these specimens we are looking at. This is not the first instance I have found where a man's intellectual independence has been mistaken for selfishness, or for vanity, or for something quite different from what it is. Ruskin has always spoken his thoughts plainly, and if he has had occasion to speak ill or well of his own work, or of any body

else's, surely this plain speech ought not to be mistaken for egotism or for vanity. I do not wish to attach an undue importance to the evidence as to character which is given by a man's handwriting, but this particular trait of vanity or conceit is so plainly disclosed in handwriting, that I cannot omit to mention the baselessness of this very much mistaken opinion about John Ruskin's "conceit."

"Mr. Ruskin on Railways" has often been the heading of a newspaper paragraph; his dislike of them has been the text of a good deal of misrepresentation, and his use of them, at all, has often been quoted as an inconsistency. We see, in No. 19, the words: "Heaven stop the steam demon from helping either you or me there." Mr. W. G. Collingwood, who for many years has been in a position to know Mr. Ruskin's opinions about railways, says that, as a matter of fact, he has never objected to main lines of communication, but that he has strongly objected, in common with a vast number of people, to the introduction of railways into districts whose chief interest is in their scenery: especially where, as in the English Lake district, the scenery is in miniature, easily spoiled by embankments and

My dear Ward

I am very glad you are safe at home again.

I wrote again about a fortnight since to Mr. Colbeck, asking how you were & get along but I suppose you did not get my letter - Heaven stop the steam demon from helping either you or me there. But God willing, I'll see it this coming summer.

I look answered for the drawings. That might be all right. I am ever most affectionately yours
MR

My dear Madam

Where is Knife Ground?
Who teaches there? What is taught there? To whom is it taught? And why will you be obliged to me if I subscribe to it. I must at least ask you kindly to answer the first four of these questions before I can do so.

Very truly Yours,

MRuskin

No. 20.—Written January 13, 1875. Age 55—56.

viaducts, and by the rows of ugly buildings which usually grow up round a station, and where the beauty of the landscape can only be felt in quiet walks and drives through it. Once, when Ruskin was on the brink of a serious illness, he wrote in violent language to a correspondent who tried to "draw" him on the subject of another proposed railway to Ambleside; but his real opinions, says Mr. Collingwood, are simple enough, and consistent with a practicable scheme of life.

In this Magazine, when dealing with "The Handwriting of Thomas Carlyle" (October, 1894), I showed a passage from a letter written by Carlyle in the year 1820, which reads:—

I like to see a friend write from the heart—somewhat in earnest—tho' it be a little in dishabille. It indicates at least the absence of excessive caution—a Scottish quality—but one which I am not patriot enough to respect very highly.

Later than 1820, Carlyle must have seen the style of handwriting he liked to see when reading Ruskin's letters to himself, and Thomas Carlyle's deduction as to character is certainly substantiated by the specimens now before us, which plainly suggest the unsuspicious habit that accompanied John Ruskin's unselfishness. By the time No. 20 was written, 1875, Ruskin had necessarily become less responsive



No. 21.—From the original water-colour sketch by John Ruskin.

than in earlier years to the appeals of numerous strangers who asked him for money, some of whom undoubtedly took advantage of a generosity which they scorned as a weakness. This No. 20 is an amusing reply to one of these applications:—

My dear Madam,—Where is Knife Ground? Who teaches there? What is taught there? To whom is it taught? And why will you be obliged to me if I subscribe to it? I must, at least, ask you kindly to answer the first four of these questions before I can do so.

Illustration No. 21 is from a much larger water-colour sketch, that was lent to me by a collector who has many of Ruskin's original drawings, and who tells me that this is part of a view seen from his hotel window when Ruskin was abroad. In connection with Mr. Ruskin's work as an artist, it is interesting to read what he wrote in 1867 to a correspondent whom he advised to copy Turner:—

I think you ought to fix your mind on this Turner work quite as the thing you *have to do*. You know me well enough to trust me that I do not say this to keep you captive for my own purposes. If I thought you could be a successful artist, I would not let you copy. But I think your

art gifts are very like mine: *perfect* sense of colour, great fineness of general perception, and hardly any invention. You *might* succeed in catching the public with some mean fineness of imitation, and live a useless, though pecuniarily successful, life; but even that would be little likely. Whereas, in rendering Turner, you will live a useful life; and I think very probably, a highly prosperous one. [Mr. Ruskin had this Turner copying very much at heart, hoping by the means of *facsimile* copies to spread the knowledge of the works of this great master.]

There is a special interest about No. 22, the

I fancy the always doing everything in a hurry has been very bad for me — I recollect my father used to write his long business letters thus, his hand never hastening nor slackening, and I fancy work can go on long thus. But I have to keep up with my thoughts and then all goes so — and that wears you out. Ever affec^tly Yours JR

No. 22.—Written February 25, 1875. Age 56—57.

end of a letter written to Mr. George Allen, because Mr. Ruskin makes some remarks about his own handwriting as compared with his father's—which he imitates for three or four lines—and this circumstance, with the inference he draws from the two handwritings, renders No. 22 a very appropriate specimen to be shown in this article. I owe it to the kindness of Mr. Ruskin's publisher, who drew my attention to the very interesting passage here shown in *facsimile*:—

I fancy the always doing everything in a hurry has been very bad for me. I recollect my father used to write his long business letters thus, his hand never hastening nor slackening, and I fancy work can go on long thus. But I have to keep up with my thoughts, and then all goes so—and that wears you soon.

It may be well to point out that No. 23, a

If this accurate weather stops photography a great when I want to see it, the Devil really deserves some credit. — 5 percent at least. Ever affect^dly Yours JR.

No. 23.—Written February 29, 1876. Age 57—58.

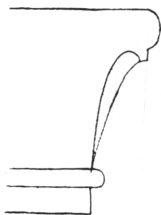
very characteristic bit, was written in the month of February, when fog or dull weather may have caused Ruskin to impatiently exclaim:—

If this accursed weather stops photography—just when I want to use it—the Devil really deserves some credit—5 per cent. at least.

No. 24, with its expression of pleasure and satisfaction with “the woodcuts,” refers to some of the illustrations for “Stones of Venice,” and contains a slight architectural sketch marked “Fig. 9,” and initialed “J. R.”

One of the most interesting pieces of Mr. Ruskin’s handwriting here shown is No. 25, written to a Blackburn artisan, Mr. John T. Bacon, who had asked Ruskin to bring out a

Fig. 9. R.



I scarcely know
any one who
from the woodcut,
and am highly
edified by it.
Brentford.
For Sept 6th.
29th Aug.
Ruskin 78

No. 24.—Written August 29, 1878. Age 59—60.

cheap edition of “Queen of the Air.” As this is a contribution to the study of the mythology and beliefs of the Greeks, and of ancient Greek art and morals, we are not surprised to read in No. 25 that: “I should never have thought of asking the British workman to read it—and I doubt if you are a fair specimen of him.” The doubt is perhaps justifiable. I found, by asking Mr. George Allen, that the “gratis letter” to be sent to this British workman was the letter on Trade Unions published in “Fors Clavigera,” and—as were some other letters—later on sold or given away separately. I have not been able to ascertain if Mr. Bacon got the “hundred signatures of real workmen,

My dear Sir,

Yes, the Queen of the Air was a great delight to myself; but I should never have thought of asking the British workman to read it, — and I doubt if you are a fair specimen of him. I have told my publisher, to whom I forward your letter, to send you a copy of the gratis letter; and I will think over the expediency of a cheap edition of the Queen — if you can get a hundred signatures of real workmen, in Blackburn or else where — asking for it.

Very truly Yrs.

John T. Bacon.

Ruskin

No. 25.—Written in 1879. Age 60—61.

in Blackburn or elsewhere, asking for it”—for a cheap edition of “Queen of the Air.” Probably, he did not.

Part of a letter to a clerical correspondent is given in No. 26. It was written at Brantwood in 1879, and begins:—

My dear Sir,—I am obliged by your reply—and trust that you will some day know enough of me to recognise the difference between plainness and discourtesy. You choose to waste your life in reading literature intentionally corrupt—as a natural consequence—you make inquiries of persons unable to answer you—but who are disturbed by your questions,

you think I discourage in the man whose time you have wasted, to advise you to read no more nonsense. But you have I believe, sense enough to discover, some day, — that the advice was sound — and your impression unaltered.

Yours faithfully Yrs

Ruskin

No. 26.—Written May 3, 1879. Age 60—61.

How wide is the circle of my patients and
yours - after any forty years of talk?
Ever affec^d J. R.
J.R.

No. 27.—Written April 19, 1881. Age 62—63.

go away saddened, instead of strengthened, by your society—and cause instantly great trouble and waste of time to other people. [Then comes the piece shown in No. 26.] You think it discourteous in the man whose time you have wasted, to advise you to read no more nonsense. But you have, I believe, sense enough to discover, some day, that the advice was sound—and your impression *unsound*.

Perhaps, when he received this letter, the clergyman to whom it was addressed regretted having written the accusation of discourtesy which brought back the sufficiently caustic reply just quoted.

Another caustic letter, which lately was again in the market, but which has escaped my search, is the famous reply sent to a person who, in May, 1886, asked Mr. Ruskin for some money to pay the debt on a chapel. It was written when Ruskin was suffering from the first attack of an illness brought on by strain and overwork, a circumstance

Brentford,
Coniston Lancashire

Thursday -
(some day or other of 1883)

Dear Sir, Riella,

yes I was dreadfully
crushed by that portentous silence,
- because you know, though
illay is so irresistible, and illay
is so beautiful - yet you were
my first love, - and then - they
don't know anything about Ireland -
- do they now, do they? - so you
really mustn't exile me like that
from Enniscorthy more: - I wonder
what you'll answer to my telegram -
I shall be thinking of nothing else
all day. if I may come

Ever your love J.R.

P.S. Don't fix the hair quite so high this time.

No. 28.—Written to a child-friend in 1883. Age 64—65.
The original of this letter is in the possession of Messrs. Noel Conway, 50b, New Street, Birmingham, who kindly lent it for this paper.

which accounts for the unusual violence of his language:—

Sir,—I am scornfully amused at your appeal to me, of all people in the world the precisely least likely to give you a farthing! My first word to all men and boys who care to hear me is, "Don't get into debt; starve and go to Heaven—but don't borrow. Try first begging; I don't mind, if it's really needful, stealing! But don't buy things you can't pay for! And, of all

manner of debtors, pious people building churches they can't pay for are the most detestable nonsense to me. Can't you preach and pray behind the hedges—or in a sand-pit, or in a coal-hole—first? And, of all manner of churches thus idiotically built, iron churches are the damnablest to me. And, of all the sects of believers in any ruling spirit—Hindoo, Turks, Feather idolaters, and Mumbo Jumbo, Log and Fire Worshippers, who want churches, your modern English Evangelical sect is the most absurd, and entirely objectionable and unendurable to me! All which they might very easily have found out from my books—any other sort of sect would!—before bothering me to write it to them. Ever, nevertheless, and in all this saying, your faithful servant, JOHN RUSKIN.

The recipient of this unique letter promptly sold it—not for £10 as has been stated, but

I am extremely
interested by your frank
account of jeweller's business.
(I think I shall set up for
a jeweller myself if we
can roll in diamonds for
nothing!) - but here's
your postal cheque. As for
the other bill amount
the other bill amount
have it on Cleverly ^{in notice} it's not
I am as glad as you can be
though for less commercial
reasons, that Lord Brassey
is interesting himself in opals,

No. 29.—Written November 28, 1884. Age 65—66.

for one guinea—and so got something towards the debt on his iron chapel, which chapel, by the way, is about a hundred yards from the window where I sit writing; it is now a solid building of brick and stone, and has lately been "done up."

Fourteen years have gone since John Ruskin asked the question in No. 27: "How

Stories from the Diary of a Doctor.

SECOND SERIES.

By L. T. MEADE AND CLIFFORD HALIFAX, M.D.

XII.—“TO EVERY ONE HIS OWN FEAR.”

[These stories are written in collaboration with a medical man of large experience. Many are founded on fact, and all are within the region of practical medical science. Those stories which may convey an idea of the impossible are only a forecast of an early realization.]



AMONGST his friends Charlie Fane's name was always spoken of as a synonym of good luck. I happened to meet this gay and *débonnaire* youth during a short visit which I paid to my friends, the Cullingham's, at their beautiful place in Warwickshire. The time of year was towards Christmas, and there was a merry house party at "The Chase." The old house rang with mirth and festivity from morning till night. The spirit of the time seemed to get into the rooms, and to infect us all to a more or less degree. Even the elderly amongst us yielded, to the all-prevailing spirit of frolic, and forgot for a time, in the most pleasurable manner in the world, the graver side of life. There were several

young men in the house, but Fane was the life of the party. His spirits ran the highest, his wit was the most appreciated, his songs were invariably encored, and his society sought for, not only amongst the girls, but also the men of the party. All alike petted and fêted him—in short, his presence was looked upon as sunshine, and his praise was on everyone's lips.

Cullingham, my host, was a grave, middle-aged man on the shady side of fifty. Mrs. Cullingham was a charming hostess, possessing, I think, only one failing, and that was an incessant and almost tiresome habit of praising the hero of the hour—Charlie Fane. It is irksome to hear even the best person

always vaunted to the skies, but I must say that Charlie took the good things which were said about him without the least approach to conceit or self-consciousness. Fortune had always smiled upon him, and he believed it would do so to the end. He was in high favour when I arrived at "The Chase," but before my brief visit terminated, he was more than ever the cynosure of all eyes. Amongst the guests was a very beautiful girl, of the name of Alice Lefroy. Charlie's susceptible heart was immediately smitten with her charms; he followed her about like a shadow, and it was more than evident to all present that Miss Lefroy was not unwilling to receive attentions from him. The happy youth made love in the most open and undisguised style, having little doubt

that, according to his invariable good luck, he would obtain without much difficulty the object of his desire.

On the evening before I left "The Chase" to return to my London duties, I spent an hour or two with Cullingham in his smoking-room.

"By the way," I said, as I rose to say good-night, "you will let me know how affairs progress between Fane and Miss Lefroy. I am interested in them—in short, they look like a couple who have come straight from

Eden, and have never had anything to do with the bad ways of this troublesome world."

Cullingham laughed in a rather strained manner when I spoke. He was silent for a moment, looking thoughtful.



MISS LEFROY.

"It isn't my affair, of course," he said, after a long pause; "but, nevertheless, I am not thoroughly happy about this business. Fane is one of the most attractive fellows I have ever come across."

"If he is attractive to Miss Lefroy that is all right," I replied. "She evidently likes him—I do not think either of the young folks have taken much trouble to disguise their feelings."

"That is just it," said my host, "that is just what bothers me; Fane is in love with Alice, and I greatly fear that Alice is in love with him. Now it happens that she is engaged to another man."

"Impossible!" I said.

"It is only too true," said Cullingham; "she has been engaged for the last couple of years to a man considerably her senior, of the name of Pennington. Philip Pennington is sincerely attached to her, and until now I considered the engagement a very happy one. When first she came, I regarded the little flirtation between her and Fane as nothing more than a joke, but now I begin to doubt whether I did wisely in not telling him of her engagement."

"I know Miss Lefroy very slightly," I said; "but the little I have seen of her makes me doubt whether it would be possible for so sweet and frank a girl to act with duplicity—she has doubtless mentioned her engagement to Fane. Well, I am sorry. I did hope that couple would have made a match of it—they seemed so pre-eminently suited to each other."

"So they are, Halifax," said Cullingham. "I feel as sorry as you do at the present moment about the affair. I sincerely hope it is not serious, and will say something to Fane to-morrow."

Soon afterwards I bade my host "good-night," and retired to my own room.

The hour was late; but I was not at all inclined for slumber. I sat down, therefore, by my cheerful fire, and taking up a book tried to engross myself in its contents. To my surprise—for I am a voracious reader—I found I could not do so. Between me and the open page appeared, with tiresome reiteration, the face and figure of Fane—the clear eyes; the straight, well-cut features; the broad, athletic figure; the muscular hands; the splendid physique of the man. By his side I saw also the ethereal and exquisitely proportioned face and form of the fair young girl whom, after all, he might never hope to win.

"There comes a day when the luckiest man finds his luck forsake him—it is the

course of life," I could not help muttering to myself. As this reflection came to me, I started suddenly to my feet: a sharp and somewhat imperative knock had come to my bedroom door.

I went quickly across the room and opened the door. Fane stood without.

"I hope you won't find me an awful nuisance," he said, "but I saw a light under your door—can you spare me five minutes of your time?"

It is my luck to find myself appealed to in an emergency. This young man had never made a special friend of me up to this moment. One glance at his face, however, was sufficient to show that he meant to confide in me now. I was glad of it, for I had taken a great liking for him.

"Wait a moment," I said, "until I get into my coat; there is a fire still in the smoking-room—we can go down there."

"Yes, we can have the smoking-room to ourselves," said Fane, "for every other soul in the house is in bed."

"Go down, then, and wait for me," I said. "I will join you in a moment."

I did so. When I entered the smoking-room, Fane was standing with his back to the fire, which he had built up into a glowing and compact mass—he had also turned on the electric light, and the room looked cheerful.

"Now, what can I do for you?" I said, dropping into a chair and looking up at him.

"Confound it!" he muttered. He gnawed his moustache almost savagely, and looked down at me without adding to this exclamation. I waited for him to go on.

"It is awfully hard lines to worry you," he said; "but Alice and I——"

"Alice?" I interrupted.

"Oh, Miss Lefroy I mean—hang it all, you may as well know the truth—Miss Lefroy and I are engaged. Hear me out, please."

I was preparing to interrupt him, but sank back now in my chair and allowed him to finish his story.

"We are engaged," he said—his tone had a certain defiance in it—"it came about to-night, unexpectedly; I am coming to particulars in a moment or two. We are in trouble, I daresay you guess; but our engagement is hard and binding, thank Heaven! Alice thought we had best confide in you—it is a shame, of course, for you are not even a special friend—but she shrank from Cullingham or Mrs. Cullingham knowing anything about it, and you are a doctor, and a good fellow, people say; may I go on?"

"You certainly may," I answered.

"Ah, thanks. You see, Alice guessed all right about you—I won't tell you all she said, it would make you conceited—but, there, I wish you could have seen her face when she said, 'Thank God, Dr. Halifax is in the house.'"

"Well, tell me your story now, my dear fellow," I interrupted.

"Alice is engaged to me—that is the main thing—that is the rock to which I cling."

"But how can that be?" I said. "It is scarcely an hour ago since Cullingham informed me that Miss Lefroy was engaged to a man of the name of Philip Pennington."

"Pennington is in the house," said Charlie, clenching his hand. "He arrived at Ashworth by the last train, and drove over in a fly—it was that hurried matters on. Alice wants to break with him, doctor—she never loved him—why, he is twenty years her senior. I vow before Heaven I won't give her up—now, what is to be done?"

"It is an ugly business," I said. "I don't know that I ought to help you—you had no right to steal Pennington's promised bride from him."

"You mustn't blame Alice," he began, eagerly. "She told me of her engagement the first day I saw her, and showed me her ring; we played at love at first, and never knew that it was going to be reality until we found ourselves deep in the fire. Alice and I often sat and talked by the hour of Pennington; we saw no danger, and knew of none until to-night when she heard his voice in the hall—she and I were together in the conservatory. She turned like a sheet, and I, well, I broke down then; I had her in my arms in a minute, and, of

course, after that, it was all up; but, hang it, Pennington thinks she is still engaged to *him*, and what is to be done? The thing must be broken off—it is a horrid business for her and for me, and for Pennington too, poor beggar! Now I think of it, I can almost pity him for having lost her."

"You want my advice?" I said, abruptly.

"Well, yes—that is, Alice thought—the fact is, we must consult someone, and you are in the house."

"I will tell you what I should do if I were you," I said.

"Yes?"

Fane remained standing—his good-humoured, happy face looked quite haggard—there were heavy lines round his mouth—he was as white as death.

"I should be man enough," I said, looking him full in the face as I spoke, "to leave this house by the first train in the morning in order to give Miss Lefroy a fair chance of reconsidering the position."

Fane opened his lips to interrupt me, but I went on, doggedly.

"That is the right thing to do," I said; "go away at once. Give Miss Lefroy three months—you took her by surprise—let her know her own mind when you are not present to influence her. The fact is this, Fane, you must endeavour to look at things from Pennington's point of view—you must put yourself, in short, in his place. How would you feel if, during your absence, another man tried to alienate the affections of the girl you were engaged to? Remember, the fact of the engagement was never concealed from you."

"I know—I am a scoundrel," said Fane.

He turned his back abruptly, leant his elbow on the



"SHE HEARD HIS VOICE IN THE HALL."

mantel-piece, and covered his face with his hands.

"You have done what many another hot-headed young fellow has done before you," I continued. "Up to the present your conduct has been excusable, but the test of your manhood will depend upon how you act now."

"I know," he said, turning fiercely round and looking at me; "but I can't do it, sir—before Heaven, I can't!"

"Then I have nothing more to say," I remarked, rising as I spoke. "I am sorry for you and sorry for Pennington. Good-night."

I held out my hand as I spoke; he grasped it silently—his eyes would not meet mine. I left him and went back to my room.

I had to return to town by the first train in the morning, and did not think it likely that I should see Fane again. Cullingham saw me off. He informed me briefly that Philip Pennington had arrived unexpectedly by the last train the night before. I had scarcely any remark to make to this, for I could not betray young Fane's confidence, but I begged of Cullingham to let me know the issue of events.

"There'll be the mischief to pay," he said, gloomily. "At the present moment neither Alice Lefroy nor Fane know of Pennington's arrival; of course, the fat will be in the fire now. Well, I will write to you, Halifax, when I have anything to say."

A moment later I was bowling away in the dog-cart which was to convey me to the station. My train left Ashworth at eight o'clock, and I had just ensconced myself comfortably in the corner of a first-class compartment, when a porter hastily opened the door and admitted a young lady. She threw up her veil the moment she saw me, and taking the seat opposite mine, bent forward impulsively.

"I thought you would be going to town by this train, and hoped I might have your company to London," she said. "You don't mind, do you?"

"I am surprised to see you, Miss Lefroy," I answered.

"But you are not angry with me, Dr. Halifax?" she said. "Charlie told me of your interview with him last night. Under the circumstances, I could not meet Mr. Pennington, so I thought it best to go—Charlie will see him after breakfast and tell him everything."

She panted slightly as she spoke; she was a very fragile, beautiful girl. At the first glance one would suppose that she scarcely

possessed the physique which would stand much shock; but as I observed her more closely I came to the conclusion that she was possessed of a considerable amount of tenacity of purpose, and might, on occasion, be obstinate, in a cause which she took to heart. It was not my place to find fault with her; I therefore saw that she had a foot-warmer, helped her to unfasten her rug from its strap, and, when the train was in motion, asked her how she contrived to get away without Cullingham's knowledge.

"Oh, I sneaked off," she said, with a little laugh; "my maid helped me. I left a note for Mrs. Cullingham, and we drove away by the back avenue. We saw your trap ahead of us most of the way. My maid is in a second-class compartment next to this. If you really wish it, I can join her at the next station."

"By no means," I answered; "I shall be glad to have your company up to town."

I unfolded a newspaper as I spoke, and for a short time engrossed myself in its contents. Looking up presently, I observed that Miss Lefroy was gazing fixedly out of the window, and that her pretty soft eyes were full of tears.

"Well," I said, laying down my paper, "I suppose you want to tell me your story?"

"Oh, no; I don't wish to say much," she answered, in a steady, grave voice—"there is not much to tell. My mind is absolutely made up. I shall marry Mr. Fane—if I do not marry him I will never marry anybody. It is quite true that for the last couple of years I have been engaged to Philip Pennington, but I never loved him. I am an orphan, and have no money, and Philip is rich—enormously rich; and my aunt, Mrs. Leslie—she lives in London—I am going to her now—urged and urged the marriage—so I consented to be engaged, but I did not love him. That fact did not matter, perhaps, until the moment came when I learned to love another man. You must know for yourself that under existing circumstances it would be a sin for me to marry Philip Pennington."

"That is the case," I replied, after a pause. "I am sincerely sorry for you. May I ask what you intend to do when you get to town?"

"I shall tell Aunt Fanny the truth, and will then immediately write to Philip—but he will have heard the story before then."

"Do you mind telling me what sort of a man he is?"

She looked distressed. "People think a

good deal of him," she said, after a pause ; "but I—I have never really trusted him. Oh, it seems a dreadful thing to say of the man you expected at one time to marry, but he looks to me—sinister—there, don't ask me any more—it is wrong of me to have said even what I did."

She turned her head aside again, and drawing down her veil sank back in her seat. At the next station some other passengers got into the compartment, and I had not an opportunity of making any further inquiries. At Paddington I saw Miss Lefroy into a cab, and as I said "Good-bye," told her that if at any time I could be of service to her she had but to command me. I then returned to Harley Street to attend to my many and pressing duties.

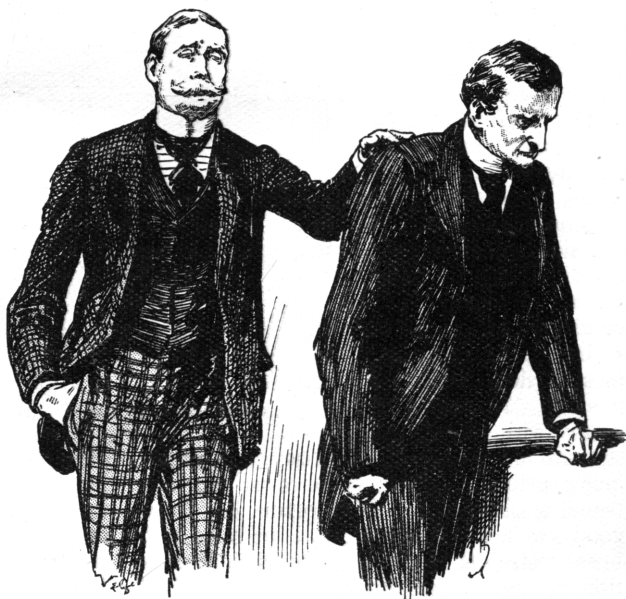
A week passed before I heard anything of Fane or Miss Lefroy ; then one morning a letter arrived from Cullingham—it was satisfactory, as far as it went.

"You will be anxious to hear full particulars with regard to what I am pleased to call Fane's entanglement," said Cullingham, after he had prefaced his letter with remarks of general interest. "By the way, I believe that little goose Alice travelled up to London in the same train with you. Imagine her sneaking off in that fashion ! However, now to particulars. I think I gave you to understand that I always had a high respect for Pennington, which I am sure you will share when I tell you how well he has behaved in this matter. On the morning you left, Fane had an interview with me. He spoke in a very manly way, poor lad, and told me everything. I saw that the case was a serious one, and that neither of the pair was really much to blame. Fane begged of me to break the news to Pennington, who was already, I could see, very much annoyed by Alice's unexpected departure. I had a bad quarter of an hour when I told my old friend how matters really stood. The tidings were scarcely pleasant ones, but there was no help for it—I could not mince matters. Pennington's *fiancée* had given her heart to another man. That being the case, I assured him that his own engagement could not possibly go on. I confess that he looked ugly for a time, and refused to see Fane at all. But he

recovered himself in the most surprising manner, and told me on the following morning that he withdrew from his position as Miss Lefroy's lover, and would do what he could for the young couple. This was more than could have been expected of him, and I told him what I thought of his generosity. He went up to town that day and saw Alice ; her aunt, Mrs. Leslie, wrote to say no one could have behaved better than Pennington. She said she felt very angry with Alice, who shrank from the poor fellow with ill-concealed dislike. He took no notice of this, but spoke to her in the most affectionate way.

"I see, child," he said, 'that I cannot be your husband ; but, as I am sincerely attached to you'—here his voice quite shook—"I am willing and anxious now to act the part of a father. I will do all in my power for you and Fane, and you must both arrange to pay me, as soon as possible, a long visit at Birstdale Abbey, my place in Roxburgh."

"This arrangement was made on the spot, although Miss Lefroy began by objecting to it very strongly. Pennington and Mrs. Leslie, however, over-ruled all objections. Pennington is to have a large house party in



"I TOLD MY OLD FRIEND HOW MATTERS STOOD."

February, and Mrs. Leslie, Alice, and Fane are to be amongst the most favoured guests. Fane is poor, and Alice has no fortune, so the young couple must not think of matrimony for some little time. "Yours truly,

"JOHN CULLINGHAM."

I had scarcely read this letter before my servant threw open the door to admit a visitor. I was sitting in my breakfast-room at the time; I raised my eyes to see who my guest was, and then rose up with a smile to see and congratulate Charlie Fane.

"I wonder if you have heard the news?" he said.

"I am just reading about it," I said, pointing to Cullingham's letter as I spoke. "Sit down, won't you? May I give you some breakfast?"

"No, thanks; I have had some at my club. Well, I am the luckiest fellow in the world."

"You have my best wishes," I answered. "You had a generous foe, Fane; few men, under the circumstances, would have acted as Pennington has done."

"So everyone says," replied Fane.

He sank down on a seat and, resting his elbow on his knee, pressed his hand to his cheek—his eyes sought the floor. He had just won the girl of his choice, but he scarcely looked like a rapturous or happy lover at that moment.

"What's up now?" I could not help muttering to myself.

The thought had scarcely rushed through my brain before Fane fixed his eyes on my face.

"You are surprised to find me in the blues," he said. "Of course it goes without saying that I am the luckiest dog in Christendom. I am madly in love with Alice, and she with me, bless her. As to our engagement being a long one, we both of us are prepared to face that. Pennington has been good—well, to tell the truth, I wish he had been worse—it is horrible to take favours from a fellow whom you have just robbed of his dearest possession. The fact is, doctor, Alice and I hate beyond words the idea of going to Birstdale Abbey.

"Pennington's kindness in the matter is almost overpowering; he has not only taken Alice completely under his wing, by regarding her now, as he says, in the light of a dearly loved daughter, but he has done the

same for me. He talks to me by the hour about my prospects, and assures me that he will not leave a stone unturned to further my interests. Nevertheless, ungrateful as it is of me to say the thing, I can't abide him. The thought of going to stay at his place is most repugnant to me—Alice shares my antipathy to the whole arrangement."

"I can quite understand your feelings," I replied; "were I in your place I should be similarly affected; but may I ask why you go?"

"I cannot get out of it—nor can Alice. Pennington wrung a promise from her when he went to release her from her engagement to him. At such a moment she was not in a position to refuse him anything in reason that he asked. Mrs. Leslie, Alice's aunt, is most anxious that we should keep on friendly

terms with Pennington. She is to accompany us to the Abbey—we go on Monday. I assure you, sir, I by no means look forward with pleasure to the visit."

"Well, after all, it is a trifle," I said, rising as I spoke, "and as you yourself admit, you owe a great deal to Mr. Pennington for behaving so well."

"I should think I do. The fact is, I'm a brute for not worshipping him; but he has done far more than I have told you. I am a good linguist, and he believes that he can give me substantial help in that direction.

Pennington's brother is in the Embassy, and Pennington is trying to get me a post as his secretary. Of course, that would mean foreign service, and parting from Alice for a time, but would eventually lead to our marriage. Yes, the man has behaved like a brick; nevertheless, I loathe the idea of staying at his place."

"I am afraid you must grin and bear it," I said.

"Yes, of course."

Here Fane paused—he raised his eyes and looked full at me. "It is a sin to waste your time with this sort of grumble," he said.



"HE SCARCELY LOOKED LIKE A HAPPY LOVER."

"You don't suppose I have come here this morning just to whine about such a small matter. The fact is, I want to consult you on something else. Will you please regard my visit as professional?"

"You are surely not in bad health?" I asked, looking in astonishment at the splendid, athletic-looking youth.

"Not really, but I sometimes fancy that I have something wrong with my heart. When a man contemplates marriage he ought to be certain that he is sound in every point. Will you examine my heart, doctor?"

"Certainly, if you wish it."

I rose as I spoke, fetched my stethoscope, and soon had the satisfaction of telling Fane that he must not give way to nervous fancies, for his heart was perfectly sound in every particular. I thought my words would reassure him, but his face still looked pale, his eyes were full of gloom, and the haggard lines which I had noticed about his jovial, good-humoured face when he first told me of his engagement to Miss Lefroy again manifested themselves.

"I cannot get over it," he said. "I must confide in you. Do you know that once, as a boy, I was supposed to be dead?"

"You had an attack of catalepsy?" I asked.

"You would perhaps call it by that name—anyhow, it was a sort of trance. May I tell you the story?"

"Take a seat, Fane. I am much interested in this subject, and would be glad to listen to any information you can give me."

"You believe that death can sometimes be assumed?"

"I know it for a fact," I answered.

"I am glad to hear you say so—I have asked that question of more than one doctor, and in almost every case have received a smile of derision."

"These assumed deaths are not so common as some nervous people imagine," I continued, "but I firmly believe that there are cases on record where persons have been buried alive. This would be more likely to occur in foreign countries, where interment, as a rule, takes place on the day of the death. There is only one remedy for such a state of things—but that, perhaps, is too professional to interest you."

"Not at all—I am morbidly interested in this subject, as you will know when I tell you my own experience."

"The law, as it at present stands, is not sufficiently strict with regard to the death certificate," I said. "No doctor ought to

give a certificate of death, under any circumstances whatever, without having viewed the body. As the law now stands, if for any reason it is inconvenient for the doctor to be present after death, he has only to put in the words: 'As I am informed.' Apart from any danger of burial alive, which is, of course, very slight, the present arrangement leaves a loophole for crime. The law should be altered on this point without delay."

"I am heartily glad that those are your views," answered Fane. "I only wish that every doctor in the land could hear you. Now then, I will tell you my own story. My mother died when I was eighteen—she died suddenly of failure of the heart. I was her only son—we were passionately attached to each other. I left her quite well on a certain morning, and came back after a day's fishing to find her no more. The news came on me as a sudden and awful blow. I succumbed to it immediately and became very ill. I don't remember how I felt, nor exactly from what I suffered, but I lay in bed, refusing food, and with a dull weight of indifference which possessed me more and more strongly day after day. My nurse and attendants were, I feel convinced, under the impression that I was quite unconscious, but the strange and terrible thing is, that this was never the case. I heard the faintest whisper which was breathed in the room in which I lay—I understood with almost preternatural clearness everything that went on. I knew when the doctor visited me, and when the nurse moved about by my bedside, and when my mother's old servant bent over me and sobbed. There came a day when I heard the doctor say:—

"The case is hopeless—he is dying—nothing more can be done for him. There is no use worrying him with medicines. He will pass away quietly within the next hour or two. Let me know when he dies; I will send you down a certificate."

"The doctor was an old man—he had attended my mother for years. After pronouncing my death-warrant, I heard him leave the room. I lay motionless on my back with my eyes tightly shut—the weight which pressed me down grew heavier and heavier. The nurse lingered for a time in the room. I knew she bent over me—I felt her breath on my cheek—there was a slight warmth and an impression of added light, and I think she was moving a candle before my eyes. I think also that she placed a glass over my lips to see if there were any breath; after a time she left me. I was alone. I felt



"THE CASE IS HOPELESS—HE IS DYING."

myself incapable of moving an eyelid—I was bound tightly as if in solid iron. After a long time—it seemed almost like eternity to me—I heard the door open again, and a brisk young step came over the threshold.

"You say he died half an hour ago, Mrs. Manning?" said a voice, which I recognised as belonging to another doctor of the same firm.

"Yes, sir, about half an hour ago," was the reply.

"A stab of horror went through my heart. I made a frantic effort to move, but could not stir. The invisible irons bound me down more tightly than ever.

"Well, as I am here, I will have a look at him," said the doctor.

"He approached the bedside, raised my eyelids—I could see him, though I could not stir—and looked into my eyes. I watched him through an awful film—he felt for my pulse, and finally applied his stethoscope to my heart. There was a long pause, and then I heard him say the following blessed words:—

"I don't believe he is dead—there are still sounds of the heart's action, though faint."

"How I blessed that doctor—his words lifted me from torment to Heaven. He took my hand and suddenly raised my arm into the air—it remained in the position where he had placed it. He again pressed it down, and it fell.

"This is a case of catalepsy," he said. "There can be no certificate of death given at present. Keep the room warm, and at intervals introduce a little nourishment into the mouth by means of a feather. I will come and see the patient again to-morrow."

"I was told afterwards that I lay in this state for two or three days, and was finally restored to animation by means of electricity. After this had been applied several times, I sat up and opened my eyes.

"Now, sir," continued Fane, taking his handkerchief from his pocket and wiping the moisture from his forehead as he spoke, "but for the fact of the other doctor coming in on the chance to inquire how I was, I might—indeed, I may add, I should—have been buried alive."

"Your story is full of interest,"

I said, "but it has upset you, and the tale is, undoubtedly, a gruesome one. I have listened to it with attention, and find that it confirms my own theory to the letter. Now let us turn to more cheerful topics."

"I cannot do so, doctor. I have told you this story with a reason. You may laugh at me or not, but you have got to hear me out."

"I shall certainly not laugh at you," I answered. "Tell me all that is in your mind."

"I was eighteen when I ran that narrow shave of being buried alive," said Fane; "I am now twenty-eight. Ten years have gone by since that terrible date. When you first saw me at 'The Chase,' what did you think of me, Dr. Halifax?"

"That you were the jolliest, most thoughtless, and happiest youth of my acquaintance," I replied.

He smiled faintly.

"I always take people in," he said. "Over and over, I have been assured that I personate the happy boy to perfection. Now listen. I am not a boy, I am a man—a man, haunted ever with a terrible and inexpressible dread."

"What is that?" I asked.

"That I shall once again fall into a trance and be really buried alive."

"Oh, come, you talk nonsense," I said, rising as I spoke. "Your nerves are not as strong as they ought to be. I scarcely like to tell you that you ought to be ashamed of yourself, but seeing that you are in perfect health, and are young, and just engaged to the girl you love, it seems to me to be your manifest duty to cast off these dismal imaginings."

"It may be my duty, but, all the same, I cannot do it," he replied, doggedly. "Let me tell you something, sir. It was never your lot to lie as I did in what seemed an iron cage, and to hear your death pronounced when the part of you that felt and suffered was alive and full of vigour. What my tortured spirit underwent during those few hours of that one day I have no words to express. Heavens! I recall the horror now. Scarcely a night passes that the memory of it does not come back to me. There are times when the thought of it, and the inexpressible fear that it may return, almost drive me mad. Just now I am in the full throes of the agony. There are moments when I feel completely overpowered with a premonition of a coming catastrophe—such is my feeling with regard to this visit to Birstdale Abbey. I am convinced that I shall have a cataleptic seizure while there. Now, I know that from a common-sense point of view this is all nonsense; but the fact is, there is not a man living who can reason me out of my conviction."

His hands shook—his troubled eyes sought the ground. Suddenly he looked up at me.

"I believe you pity me?" he said.

"From my heart I do."

"Then will you make me a promise?" he asked, with great eagerness.

"I will do anything in my power to reassure and comfort you."

"If at any time the news of my death should reach you, will you *personally* ascertain beyond doubt that death has actually occurred?"

"You may be far away from me when you die," I answered. "Remember you are many years my junior. I hope it will be your fate to follow, not precede me, into the Land of Shades."

"If you die first, there is nothing more to be said," he replied; "but if you are alive, and if I am anywhere in the British Isles, will you make me a promise that I shall not be buried without your verifying my death?"

I looked him full in the eyes.

Vol. x.—87.

"I will," I answered.

He shivered, and tears of actual relief sprang to his eyes. I laid one of my hands on his broad shoulder.

"Listen to me, Fane. In a case of this kind two words are enough. You have my promise. Now rest happy and turn your thoughts to healthier subjects."

"I will do so—thank you—God bless you!"

He took up his hat and a moment or two later he left me.

A fortnight afterwards I received a letter from him. It was dated from Birstdale Abbey, and was written in a very cheerful and happy vein. He assured me that Pennington made a delightful host—that Alice and he were enjoying themselves to their hearts' content—that the weather was crisp and fine, and that his own health was much better.

"Pennington is a good fellow," he said, in conclusion. "I am almost certain to get that foreign post. If such is the case, our marriage need not be deferred more than a couple of years—Alice is only eighteen now, and she will not at all mind waiting. Pennington quite acts like a father to her, and she assures me that she likes him far better in that capacity than in that of a lover. We are likely to stay here for another month. If you will allow me, I will call to see you when I return to London. — Yours sincerely, CHARLIE FANE."

There was a P.S. to the letter, which ran as follows:—

"I have not forgotten your promise, doctor—it lifts an enormous weight from my mind."

I received this letter at breakfast time, but had not time to read it until I was going my rounds in the afternoon. I was pleased to learn that things were going well with the young pair, and also that Fane was overcoming the morbid distress which if indulged in might destroy the peace of his life. It was on the evening of that same day that my servant brought in an evening paper, and laid it as usual on my writing-table. I took it up, and opening it at random, my eyes fell on the following words:—

"SAD ACCIDENT FROM DROWNING.—Mr. Charles Fane, a young man of about twenty-eight years of age, met his death in a tragic manner on Tuesday night on Loch Ardtry. The weather was exceptionally fine, and the young gentleman went out duck-shooting by moonlight. His boat evidently sprang a leak, and must have filled with water when in the middle of the lake. The unfortunate

man started to swim for the shore, but the exertion and shock must have caused failure of the heart's action, for he was discovered early on Wednesday morning clinging to some water-weeds with his head well out of the water, but quite dead. The melancholy occurrence has caused the deepest grief at Birstdale Abbey, the country seat of Philip

had already suffered from trance. Certainly this death must be verified, and the duty lay with me. I rang the bell sharply—Harris entered with a telegram.

"The messenger is waiting," he said.

I opened the little missive, and saw to my dismay that it was a request that I should immediately visit a patient about thirty miles out of London who was taken with an apoplectic seizure. I could not go north that night. I sent a reply to the telegram, naming the train by which I would arrive at Dorking, and then stretching out my hand prepared to fill in another form. I had a moment of anxious thought before doing this.

After a little reflection

I decided to address my second telegram to Miss Lefroy. It ran as follows:—

"Have just seen account of accident in *Westminster Gazette*. Defer funeral until my arrival.—HALIFAX."

Both my telegrams being dispatched, I soon afterwards went off to visit my patient in the country. I found him dangerously ill, and saw that there was no chance of my leaving him that night, nor probably during the following day. The case was one of life or death, and it was impossible for me to trust it to the hands of another. Nevertheless, my promise to poor young Fane kept always rising up before me. At any cost it must be fulfilled. Harris brought me down my letters on the following morning, and amongst them was a telegram from Miss Lefroy.

"Mr. Pennington does not wish to postpone funeral—I am distracted—come at once," she wired.

To this telegram I sent an instant reply—I addressed it now boldly to Pennington himself—it ran as follows:—

"I am under a promise to verify the death of Charles Fane, but am unfortunately detained here with an anxious case. Impossible for me to go north to-day. Get local



"HE WAS DISCOVERED CLINGING TO SOME WATER-WEEDS."

Pennington, Esq., where Mr. Fane was staying."

I read the paragraph with horror—the paper fell from my hands. In the room in which I now sat, Fane had talked to me less than three weeks ago, telling me of his premonition of a coming catastrophe. I had naturally thought nothing of his fears. Poor youth! as the sequel showed, he had reason for them. He was dead—he had died from drowning. Was he dead? I started up with impatience—I remembered my promise.

"I must see to this," I murmured to myself; "the lad trusted me. That death must be verified."

I stooped and lifted up the paper which lay on the floor and carefully read the paragraph over again.

"Failure of the heart's action," I repeated. "When the body was found the head was well out of the water."

When I examined Fane's heart a short time ago it was in a perfectly healthy condition; he was a man of robust frame, in the prime of youth. Would his heart's action be likely to fail to the extent of causing death during a short swim? Then, on the other hand, his was the temperament most favourable to the cataleptic state. He

doctor to verify death by opening vein.
—CLIFFORD HALIFAX."

I sent off the telegram, but my uneasiness continued. As the hours of the day flew by, and the patient, for whom I was fighting death inch by inch, grew gradually worse and worse, I could not help thinking of the bright-looking, happy-faced young man who yet in some ways had such a sombre history. Again and again the question forced itself upon me—Is he really dead? May not this, after all, be a second condition of trance?

At three o'clock that afternoon my patient died. I returned to town by the next train, having made up my mind to go down to Birstdale Abbey that night. When I arrived at home, Harris told me that a gentleman had called to see me who expressed regret at my absence, but said he would look in again later—he gave no name. On my consulting-room table, amongst a pile of letters, lay one telegram. I opened it first—it was from Miss Lefroy.

"Why don't you come? Dr. Bland will not open vein. Coffin is to be screwed down to-night. I don't think he is dead.—ALICE LEFROY."

"Harris," I said, "wait one moment. I must write a telegram, which you are to send off immediately."

I wrote one quickly, addressing it to Miss Lefroy. It ran thus:—

"Am starting by the 9.15 from St. Pancras. Do not have lid of coffin screwed on.—HALIFAX."

I had scarcely written the words, and Harris was about to leave the room with the telegram, when there came a ring at my front door; he went to open it, and the next moment a tall, aristocratic-looking man of middle age was ushered into my presence. He came up to me with a certain eagerness, and yet with an undeniable self-repression of manner.

"I must introduce myself," he said; "my name is Philip Pennington."

I was startled at seeing him, but, concealing any evidence of emotion, asked him to seat himself.

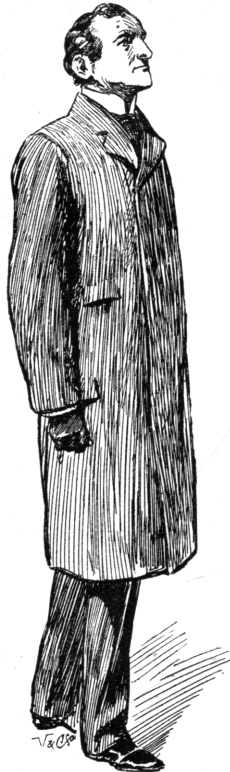
"I am glad you have called," I answered, "and you are just in time—I am about to start for your part of the world."

"I thought that highly probable," he said, "and have come here now on purpose to save you the trouble. I received your telegram at the station to-day, just when I was leaving for London—I thought the best thing I could do would be to answer it in person: but in order to assure you that no stone has been left unturned, I sent a messenger on with it to our local doctor, Bland, who, superfluous as it is, has doubtless acceded to your strange request. The poor fellow is to be conveyed to his father's place in Somersetshire early to-morrow, and the coffin, by my orders, will be fastened down to-night."

"That cannot be," I replied; "I am under a promise to Fane to verify the death. I feared this morning that I could not do so in person, but the patient who was then detaining me has since died, and I am at liberty to start for the north. I shall have just time to catch the 9.15 train, and can examine the body early in the morning."

As I was speaking Pennington looked disturbed. He had the sort of face which can best be described as a wooden mask—the features were regular and even handsome—the eyes full and well shaped—the man wore his years lightly, too, not looking to the casual observer anything like the age I believed him to be; but the absence of all expression—the extreme thinness of the lips, and a certain sinister cast of the eyes inclined me not to trust him from the first. As I looked at him I understood Fane's antipathy, and wondered how, under any circumstances, Alice Lefroy could have promised herself to this man. He sat calmly in his chair now—his mental depression only visible in a certain twitch of his lips, which a man less cognizant of the human physiognomy might never have observed. While I was reading him, he was evidently reading me—his eyes travelled to a little clock on the mantelpiece which pointed to twenty minutes after eight—in a very few moments I must start for St. Pancras, if I would catch the 9.15 train.

"You will doubtless understand for yourself, doctor," he said, speaking slowly, and



PHILIP PENNINGTON.

perhaps with the idea of killing time, "that I can have no possible dislike to your making any experiments on the body of poor young Fane. His death is most tragic, and has filled us all with the most lively sense of grief; but as he is dead—dead beyond recall—it seems to me unnecessary to excite false hopes and to waste the valuable time of a busy London doctor, on what must certainly prove a wild-goose chase."

"I understand," I answered, "but a promise is a promise, Mr. Pennington. I am obliged to you for calling, and would, perhaps, feel less inclined to go to Birstdale Abbey if my telegram of this morning had been attended to. Had your local doctor opened the vein and thus proved death beyond doubt, I should have felt that I had kept my promise to poor Fane to the best of my ability."

"How do you assume that he has not done so?" asked Pennington.

I stretched out my hand, and taking Miss Lefroy's telegram from the table, gave it to him to read.

His thin lips twitched most visibly then, and I saw his eyelids jerk as if he had received a sort of shock.

"Then you insist on going north?" he said, abruptly.

"I do, and, pardon me, I have not a moment to lose—I have only just time to catch my train."

Pennington shrugged his shoulders.

"I can say nothing further," he answered. "I came up to town this morning to make some arrangements with regard to the funeral. As you are going to Birstdale Abbey, doctor, of course, you must come as my guest—I am also returning by the 9.15 train."

"Then will you share my hansom?" I asked.

"With pleasure," he replied.

A moment or two later we were bowling away as quickly as possible to St. Pancras Station. My companion's manner had now completely altered; he was the suave and agreeable man of the world. He kept up a continued strain of light conversation, touching, with much intelligence and force of observation, on many subjects of the day. He was a well-read man, and, I also perceived, a somewhat profound thinker. All through the conversation, however, I could not fail to perceive that he was still evidently on guard, also that he was watching me. At St. Pancras he left me for a few minutes, and I presently saw him issue out of the telegraph office. He was doubtless sending a telegram

to countermand my order with regard to the coffin. If it were screwed down before we arrived, all would be lost.

I am certainly not given to premonitions, but I had a premonition almost from the moment that I heard of poor Fane's accident that he was not really dead; there was an uncomfortable want of certainty about the whole thing which made me anxious, for my own sake as well as because I had given a promise, to see this thing out myself. There is much talk at the present day of premature interment, and although far more than half the stories are utterly unworthy of credence, there is a substratum of truth in this horror, which ought to receive more serious attention than it has hitherto done. At rare intervals people in a state of trance have been committed to the grave. If Fane were only in a cataleptic state (and if a shock had produced it once, it surely might do so a second time), the fact of screwing down the coffin lid would make the assumed death in a few moments an actual one. Our train would start in three minutes. I looked full at Pennington when he came up to my side.

"You will forgive my asking you a blunt question?" I said.

"Ask what you please, Dr. Halifax," he replied, drawing himself up and looking me straight in the eyes.

"Have you sent a telegram to the Abbey countermanding my order?"

"I have not," he said, without the smallest hesitation.

There was nothing further to be said, but I knew the man lied to me. The next moment we took our seats in the railway carriage and were soon steaming out of London.

My feelings were the reverse of comfortable, but perceiving on reflection that I could now do absolutely nothing, and must wait as best I could the issue of events, I ensconced myself in a corner of the carriage and tried to court sleep. I had been up all the previous night and was naturally very weary, but the state of suspense is not conducive to slumber, and I soon found it hopeless to woo the fickle goddess. Pennington sat opposite to me. We had two fellow-passengers in the other corners of the carriage, but they were both in the land of dreams. Pennington, on the other hand, was as wide-awake as I was. He had provided himself with a small reading lamp, which he now fastened to his side of the carriage, and taking out a copy of the *Times*, pretended to absorb himself in its contents. The light

fell full upon his face, and I was able to watch it without being myself observed. I saw that he was in reality not reading a word. I also perceived that, notwithstanding his outward calm of demeanour, he was in truth a highly nervous man. He must have felt

some hours. I strolled down to the margin of the lake, and one of the first objects that met my horrified eyes was the body of the unfortunate fellow—his head above water—his hands clutching some water-weeds—his eyes shut and his face cold and pallid. I saw



"HE WAS IN REALITY NOT READING A WORD."

my eyes upon him, for he suddenly threw down his paper, and bending forward began to speak to me.

"Yes," he said, "the whole thing was most tragic."

"Tell me how it occurred," I said. "Up to the present, remember, I have only seen the very bald newspaper report."

"I fancy the newspapers have got the exact truth," replied Pennington, in his driest voice. "Fane was in the best of health and the highest spirits on Tuesday. He was, as perhaps you know, an excellent sportsman, and, as the night was fine, he asked my permission to go out duck-shooting on Loch Ardtry. Part of this magnificent piece of water belongs to my property. He intended to be home soon after midnight, and when he did not appear at the given hour, we were none of us specially alarmed. I ordered the side entrance to be left on the latch, and we all went to bed, our natural supposition being that he had found excellent sport and was loth to return home as long as the moon was high in the heavens. I rose early on the following morning, and went out just when the dawn was breaking. I was under the supposition then that Fane had been snug in his bed for

him simultaneously with two gardeners who were on their way to work. We brought him to the house and sent for the doctor. He pronounced life extinct, and said that Fane had probably been dead for some hours. As the body was found with the head above water, the death could not be attributed to drowning, and our doctor supposed it to be due to heart failure. There had, of course, to be a coroner's inquest, which took place on Thursday morning. The verdict was, naturally, death by accident and shock. I think that is the whole story."

"Not quite," I replied. "How did Fane happen to be on the middle of the lake in an unseaworthy boat?"

"Oh, that I can't say," replied Pennington; he turned the sheet of his paper as he spoke. "The boats had not been used for some little time, but I was under the impression that they were all water-tight."

"Then the boat he used sank to the bottom of the lake?"

"Yes."

"Has it been raised?"

"Not yet; we have been too much disturbed to worry about such a trifle as the lost boat."

"Nevertheless, the boat is of great importance," I said. "With your permission, I should wish it to be raised immediately, in order that it may be examined."

"Really, doctor, you are very persistent," said Mr. Pennington, a shade of annoyance flitting for a moment round his thin lips, and as soon vanishing. "Of course, it can be done if you wish it," he added, in a few moments, "that is, when the funeral is over. Do you propose to make a long stay in the north?"

"I shall stay until I have got the business through about which I am coming down," I answered, somewhat shortly.

We relapsed into silence after this, which was broken in about half an hour's time by Pennington, who said, with a profound sigh:—

"Alice has behaved far better than I could have expected."

"She is doubtless sustained by hope," I said.

"What folly this is, doctor; you must know that there can be no possible hope—the man is as dead as a door-nail."

"Nevertheless, she does not think him dead," I replied; "but we will soon see."

An ugly smile crept round his face—he did not reply.

We reached Castleton about four in the morning. Pennington's carriage was waiting for us, and we drove straight to Birstdale Abbey. As we approached the house, I saw that it was well lit up, and even noticed figures flitting behind the blinds. When our carriage wheels were heard crunching the gravel, the entrance door was flung open, a servant appeared, and the next instant a small, girlish figure ran down the steps.

"Alice, you ought to be in bed," said Pennington, in a tone of annoyance.

"Is Dr. Halifax with you?" she asked, pushing him aside.

"Yes, yes; but what does that matter to you? Have you been sitting up all night?"

"Of course I have—do you think

I could rest? Dr. Halifax, please come with me at once."

"Where is he?" I asked.

She took my hand, and began to draw me, to my surprise, away from the house.

"I will take you to view the body, doctor," said Pennington—his eyes shone. "Go to bed, Alice; I insist," he cried.

"I won't obey you," she replied, flinging out her words with great excitement and defiance. "I know now that I have always hated you—I hate you at this moment beyond words to describe. Why did you dare to send that last telegram? Why did you dare to countermand Dr. Halifax's orders? But the coffin is *not* screwed down—I would not allow it. Come, doctor, come at once to the church—his body was laid in the church yesterday. Oh, no, it isn't only his body—not yet, not yet—it is he—himself—he only wants you to awaken him—he is only asleep—I know he is only asleep—come and wake him at once—come, come!"

She clasped my hand with passionate insistence.

Pennington stood back with a startled and stricken look on his face. Miss Lefroy hurried me down a side walk which led to a



"MISS LEFROY HURRIED ME ALONG."

small turnstile. Passing through the stile we found ourselves in the churchyard. It was a little old Norman church, which, I understood afterwards, had belonged to the Penningtons for hundreds of years. The church was situated in the very centre of the estate. Lights shone through the painted glass windows; the porch was open. The excited girl led me right into the sacred building. The interior was well lighted; the brightest light centring round that part where the coffin on trestles stood. It was a massive coffin; the shell was inclosed in lead, covered with oak; the heavy lid lay on the ground beneath. The coffin was placed in the centre of the chancel. A middle-aged servant, who looked as if she had been crying bitterly, was standing by. When she saw Alice enter, and observed that I was with her, she uttered an exclamation of thankfulness.

"Is this the good doctor you have been expecting, Miss Lefroy?" she asked.

"Yes, Merriman," replied the young lady, "this is Dr. Halifax. He has come in time, after all—my efforts were not in vain—oh, how thankful I am! Now my darling will awaken from his sleep."

"Poor young lady," said the servant—she gave me a meaning glance as she spoke. "Poor Miss Alice, she has got the notion that Mr. Fane is only asleep; she has got it on the brain, sir, she really has."

"Please stand aside," I answered.

I went close to the coffin and looked earnestly down at the dead man's face.

"He is asleep, is he not?" repeated Alice, coming up to my side, laying her hand on my arm, and glancing first at me, and then at the dead face of her lover. "See for yourself—he only sleeps. How lifelike he looks. There is even colour in his lips. You will awaken him, won't you, doctor?"

"Poor thing, she has got it on the brain," mumbled the servant.

"Move a little away, please," I said to Miss Lefroy.

When she did so, I bent more closely over the coffin—I took the hand of the dead man in mine—it was cold and stiff—the face looked rigid—my heart sank. I could not bear to meet the agonized look in Alice Lefroy's beautiful eyes.

"After all, I greatly fear the poor fellow is dead," I said to myself. "Were it not that he has already had a cataleptic fit—were it not—but, stay—the rigidity in that hand is, after all, not quite the rigidity of the dead."

My heart beat with renewed hope. I

dropped the cold hand. Miss Lefroy was looking at me with a face of such anguish that I felt certain she would faint if I did not quickly ask her to leave the church.

"He is alive—do say he is alive?" she questioned, in an almost voiceless whisper.

"I cannot say at present," I answered, "but if you will leave me I will tell you in a moment or two. I now am going to make an experiment, but cannot do so until you go. Take Miss Lefroy into the vestry-room for a few moments," I said, turning to the servant.

"No, I will stay," answered Alice.

"But I would prefer that you left me. Go now, like a good girl."

She turned then without another word. The dead man and I were alone in the church. Was the man in his coffin really dead? I should soon know. If he were alive, he was simulating death as few had done—nevertheless, he must have the chance I had promised him. I would open one of the veins. I took a case of instruments out of my pocket. As I did so, I heard the creaking noise of a door being softly shut. Pennington was coming up the aisle of the church on tip-toe. I waited for him to approach the coffin. He did so, coming close to me and looking down with a smile on his face at the dead face below.

"You see now," he said, slowly, "how much of your valuable time you have wasted in coming all this way to look at a dead man—you see also how cruelly and wantonly you have awakened false hopes!"

"Not quite yet," I answered; "stand aside, will you?"

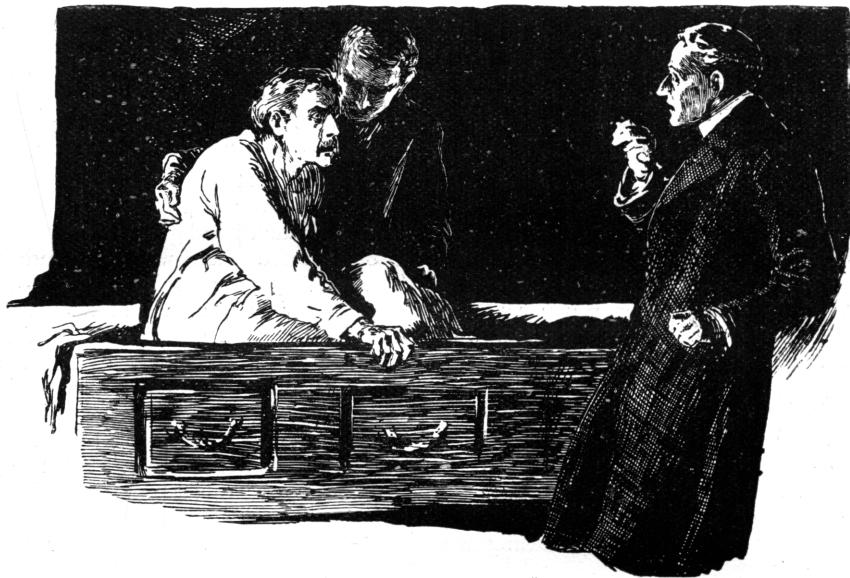
As I spoke I bared the arm of the dead, and taking out my lancet carefully opened a superficial vein in the forearm. I heard Pennington laugh satirically—I had no time to notice his laughter then. I waited with a beating heart for the result. Would that imprisoned blood ever flow again? Had the man been in full life and health it would have flowed freely enough from the wound. The first few seconds after the division of the vein were some of the longest I ever lived through; then my heart gave a leap of triumph—a drop of blood oozed through the opening, then another, then another. Slowly, sluggishly, faintly, the blood dropped and dropped on the white winding-sheet—after the first couple of minutes it began to flow in a languid stream. I carefully raised the head. The next moment, to Pennington's horror, the dead man sat up.

Three months afterwards I received a visit

from Fane in Harley Street. He was in perfect health, and his spirits were as high as I had ever seen them.

"You have not only saved my life," he

"Ah!" he replied, his bright face suddenly becoming grave; he came up to my side and spoke almost in a whisper. "Did you know that a hole, about the size of a pea, was



"THE DEAD MAN SAT UP."

said, after he had spoken to me for a few moments, "but you have done more—you have absolutely removed the awful horror under which I lived for the last ten years. I do not expect that I shall be laid out for dead a third time before the event really takes place."

"With the passing of the horror, the tendency to catalepsy has doubtless vanished," I replied. "I am more glad than I can tell you. That was a lucky visit of mine to the north."

found, evidently drilled in the bottom of the boat?" he said.

I started, but did not reply.

"It is true," he continued. "I dare not ask myself what it means."

"Be satisfied to leave that mystery alone," I said, after a brief pause. "You are a happy man—you are going to have a happy future. God Himself took the matter into His hands when He rescued you as He did from the very jaws of death."

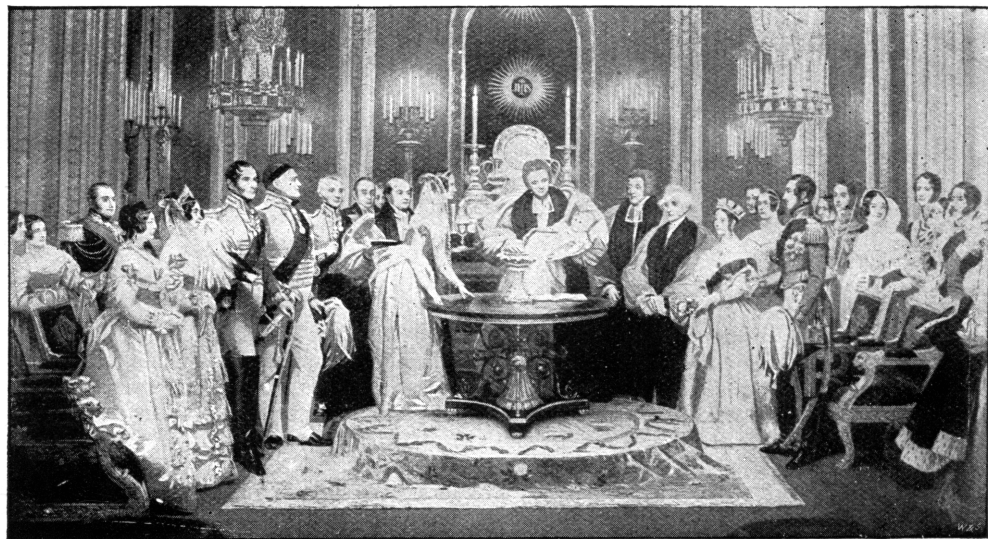


BY EDWARD SALMON.

IN giving an account, which I here propose to do, of the ceremonies of different nations in bestowing names upon their children, it is natural to begin with our own country. Nowhere is the ceremony of naming the baby more picturesque or more simple than in England. Mother and father, godmothers and godfathers, and friends invited to take part in it, make a point of dressing in their best, and the child, in the spotless white of the handsomely embroidered christening robe, is a fit emblem of innocence, regnant for a brief while in human shape. Simple as

is the ceremony, however, it is capable of all magnificence and pomp, as may be seen by the following illustration from the painting by C. R. Leslie, R.A., of a Royal christening in which appear the Queen and Prince Albert, the then Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishop of London, and other dignitaries of the Church; the Queen Dowager, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, the King of the Belgians, the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Wellington, and many more notable and noble personages of that time.

Among the Christian Churches the Roman Catholic baptismal ceremony alone presents



From the Painting by]
Vol. x —88.

THE CHRISTENING OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL,

[C. R. Leslie, R. A.,

any remarkable attributes. The child is supposed to be born deaf, and to be possessed of the evil spirit, and the first thing the priest has to do is to exorcise the devil and to give the babe hearing. He performs the latter operation by wetting his right thumb with his lips and touching the child's right ear, saying, as he does so, "Do thou open."

In Protestant churches the godmother holds the child fully dressed until it is taken by the clergyman; in the Roman Catholic, the child is stripped and, naked or semi-naked, is held by the godfather over the font, and the godmother takes it by the feet and holds them towards the east. After the renunciation of the Prince of Darkness by the godfather on the babe's behalf, the priest anoints the child between the shoulders with the sign of the cross. The baptism is performed in the usual way, save that the priest puts a piece of white linen on the child's head and a lighted taper into the child's hand, or rather the hand of the godfather.

The christening ceremony in other European lands is much what it is in England, the attributes being varied only by the characteristics of the people. The differences of dress, and of physique, assuming all to be Roman Catholic or Protestant, are the chief differences between a christening in Germany, Italy, France, and England. In all, the event is regarded with a certain solemnity more or less impressive as the parents are more or less religious.

One of our illustrations, taken from one of

the most extraordinary works ever published, namely, Bernard Picart's "Ceremonies and Religious Customs of the Various Nations of the Known World," shows the ceremony of baptism among the Laplanders. Whether the Lapps have become more earnest Christians than they were, I do not know. It was only towards the end of the last century that they adopted Christianity pretty generally; and at heart they remained Pagans. About their baptismal ceremony there is, or was, nothing exceptional. The mites, packed securely in

their new-moon-like case—which I am afraid will bring to the minds of most people the advertisement of a familiar brand of soap—are simply crossed with water, and a name is given to them. What is remarkable is the fondness of the Lapps for the names of their Pagan ancestors. Many thousands of Laplanders have received Pagan titles on the occasion of their Christian baptism. Nor do the Lapps, as we do, regard the name which they give to their children at that time as binding for the rest of their lives. After a dangerous illness, or even a serious indispo-



A LAPP CHRISTENING.

sition, Picart tells us the Lapps altered the names of their children, though whether by way of commemorative thanksgiving or in the belief that they were giving them a wholly new start, he does not say.

From the Lapps to the land of the Caribs is a far cry. On the other side of the Atlantic several curious customs are to be found among primitive or semi-primitive peoples. The Caribs, like Christians, have a sort of godfather and godmother to assist in

the ceremony of naming the baby, but, being heathens, have a very different use for these self-sacrificing folk. Among the Caribs, instead of presenting the child with a present as good as they can afford, it is the duty of the godfather and godmother (so to call them, for the sake of a title which defines their position if not their characters) to bore holes in the child's ears and lower lip and between his nostrils, from which jewels and ornaments are hung. Cruel as the practice is, it should be said that the ceremony is not performed until the child is old enough to stand the ordeal.

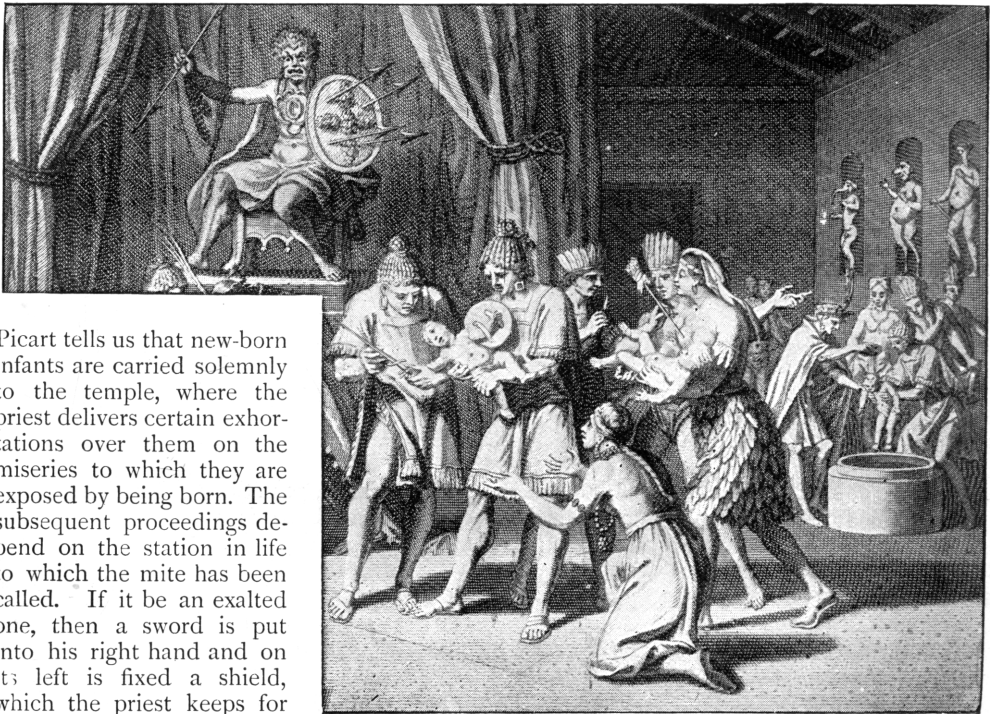
Among the Indians of Florida it is the practice to name the male children not after the best friends and best-loved members of a family, but after the enemies the father or his friends have killed, the villages they have destroyed, or some successful event in which they have figured during war.

In another part of America—Mexico—

the tools or instruments which he will need to use in the years ahead. The child having, as it were, been brought into touch with his future, the priest carries him near the altar and draws a drop or two of blood from his ear and parts of his body. Water is then thrown on it, or the child is immersed.

Some Mexicans have essentially pretty notions with regard to the naming of the baby. Thus, when the ceremony just gone through is not in favour, they adopt another. A few days after the birth of the child, the nurse takes it into a yard where some rushes have been prepared, and where a vessel full of water can stand. The nurse plunges the babe three times into the vessel, and with each immersion three little boys of three years old, in their loudest voices, name the baby.

It is the custom with many native races to name their children, without ceremony, merely from some incident or association of



THE MEXICAN CEREMONY.

Picart tells us that new-born infants are carried solemnly to the temple, where the priest delivers certain exhortations over them on the miseries to which they are exposed by being born. The subsequent proceedings depend on the station in life to which the mite has been called. If it be an exalted one, then a sword is put into his right hand and on its left is fixed a shield, which the priest keeps for the purpose. These emblems are significant, no doubt, of a patriotic predisposition on the part of the babe to defend himself, his order, and his country against all comers.

But if he be born with a humbler spoon in his mouth—if he should be a mechanic's son, say—the sword and shield give place to

birth. This custom—which, as everyone probably knows, is Biblical—obtains especially in Africa and Australia, and those who are familiar with particular native languages must often be amused at the quaint titles borne by individual aboriginals. As a matter

of fact, of course, there is nothing more in the practice than in the naming of our ancestors from their occupations or environment in the days when surnames were first taken.

To call a man Kangaroo Rat because a kangaroo rat was seen to rush through the bush at the moment he came into the world, or Hyena because a hyena laughed—what a laugh!—at the moment of birth is no more singular than to call a man a Gladstone or a Blackstone, a Burns or a Bannerman, a

names of their children, we hear these poor creatures addressed as 'The Father of God's Bounty' (*Abu Fudle Allah*), and 'The Mother of the Full Moon,' etc., etc., through the whole list of poet's fancies."

So far as I am aware, only two distinctive ceremonies are recorded in connection with the naming of the aboriginal babe. Mungo Park, in his account of his travels in Africa, describes the practice among the Mandingoes, a Mussulman race on the West Coast. The Mandingoes call their children sometimes



NAMING A MANDINGO BABY.

Churchill or a Chamberlain, a Butcher, a Faker, a Webb, or a Frost. The difference, of course, now is that the whole family has come to be known by such a name, and a supplemental name is given to enable one to distinguish between a group who would otherwise have to be known as Frost 1, Frost 2, or Frost 3, as the case might be.

In Arabia the people are fond of poetic and flowery names, especially for the girls. "We have all about us," says Dr. W. M. Thomson, in "The Land and the Book," "among servants, washerwomen, and beggars—suns, and stars, and full moons, and roses, and lilies, and jessamines, and diamonds, and pearls, and every other beautiful epithet you can think of, and as the parents assume the

after a relative, sometimes after a remarkable event. The babe is usually named when seven or eight days old.

"The ceremony," says the famous traveller, "commences by shaving the infant's head, and a dish called dega, made of pounded corn and sour milk, is prepared for the guests. If the parents are rich, a sheep or a goat is commonly added. The feast is called 'Ding koon lee,' the 'child's head shaving.' During my stay at Kamalia, I was present at four different feasts of this kind, and the ceremony was the same in each, whether the child belonged to a bushreen or a kafir. The schoolmaster, who officiated as priest on these occasions, and who is necessarily a bushreen, first said a long prayer over the

dega, during which every person present took hold of the brim of the calabash with his right hand. After this, the schoolmaster took the child in his arms and said a second prayer, in which he repeatedly solicited the blessing of God upon the child and upon the company. When this prayer was ended, he whispered a

woman and laid on a mat in the midst of the family. A ladle is placed in its chubby little sable hand, and an address is delivered on the duties of the good housewife.

Having seen how the Moslems in Africa, in the person of the Mandingoes, name their little ones, let us pay a visit to Persia, in



THE PERSIAN CEREMONY.

few sentences in the child's ear, and spat three times in its face. This part of the ceremony being ended, the father of the child divided the dega into a number of balls, one of which he distributed to every person present. The inquiry was then made if any person in the town was dangerously sick, it being usual in such cases to send the party a large portion of the dega, which is thought to possess great medical virtues."

Another African ceremony of some interest is that adopted by the negroes of Ardra, and described by Picart. The child is about ten days old, and the ceremony is performed to the accompaniment of singing and instrumental music. A sort of shield is placed in the centre of the company, the babe is laid upon it, and the celebrant then delivers a lengthy address on the principles upheld by the negroes, and the duties which the newly-named babe will have to discharge in order to be hereafter a happy and honourable man. The naming of a daughter, Picart tells us, is performed with nearly the same ceremony, though not with so much solemnity as in the case of a son. The girl babe is taken by a

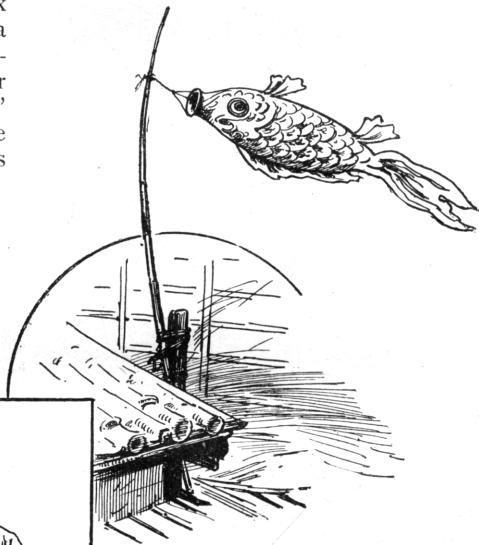
company with Mrs. Bishop, that most delightful of travelling companions (I speak as a student of her books), and ascertain how the followers of the Prophet perform the ceremony within the dominions of the Shah.

The mode of procedure is totally different on the west of Asia from that on the west of Africa. Mrs. Bishop points out that the ceremony of naming the baby in Persia resembles that which obtains among the Buddhists of Tibet on similar occasions. "Unless the father be very poor indeed"—writes the author of "Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan"—"he makes a feast for his friends on an auspicious day and invites the village mollahs. Sweetmeats are solemnly eaten after the guests have assembled. Then the infant, stiffened and mummied in its swaddling clothes, is brought in and laid on the floor by one of the mollahs. Five names are written on five slips of paper, which are placed between the leaves of the Koran, or under the edge of the carpet. The first chapter of the Koran is then read. One of the slips is drawn at random, and a mollah takes up the child and pronounces in its ear the name

found upon it, after which he places the paper on its clothes." This lottery-like proceeding over, the relations and friends give the babe presents according to their means—a custom obviously on all fours with our christening gifts. "Thereafter," continues Mrs. Bishop, "it is called by the name it has received. Among men's names there is a preponderance of those taken from the Old Testament, among which Ibrahim, Ismail, Suleiman, Yusuf, and Moussa are prominent. Abdullah, Mahmoud, Hassan, Raouf, Baba Houssein, Imam, are also common, and many names have the suffix of Ali among the Shiahs. Fatmeh is a woman's name, but girl-children usually receive the name of some flower or bird, or fascinating quality of disposition or person."

The incident of laying the child on the floor brings to mind the custom of the Japs in the performance of this function. In Japan everybody agrees that babies are objects of the most tender regard and solicitude, and we rather look for some specially noteworthy ceremony when the day comes for giving him a distinctive title. Authorities differ a

different from that of Miss Bacon, and in an article on Japanese ceremonies in the "Asiatic Quarterly," little more than a year ago, she enlarged somewhat on the symbolism which is to be found in the method of naming the baby in the Land of the Rising Sun. As in most other countries, the birth of a boy is the occasion of special rejoicing. A paper bag in the shape of a carp is hung outside the house at the end of a bamboo pole, and becoming inflated assumes a life-like appearance. The carp, Mrs. Salwey explains,



is an emblem of perseverance, pluck, and possible long life.

"When the Japanese baby boy is a hundred days old, he is carried to the priest's house in the Shinto Temple, and there receives a compound name, from the family name and that of his guardian. This guardian is generally the dearest friend of the family, and his duty is to watch over the child's future career. The dual name insures the bond of

union between them. The priest writes down the name and gives it to the child to keep in his prayer bag, as the sponsor's name has to be remembered continually before the household shrine. When prayers have been said over the child, he is placed on the floor and allowed for the first time to wander at his own sweet will whithersoever he chooses. Towards which ever cardinal point he turns, so will his future be influenced."



NAMING THE BABY IN JAPAN.

good deal as to what really does happen. One, Miss A. M. Bacon, the writer of a brochure on "Japanese Girls and Women," positively asserts that the child is named on the seventh day, but that there is no ceremony. All that is done, according to Miss Bacon, is to keep holiday and to eat a festival dish of rice, cooked with red beans, which is supposed to denote good fortune.

Mrs. C. M. Salwey's experience is very

The Gohei—some slips of paper hung usually on ropes of straw to remind votaries of the existence of ancestral spirits—is held over the boy to propitiate these spirits, so that they may induce him to turn in the right direction, and two fans are presented to the little man, which in after years will be exchanged for swords.

Japan and China, which, not so many years

to improve the race would be to inculcate a higher sentiment in the interests of the babe, be it girl or boy, than now obtains.

The difference in the feelings entertained towards boys and girls in China is seen in the method of giving them a name. According to one chronicler, when the babe is a month old it has all its hair shaved off, generally by a woman who has had sons of her own; a

woman with sons being permitted to do many things a woman without sons may not do. "If the baby is a boy, his relations and friends are invited to a feast the day his head is shaved, and many of them bring a present; in some parts of the country the present is always a silver plate, on which is engraved: 'Long life, honours, and happiness.' On this day the baby gets his name, but it does not keep it all its life: so this first name is called the Milk name. A girl is generally called by her Milk name till she marries; but a boy gets a new name the first day he goes to school."



THE CHINESE CEREMONY—SHAVING THE BABY'S HEAD.

ago, were regarded as having numerous characteristics in common, are, as a matter of fact, wholly unlike, and in nothing are they more unlike than in their treatment of the little ones. Chinese indifference to the charms of babydom seems to me to throw a vivid light on the Chinese nature. This indifference is, no doubt, largely due to the treatment accorded the baby girl in China. If the baby girl is allowed to live, she is looked upon as a nuisance, and gets a minimum of parental love. Women reared under such blighting influences cannot hope to grow up with the large hearts necessary to train children in the ways of sweetness and light, and when we denounce the cruelty of the Chinese, we should remember that one way

Of the many curious customs at which we have glanced in this brief paper, none is more curious than that of the Banians—an Indian trading class and inferior order of Brahmins. The only place in which I have been able to find any reference to this custom is in the pages of the industrious Picart. He tells us that when the infant is four days old, the Banians perform the ceremony of giving it a name. The picture on the next page will show how this is done. Several infants are borrowed of the neighbours and placed round a large cloth, which is spread upon the floor.

"The Brahmin who officiates puts a certain quantity of rice upon the centre of the cloth, and the infant has then to be named upon



THE BANIAN CEREMONY.

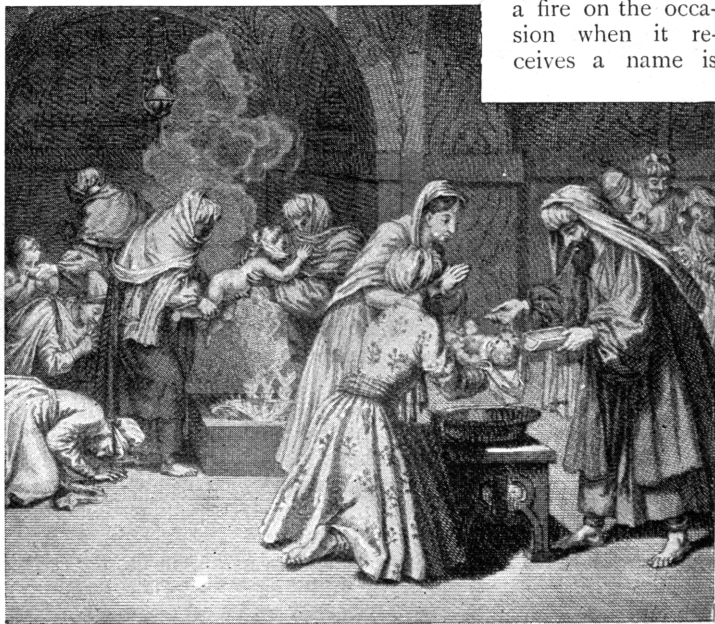
the rice. The attendants take hold of the corners of the cloth, raise it from the ground, and shake it to and fro for about a quarter of an hour."

When the child and the rice have been sufficiently shaken up, the infant's sister—Picart seems to assume that all infants have sisters—gives it any name which she thinks proper. Not till two months after is the child initiated into the religion of his people. What the significance of the naming ceremony is, Picart does not say, and whether it still obtains or not I am not aware. It is the only instance I have met with in which rice plays a part in the ceremony, and the practice seems very cruel. Anyone who has ever been tossed in a blanket will sympathize with the helpless mite, for, however gently it may be moved about, the rice and the shaking combined are

calculated to play havoc equally with its cuticle and its nerves.

When we come to the fire ceremony, we understand that the object of the celebrants is to exorcise any evil spirit by which the innocent may be possessed. The practice of

holding a baby over a fire on the occasion when it receives a name is



THE PARSEE CEREMONY.

widespread, though perhaps less common than it used to be. Among the Parsees it is easy to understand, but it is curious that not so long ago it existed in the United Kingdom itself, and especially in Scotland.

Thus it is reported of one parish in Perthshire that, in the earlier years of the century, it was customary when a child was baptized to put it upon a clean basket, over which a cloth had previously been spread. Bread and cheese were laid upon the cloth, and the whole arrangement was then moved "three times successively round the iron crook, which hangs over the fire from the roof of a house, for the purpose of supporting the pot when water is boiled or victuals are prepared. This might anciently," says the chronicler, "be intended to counteract the malignant arts which witches and evil spirits were imagined to practise against new-born infants."

Scotland has always been peculiarly superstitious in this respect, and mothers have been known to go in terror, till the baptism took place, lest some fairy might change their mites for others. The holding of children over the flames was at one time very customary, the import of the pro-

ceeding being clearly shown in the words, repeated three times, "Let the flame consume thee now or never."

A blend between the fire and the water accompaniments to the naming ceremony is that among the Parsees. The object of the Parsees is to purify, and both elements are enlisted in furtherance of that end. When a child is born, a priest waits on the parents at their own house, and after he has made a note of the hour, moment, and circumstances of the child's introduction to the world, he calculates its nativity. He then consults the father and mother about a name, and that point being settled, he pronounces the choice in the presence of the assembled friends. The child is washed, or dipped into a tub of water, and subsequently taken to the church, where it is held for a few moments over a fire. Though not, as is commonly supposed, absolutely fire-

worshippers, the Parsees appear to believe that by fire alone can human virtue and happiness be assured. Fire, consequently, is as essential to the due performance of the ceremony of naming the Parsee baby, as holy water is to that of the Christian.



A SCOTTISH SUPERSTITION.

VI.—THE GREAT DIAL OF THE GOLD-FINDERS.

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD.

I.

“**T**HE camel has an abundance of good qualities, sahib,” said our guide, Hassan, as he gravely watched the efforts of the animal which Denviers rode, as it laudably endeavoured to fling the latter to the ground.

“No doubt it has, Hassan,” Denviers responded, when he had got the better of the vicious animal; “probably its natural modesty makes it keep them so carefully hidden. However, our long journey across this vast waste of sand is almost over; the first dealer we meet shall have these camels at his own price. Surely, unless I am mistaken, yonder is rising land at last!”

He pointed to the north as he spoke, and glancing in that direction Hassan and I saw that Denviers was right.

For several weeks we had been crossing the Sahara, during which time we had endured privations considerably beyond what we had expected. As we advanced towards where Denviers indicated, the white pall of mist which had shrouded the land slowly dispelled, and soon after we had the satisfaction of making a brief halt under the shade of a grove of palms. When we were preparing to mount our camels in order to cross the strip of intervening sand, Hassan, who, meanwhile, had been in close conversation with Kass and several others of our Wadigo followers, approached us and salaamed profoundly—as was his custom when he wished to communicate anything to us.

“Well, Hassan,” Denviers asked, “what is the difficulty now? Have you had another quarrel with Kass? You both seemed pretty excited just now.”

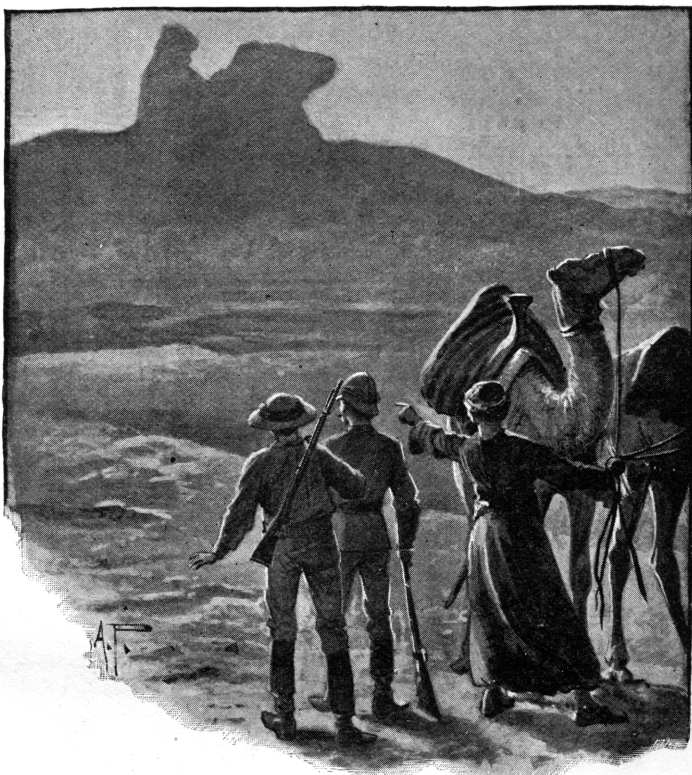
“Will the sahib look carefully at the spur of the mountain chain which is before us, and then tell the unworthy latchet of his shoes what it is like?”

“A great, shapeless, tawny mass of rock,” my companion answered. “That is all I make it out to be. What is there peculiar about it?”

“What does the other sahib say concerning it?” our Arab guide questioned me.

“Pretty much the same; to me it appears like a great twisted cinder——”

“While in reality its outline bears a wonderful resemblance to a gigantic horse and rider,” the Arab interposed.



“LOOK CAREFULLY AT THE SPUR OF THE MOUNTAIN.”

“Very likely,” said Denviers; “but its shape makes no difference to us.”

“The Wadigos have begged me to ask the sahibs to avoid the tribe whose dwellings are by the foot of the mountain range. They declare that otherwise great danger will confront us all.”

"That may be," Denviers answered, as he mounted his camel, and I followed his example. "You can tell us what they have to say as we go on."

Hassan hastened to where Kass stood, and giving the command for the journey to be resumed, left the reluctant Wadigos and quickly followed us, mounted on his own camel.

"The sahibs can see the shape of the rock more clearly now," the Arab began, as he rode between us. "With the yellow, shifting sand at our camels' feet, and the cloudless sky forming the background, the horse and rider seem wonderfully real at this distance; when we are closer to it, the rocky mass towering before us will then lose its distinctness of outline. Would it not be wise for the sahibs to avoid the place?—the Wadigos tell a strange story of it, indeed."

"Whether they choose to follow us or not matters very little now," Denviers remarked. "Once we get into the land beyond the mountain range we shall be able to dispense with their services. From there we will go on, after rewarding them and sending them back under Kass's command. I, for one, shall not be sorry to part with them, although they have been of great service in carrying our supplies. What have the Wadigos to say concerning this strange, twisted mass of rock looming ahead?"

"The sahibs shall hear," the Arab returned. At that moment Hassan's camel began to be troublesome. Expressing the desire that jackals might sit on the tomb of the brute's grandmother—a peculiar expression which had little effect upon the restive animal—our guide at once began to narrate what he had heard under the palm trees.

"The African tribe dwelling at the foot of the mountain range fronting us has a curious name, which was gained in a strange way, sahibs. They who live there are called the Gold-Finders in the native tongue—why, you shall hear. On the other side of the range once dwelt a tribe with which all the Arab traders had dealings. Somewhere in the territory which this tribe inhabited was a dry river-bed, and from it great quantities of gold-dust, and nuggets, even, were obtained. So great was the tribe's wealth in the precious metal, that the chief of the natives dwelling on this side of the mountain determined to tax all caravans passing onward to barter their merchandise for gold. The Arabs concerned in the traffic paid the tax and continued their expeditions. High up the mountain range lies a great pass, leading from the territory of the one tribe to that of the other.

The chief, finding that the Arabs passed through his territory as numerous as before, made inquiries as to the strength of the fortunate possessors of the gold. The Arabs represented that the men with whom they bartered were as many as the sands of the Sahara; that they were trained for battle daily by their chief; moreover, they dwelt in a mountain fastness where no other tribe, without their consent, could pass. The chief thought over all these sayings, but the sight of the gold which he exacted by way of tax made him eager to get possession of the land whence the Arabs enriched themselves.

"Soon the coveted opportunity came, and in this manner. Among the members of an Arab's caravan was a Portuguese exile, whom the Wadigos say was named Busaca. This Portuguese, sahibs, had led a wandering life for many years, and had only joined the expedition to see if the knowledge thus gained could be used to his own betterment. Taking advantage of the friendliness of the tribe with which the caravan was trading, he stole out from the encampment by night and explored the country about. To the chief's warriors who tried to stop him he declared that such permission had been granted to him. His search, however, was unsuccessful until, by means of a bribe, he obtained the information he sought. The result was different from what he had expected. The tribe had exhausted the supply of gold from the dry river-bed, but the chief had stored in a great cave a vast quantity of the metal, and it was from this supply that the gold used for barter was obtained. Busaca, who apparently disbelieved the tribesman's story, begged to be shown the cave. It was a dangerous request, but his bribe was accepted and he was led to the place. Next day the caravan set out on the homeward journey to Tripoli, whence it had started.

"On entering the territory of the rival chief, when the pass had been traversed, the Portuguese asked the Arab trader as a favour to allow him personally to pay the tax, a request which was granted. Accordingly, Busaca entered the chief's presence, and prostrating himself before the latter, who sat on a tawdry carpet, with his spearmen about him, the Portuguese placed the tax at the native chief's feet. When the gold was counted, for the tribe it came from were accustomed to weld it into bars, the amount was found to be considerably beyond that agreed. Pleased at this, the chief adopted a friendly air towards Busaca, who, feeling his

way cautiously, eventually asked for an audience alone. What passed between the chief and the Portuguese none know, but the result of the private conversation was soon apparent. Busaca sought out the Arab trader and informed him that the chief desired him to leave the caravan and to become the head of the native warriors. The Arab, who was secretly pleased to get rid of Busaca, whom he mistrusted, granted with apparent reluctance the wish of the Portuguese. Accordingly, when the caravan again set out, Busaca was left with the chief to whom he had engaged himself, and for whom he is said to have constructed some strange mechanical contrivances.

"For a year or more the Portuguese trained and drilled the chief's warriors, arming them with muskets instead of shield and spear, the weapons being supplied by a trader in Tripoli, to whom Busaca sent from time to time for the necessary muskets. The training of the natives was carried out with the utmost caution, so that whenever traders passed through the tribe's territory they saw the men apparently still armed with their shields and spears. The Arabs were right in saying that the enemy to be attacked were numerous, for Busaca himself computed them as being far more than those of the chief engaging him—whence he had hit upon the plan of making the latter's warriors more serviceable.

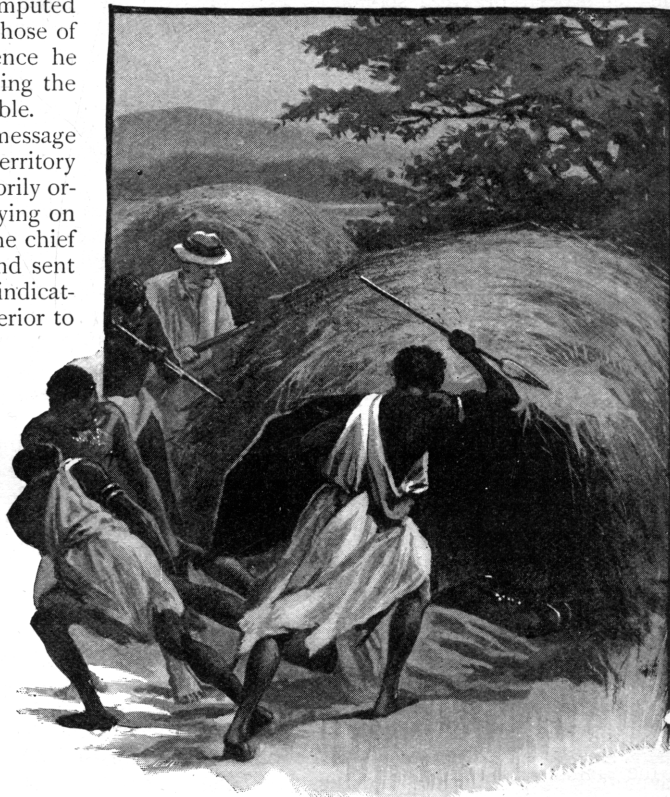
"When all was ready, a message was sent to the chief in whose territory the gold was stored, peremptorily ordering him to give it up. Relying on the number of his warriors, the chief had the messenger beaten and sent him back with a broken spear, indicating that his strength was superior to that of the chief making the demand. At this, Busaca, leaving a sufficient force behind, set out with the pick of the warriors under his charge, and within three days had reached the territory of the tribe he intended to fall upon.

"The great village to be attacked stood on rising ground beyond where the pass narrowed, sahibs. The Portuguese, knowing the difficulties of the place, made the last forced march by night, and succeeded in placing the main body of his warriors in a position where

they could not be observed. At daybreak a few of his men, purposely armed with shields and spears, marched openly towards the narrow part of the pass. The native mountaineers, who had been expecting the attack, poured down in a black swarm upon the enemy, who instantly broke and fled, while the others hotly pursued them in disorder.

"Then, out from behind the rocky masses Busaca's men dashed, raising their wild war-cry as they swept upward and onward, withering their enemies with a storm of bullets from their muskets. Taken by surprise, the others wavered, then, giving up the pursuit in which they had engaged, they turned about, and Busaca's warriors were hemmed in—for every rocky ledge and foot-hold seemed to spring into life before the Portuguese could take the entry, which he tried desperately to win. Down upon Busaca and his men the natives' spears rattled in a shower that seemed to them to darken the air; retreat for them was cut off, and knowing this they fought their way on inch by inch—and at mid-day the musket-armed natives had won!

"The defeated chief was dragged from



"THE DEFEATED CHIEF WAS DRAGGED FROM HIS HUT."

his hut and promptly slain ; all the treasure was taken from the cave, and yet Busaca's greed was not assuaged. He made no attempt to slay the women, such as is frequently done in tribal wars, but he ordered them to remove the numerous bracelets and anklets of gold which they wore, and to gather these together in a great heap ; and they, in fear for their lives, obeyed. Busaca, musket in hand, stood looking on as the women came forward in turn, threw down their ornaments, worked in many a strange device, then filed onward until all had complied with the terms which the Portuguese offered in return for sparing their lives.

"Resting his men there until morning came again, Busaca set out then with his warriors laden with the vast store of gold which they had obtained. Anxious to see the end of his expedition, the Portuguese hurried his men back until at last, owing to their exhausted state, he allowed them to enter a great cave to pass the night. Busaca himself was so eager to speak of his success to the chief who had dispatched him at the head of the expedition that, leaving a native in command, and seeing that a guard was posted to watch through the night, he set out alone to convey the good news. The chief received him in barbaric state, while the rest of the tribesmen eagerly watched for the arrival of the richly-laden warriors whose return Busaca assured them would follow in a few hours after his own arrival. Meanwhile the chief apportioned to the Portuguese a fitting share of the gold, and gave orders for the distribution of some part of the rest, keeping the bulk for himself—but his plans were premature.

"All that day and far into the night the warriors were awaited in vain ; Busaca and the chief held a long conversation regarding the delay, but the Portuguese could say nothing further than what he had already declared. At daybreak the chief dispatched several of his runners to discover what had become of the victorious tribesmen ; a day after they returned, but unaccompanied. The chief heard their story, then summoned the Portuguese into his presence. Busaca saw at once that the natives had brought back bad news, but was still more astonished when the chief began to question him about the cave, in which, as I have told you, sahibs, the warriors lay down to rest.

" 'You say that the men possessed themselves of the gold,' asked the chief, 'and that the warriors of the hostile tribe were all

destroyed ; how, then, can the words of my messengers be true ?'

"Busaca bowed low before his questioner. 'Until I know what they say, how am I to explain ? Let one of the runners tell me what he has discovered.'

"The chief motioned to one of the messengers, who, after prostrating himself, rose to his full height and stretched forth a spear.

" 'See !' he cried. 'I brought this from the cave ; it was taken from the dead hand of a brave, even that of Karukana, whom the white traitor declared to thee was among the living after the fight for the mountain pass.'

" 'Karukana was alive when I set out from the cave to bring word of the victory,' the Portuguese stoutly insisted. 'It was he who kept guard with two others at the entrance to the cave.'

" 'You say all the braves were slain on the enemy's side ?' interrogated the chief.

" 'Not one was left living,' Busaca answered. 'I obeyed only too well your command to annihilate them !'

" 'And the women ?' questioned the chief further.

" 'You have never yet enslaved such,' the Portuguese answered ; 'so both these of this tribe and the surrounding ones say. Knowing that, I took the gold which they possessed, and left them to mourn those men we slew.'

" 'Hear what the messenger shall say, then answer whether, by your own cunning scheme or that of these women, my braves were destroyed,' the chief retorted. The runner who held the spear went on :—

" 'At thy command, O Chief, we set out. Neither to right nor left we turned ; straight as the snake strikes its victim we kept the way. In a line we ran, the scorching sun beating in white floods of heat upon our uncovered heads. Beneath our naked feet the tangled, tawny scrub scarce bent, so quickly did we pass. Then at last we saw the spot which Busaca, the Portuguese, has spoken of, and of which we already knew. Quick as the changing wind we turned and ran to the entrance of the cave. Before it was a great heap of wood ash : there a fire had been raised, the smoke from which had rolled into the cave. Fearfully we entered the orifice, knowing how often such a simple device had cast endless sleep upon those too tired to beat out the fire, whose stifling fumes wrapped them about. Half a spear's cast within stood Karukana ; heavily he leant upon his spear-shaft, the head of

which was deep in the black soil beneath. His name we called—we spoke of his great deeds; no answer he gave. We lit a torch and held it before him; closed were his eyes. Karukana, O Chief, was dead! Through all the many windings of that great cave we passed—in groups; alone; half upright some, prostrate others, their heads resting upon the ground—so we saw thy victorious warriors, as Busaca has called them. Not one living; nay, more, not one grain of the gold which they were said to be carrying back was there—despoiled and slain were thy warriors. Such we saw; then faster than we went did we return. Let Busaca answer, and say what he knows of this.'

"The women of the tribe did this deed,' Busaca answered; 'let what warriors still remain alive here be sent into their territory: if they find not out the truth of what I say, let me be slain. Shackle me till they return.' The Portuguese held out his hands towards the chief. Hardly had Busaca spoken when a great din rose without. The chief, carrying a curious, long-handled axe which was his fighting weapon, left his hut, his remaining warriors gathering about him as they heard from one end of the great village to the other their war-cry raised by the women and children. Busaca, the Portuguese, joined in the fray, leading on, beside the chief, the tribesmen. So well, however, had the surprise been planned, that the invaders won, for, though they were but women, as the attacked ones saw to their astonishment, their numbers were exceeding great and the chief's warriors but few. Sahibs, when the moon rose that night it shone upon a strange scene.

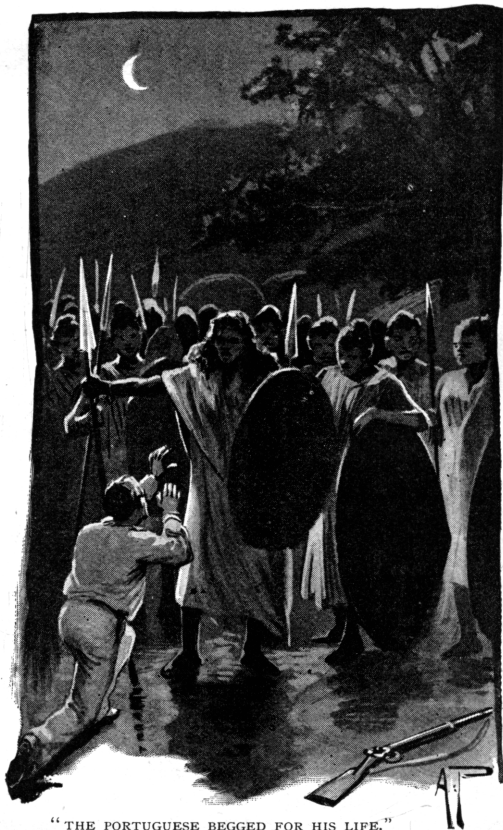
"In the centre of a great throng of women,

each carrying a shield and spear, stood one who had led them to battle. Her plan it was which had led to the slaying of the warriors in the cave and the recovery of the gold; she led them to the attack when the chief's power was overthrown. At her feet the Portuguese begged for his life and that of the few tribesmen who stood there, prisoners, fast bound. She granted the boon, but the men were made abject slaves. Sahibs, the Gold-Finders are a strange tribe to-day; over them one of their own tribeswomen rules; a great army

has she of her own sex; trained to fight with shield and spear, yet no mere barbaric tribe is that of which I speak. Rich is this strange Queen in slaves bought from the Arabs, with whom traffic is still carried on. From their dress, their customs, their houses, built by skilful hands, none would suppose that less than a score of years ago the tribe to which they belonged dwelt in thatched huts and were but a barbaric race.

"Now learn why our Wadigos do not wish the Englishmen to visit the beautiful city built about what the Arabs call Twisted Rock. Against our camp-followers the Queen would do nothing, nor would harm come upon your Arab slave, for of my race they

say she speaks well. Busaca, after being pardoned, raised a revolt among the male slaves; many of the latter were slain, but the Portuguese was allowed to live a prisoner, immured for years, even to now. A great hatred has the Queen for white men. She distrusts them, for the Arab traders have told her one day they will take her land and city. The Wadigos have been faithful to the sahibs; Kass especially would wish them to visit the great countries beyond, as they have planned; when our camp-followers return to their far-off tribe, they wish to say that the English-



"THE PORTUGUESE BEGGED FOR HIS LIFE."

men are living. Go into yonder city, and it will be the sahibs' last adventure, not even the Great Prophet will be able to protect them at their slave's request."

"All the same, Hassan," said Denviers; "we mean to go on. How much of your yarn do you think is true?"

"Every word," the Arab answered, quickly. "The story is true because it is so." Denviers uttered a few words expressive of his disbelief in the story; then we went on for some minutes in silence.

"See!" cried Hassan, who had turned away, discomfited at Denviers's incredulous words. "Yonder is wooded land, and if I am a true believer, surely I see the glitter of many spears."

"We will soon test that, Hassan," responded Denviers. He ordered the Wadigo to halt; then together we three advanced on our camels to where the Arab had pointed—a rash movement on our part, as we soon discovered.

II.

MAKING our way onward, we passed beneath a grove of olive trees; about us on every side rose the great tree trunks, like pillars supporting a dull green roof of foliage above, through which the sun shone at times. For a minute nothing broke the silence—all was as still as the great silent waste of sand over which we had passed.

"You were mistaken that time, Hassan," Denviers began, as we glanced cautiously about. "There seems to be nothing living, save ourselves and our camels, within sight."

"Hist!" the Arab whispered. "The sahib's ears are dull; from yonder the sound comes again. See! a spear glitters behind the great trunk there!"

We dismounted from our camels and, grasping our rifles, advanced. From all points we seemed to be instantly surrounded; warrior after warrior suddenly rose before our eyes from their lurking-places in the brushwood. Clad in garments of a crimson hue, which were richly embroidered yet did not hang sufficiently low to impede their movements, we saw at a glance that the warriors, at all events, bore out Hassan's account—for they were women! Each carried a shield of antelope skin, together with a heavy spear, the blade of which seemed to be of gold, so much did each glitter when the sun's rays chanced to fall upon it.

Denviers, acting as our spokesman, addressed one of the women in Arabic, but no answer was given. Our camels were promptly

led off in the opposite direction to the one by which we entered the grove, while at once we were conducted into a great open space. There we found hundreds of the warriors gathered about two others, the latter being mounted on horseback. One of the women had, fastened to her wrist by a jess, a hooded falcon, while upon a black horse to the right of her own steed we saw the bodies of several antelopes. The woman before whom we were thrust, rather than led, and who we discovered was the Queen of the Gold-Finders—as the strange tribe was known—was more like a Circassian than one of the dark-looking tribe gathered about her.

Hassan, in obedience to Denviers's hurried request, bent low before the Queen, and then endeavoured to explain the object of the journey we had begun. He ended his short narrative by asking hospitality for ourselves and the Wadigos accompanying us. The Queen listened impatiently to the Arab's words, then raising her right hand she thrust back from her forehead a wealth of dark hair as she replied in Arabic:—

"For you who are an Arab there is safety; for the Wadigos a welcome; for these," she pointed at us scornfully as she turned an angry glance upon our faces: "for these, I say, there is neither safety nor welcome. Seize them!" the Queen cried. Hassan promptly drew his sword and attempted to defend us, calling on Allah and Mahomet to help him to be faithful to us. Seeing that matters were becoming serious, we reluctantly began to defend ourselves from our strange assailants, but, though we struggled desperately to shake them off, our efforts were useless. Hassan was separated from us and led away towards where we had entered the grove of olive trees; Denviers and myself were securely bound and about to be dragged off somewhere in obedience to a gesture from the Queen, when suddenly the grove resounded with the Wadigo war-cry, and Kass came rapidly bounding towards us, our followers close behind. We could do nothing to stop the scene of carnage which ensued. Our Wadigos, outnumbered altogether, tried time after time to break through the fierce cordon of the Queen's warriors which kept us prisoners; but the spears which the women carried were in skilled hands, and we saw Kass fall from the thrust of the weapon of one of our captors. He was badly wounded, although not fatally, as we afterwards discovered, but the Wadigos, being unaccustomed to such foes, and seeing the great numbers of them, turned and broke

through those who had gathered in their rear, leaving us prisoners, and, as we rightly conjectured, to pay the penalty of our followers' rash attack upon the Gold-Finders.

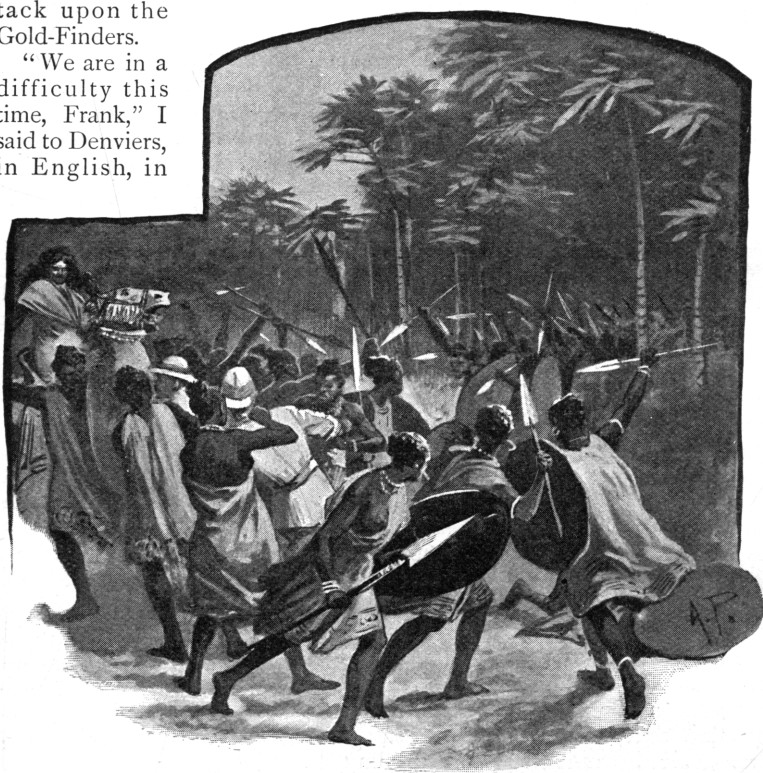
"We are in a difficulty this time, Frank," I said to Denviers, in English, in

"War upon those who seek war, peace with the rest," burst from the warriors' lips.

"Why were so many of the men of our tribe slain?" she went on.

"For gold, and by a white man's treachery they fell," answered all.

"This then have we sworn," the Queen continued: "for every man of our tribe that fell we will have a life; the attacking tribe we blotted out, but not sufficient were they in numbers. The white man who led them on and planned our destruction still lives; when we have slain enough like him—within one—to make up the number, then shall he too die; the last shall he be, and so our vengeance be complete. These men have brought war where peace was, their followers have



"SUDDENLY THE GROVE RESOUNDED WITH THE WADIGO WAR-CRY."

order that my words might not be understood by those who held us prisoners.

"It was entirely our own fault to separate as we did from the Wadigos," he answered. "I should like to know what has become of Hassan, though—at first he was to be spared our fate, but after this I expect he will suffer with us."

Several of the women approached just then to where Kass lay, and placing the unconscious Wadigo upon two overlapping shields, some spears were passed beneath the latter, and having raised them, by grasping the butt and blade of the weapons, six of the women bore the Wadigo away. Then the Queen, gathering her warriors about her once more, had us placed before her, where, although we were bound, two women held each of us.

"Do the Gold-Finders make war upon the surrounding tribes or live with them in peace?" the Queen asked her women, imperiously.

slain many of our tribe: what shall be theirs but death?"

"Let them die; die with the gold about them which shall never be theirs," the tribe answered.

Denviers made another attempt to explain matters to the Queen, for we expected each moment to be speared by the infuriated throng.

"I will not listen," she cried. "Go! or my warriors shall goad you on with their bloodstained spears."

"You *shall* hear me!" Denviers cried, striving his utmost to free himself. The Queen touched the reins of her steed and rode forward, while the warriors raised a great war song, which made it quite useless for my companion to speak further, as we were unceremoniously hurried along until we saw the great twisted rock frowning before us.

We found that the entry to the city was by a steep winding path, by which we were conducted until we passed under a great,

jagged arch of stone, beyond which we were allowed to see little, for, turning sharply to the left, our captors halted on what seemed to us to be a platform of rock. Directly afterwards something was passed under my arms, suspended by which I was lowered through a gap in the stonework until, after oscillating violently, I at last reached a hard pavement below, where I waited glancing upwards as Denviers was let down in turn. Our arms had been unbound, and staggering to our feet we removed the plaited ropes of grass from beneath our shoulders, after which we glanced about us, surprised at the strangeness of the place in which we were prisoners.

III.

THE light which came from the orifice high above us enabled us to observe that the floor and sides of the oblong apartment were constructed of a greyish



"DENVIERS WAS LET DOWN IN TURN."

stone, through which ran veinings of green, every block fitting closely to the others and being polished to a high degree of perfection. Almost the whole length of one side of the apartment was covered with an inscription—and this was not completed. By the belt of inscription, which was perhaps five feet in width, we saw a stooping figure, and Denviers, advancing towards him, touched the man, whose face was turned from us. He turned

about and glanced at us, but answered nothing, merely pointing at the inscription upon which he had been labouring. His garments hung in threads upon him, his hair and beard were perfectly white, hanging down unkempt to his waist. He shook off Denviers's hand angrily, as my companion laid it upon his shoulder, then, ignoring our presence, eagerly resumed his labour. We watched him at his strange task, wondering how many years he had been engaged upon it, for the captive worked with painful minuteness, notwithstanding the primitive nature of the tool he held.

Wearily at length with our endeavour to get our strange fellow-captive to enter into conversation, we moved towards the lower part of the apartment, where Hassan's story seemed to be still more confirmed. Piled in one great heap, we saw the Gold-Finders' treasure, the vast quantity of the precious metal astonishing us. We carried several nuggets to where the light fell directly from the orifice above; among them was one shaped to represent a human head, which seemed remarkably realistic, as Denviers held the nugget up.

"Made, I daresay, by the Portuguese," commented my companion, "before he hit upon carving that interminable inscription, to while away the months and years of his imprisonment, most likely."

"That may or may not be," I answered, impatiently. "Can we find no way out of this place? Perhaps there is some mode of egress besides the orifice above, through which the Gold-Finders lowered us. That we cannot

possibly reach; all the treasure before us, if piled up beneath it, would not reach half-way."

"It looks to me remarkably as if we are to be securely shut up here till death releases us," he answered. "We might sound the walls, however." Acting upon this suggestion, we proceeded to carry it out, but the result was entirely disappointing. At the end of the stone apartment, beyond the heap

of gold, we discovered some more evidence of the Portuguese prisoner's skill, as we correctly thought. Chief among these we saw the towering form of a female figure, bearing a striking resemblance, however accidental it may have been, to the great statue of Lutchmi, the wife of Vishnu. The figure was wrought entirely of gold, and its flowing robe, there represented, was a mass of minute tracery, quite unlike the work of any African tribe we had met. To a height of twelve feet or more it rose, while in its outstretched hands was grasped the handle of a mighty axe all made of the same polished metal. The blade of the axe was extremely wide, and appeared to be constructed of polished stone, similar to that used for the walls of the apartment. From the gold figures which were inlaid in the wall, and which projected slightly, we judged that the whole was intended to represent a dial, for the numbers ran in a curve, the highest being twelve and the lowest one, being so placed that the blade of the axe would cover them in moving from its position just above the topmost number.

"If there is any other way of entering or leaving this place beyond the hole above," Denviers remarked, as we stood closely examining this grotesque piece of work, "it is my opinion it lies behind that dial." He pointed to the figures upon the wall as I replied:—

"Probably there is some spring, if that is so; but how are we to discover it?"

We discussed the various pieces of mechanism which we had seen in our wanderings among different races of men, but could think of no solution to the difficulty before us. We ran our hands over the hard surface, but, with the exception of the projecting numbers, nothing impeded their progress. The idea occurred to us to try pressing these latter, but they appeared to be immovable. Two hours or more we spent in our fruitless task; then the hopelessness of escape began to dawn upon us. We made our way to where the Portuguese was still employed upon his monotonous labour and, dragging him by main force before the curious dial, we pointed and gesticulated at it hoping to get the secret from him—if it contained one. The man covered up his face with his hands as if to hide the figure from his view, then as we stood apart watching him, he ran quickly back and, with feverish anxiety, continued his work upon the unfinished inscription.

"What we are to do now I cannot

imagine," I said, gloomily, to Denviers; "our natives have probably fled across the Sahara—such of them, at least, who were not slain by those fanatical women. Kass is probably dead, while Hassan is beyond doubt a close prisoner. Help from without we cannot get, while no efforts of our own are likely to release us from here. How this Portuguese has existed so long in this place I cannot imagine; the air seems stifling."

We made our way once more towards where the orifice was above, and then flung ourselves down upon the stone flooring.

The night came, but in our position sleep was impossible. When the light of morning came stealing into the apartment we had lost all hope of escape. Suddenly, above us, something seemed to cut off the rays of light, and glancing quickly upwards, we saw the face of a woman turned upon us, while she thrust down her hand and arm. As she did so, something fell at our feet, whereupon the woman quickly disappeared. Denviers seized the object only just in time, for the Portuguese, who was probably accustomed to receive his miserable supplies of food in this way, darted forward and tried to intercept my companion's hand. I kept him off as Denviers raised a fragment of wood, upon which, in charcoal, was scrawled a message from Hassan, as the first word of it plainly indicated. It ran briefly as follows:—

"Sahibs, the Wadigos have retreated. Kass and I have been thrust out of the city and cannot return. Seek the stairs beyond the dial. The two secret numbers make together seven."

We hastened to where the great dial was, and examined the numbers upon it carefully which were below seven. Fortunately they were at the part of the curve stretching down towards where we stood. From the six to the one there was no indication of any of the numbers being movable. We grasped each a wedge of gold heaped upon the floor, and Denviers struck with all his force upon the lower numbers, but none of them moved.

"The solution is before us, it is evident," my companion said, as he stopped to rest for a minute; "Hassan's words are plain enough. You will notice that the six, together with the lowest figure—the one—make up the number mentioned by the Arab. Let us each strike one."

We aimed our blows together. The numbers instantly yielded, then down swung the ponderous axe, its keen edge sweeping through a wide course a few inches from the dial,

"Get back!" cried Denviers, as we both barely avoided the deadly stroke. Up swept the huge axe into its original position, but the dial itself yielded in no place.

"Do you think someone has given Hassan the combination of numbers for the purpose of causing us to slay ourselves?" I questioned my companion, as we faced the dial once more.

"Can't say," he answered. "You have, of course, noticed that the two next inner numbers make seven, as do also the inmost pair. We must try again: perhaps we may yet succeed."

Each again aimed a blow, and a second time the axe swung quickly down—but the dial still remained apparently as solid as ever.

"Let us try the other numbers—it is our last chance of escape," I said.

We struck the four and the three together.

"The dial moves!" I cried, excitedly, for the great, armed figure and the dial swung forward as if on one hinge! Through the opening we darted just as the strange piece of mechanism clashed to behind us. We heard a strange cry as we ran up a wide, stone stairway which we came upon. Turning round we saw that the Portuguese had escaped with us. After dashing past us, Busaca ran madly on ahead.

Up the stairway we stumbled until its

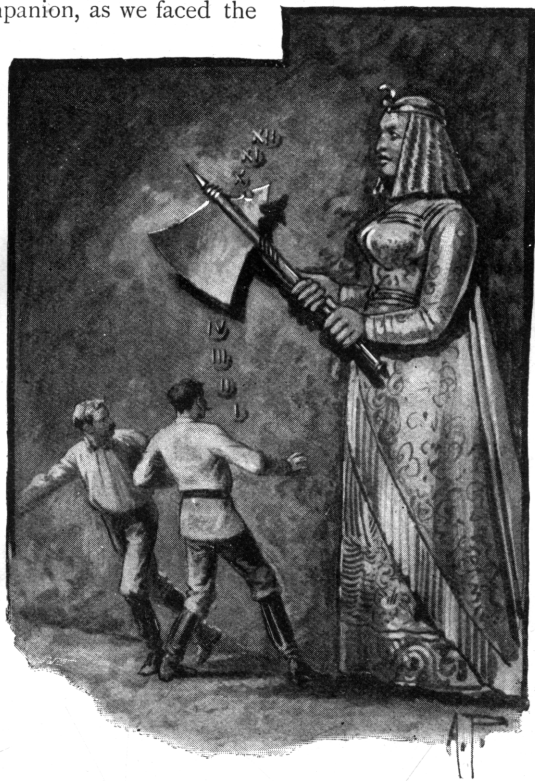
jagged roof was past, and we stood upon a path which ran precipitately down to the great plain below. Only one warrior of the Queen did we encounter, for it was still early morning, and she, on seeing the Portuguese, haggard and unkempt, dashing along, made no attempt to bar our progress. Reaching

the foot of the path, we hurried across the sandy waste for some considerable distance. Finding ourselves unpursued, we stopped at last to rest, afterwards searching for the remnant of our expedition, and at last we heard the cry of welcome which came from the Wadigos' lips as we came upon them towards afternoon.

Kass and Hassan explained, round our camp fire that night, when we were far away from the city of the Gold-Finders, how they had been thrust from the city.

"The natives say that the Portuguese made the strange dial of which I learnt the

secret," Hassan observed, as he concluded his narrative. "Nay, more. Long after Busaca was thrust down there, and before he relapsed into the sullen silence which the sahibs observed, the native whom I bribed declared that the one mad cry of the Portuguese, which for months he repeated, was the one word *Forgotten!* He who made the dial remembered not its secret."



"WE BOTH AVOIDED THE DEADLY STROKE."

Frost Photography.



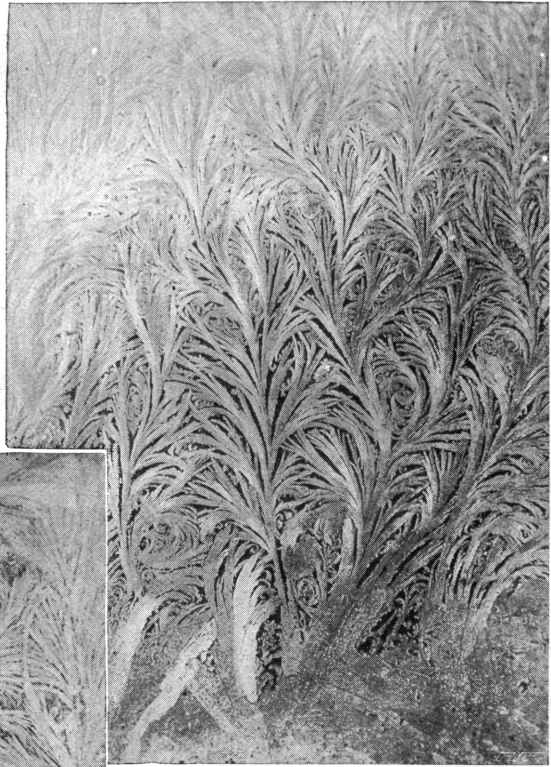
HE study of the formation of ice-crystals opens a new world to the photographer's art. This is a subject that has been almost entirely overlooked by photographers,

and when a number of photographs of frost on window-panes was shown at the Photographic Exhibition at the Westminster Aquarium, they caused general wonder and admiration, and the photographic journals, in addition to calling particular attention to them, recommended photographers to turn their notice to the study of these frost formations.

For some years Mr. James Leadbeater, of Frederick Street, Rotherham, has devoted special attention to photography in this and other scientific

directions, and he has met with a gratifying amount of success.

His series illustrative of the vagaries of



TAKEN ON BOXING-DAY, 1892.

From a Photo. by James Leadbeater, Rotherham.



TAKEN ON BOXING-DAY, 1892.

From a Photo. by James Leadbeater, Rotherham.

King Frost on panes of glass in ordinary window-frames are wonderfully interesting, revealing as they do how Nature, in even such an apparent by-path as this, far surpasses Art in beauty and variety of design.

From Mr. Leadbeater's collection the illustrations of this article have been selected, as serving to show the remarkable difference in the action of frost at the same times and at the same places. This is the *first* time that so many photographs of the kind have appeared in print, and everyone must admire the striking character of the designs, every photograph ex-

hibiting an entirely different formation.

An examination of them leads almost naturally to the inquiry whether these designs might not be made useful as well as interesting by reproducing the exquisite pattern-work, if it may be so called, in such manufactures as those of lace curtains, carpets, wall-papers, etc. In that case they could be truly said to be copied from Nature.

Lantern - slides were made by Mr. Leadbeater from some of these



TAKEN ON BOXING-DAY, 1892.

From a Photo. by James Leadbeater, Rotherham.

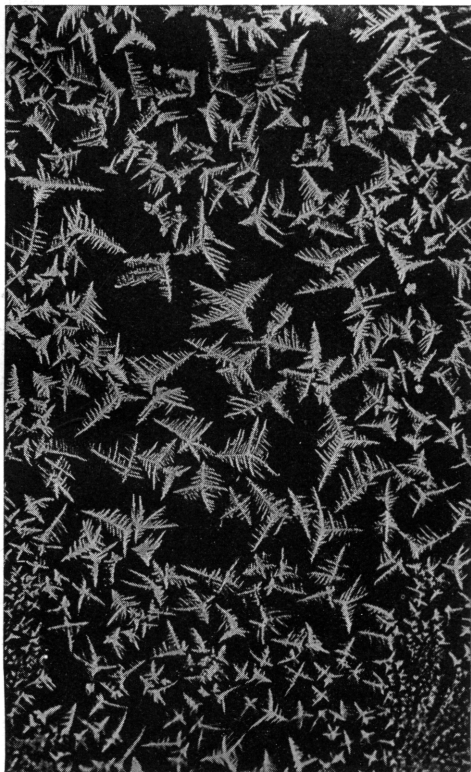
photographs, and shown at the annual exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain, in 1893. In a report of the proceedings published in the *Standard* there appeared the following: "One set of snow crystallizations on window-panes gave intensely pretty architectural - like designs, when thus enlarged to such magnified dimensions."

These slides were circulated throughout the United Kingdom, and wherever exhibited they ex-



TAKEN ON BOXING-DAY, 1892.

From a Photo. by James Leadbeater, Rotherham.



TAKEN ON BOXING-DAY, 1892.

From a Photo. by James Leadbeater, Rotherham.



TAKEN IN JANUARY, 1893.
From a Photo. by James Leadbeater, Rotherham.

cited great astonishment. When some of these photographs were shown at a photographic exhibition, on one occasion a master of a School of Art asked: "Whatever are these?" A gentleman standing by promptly and aptly replied: "These are freehand drawings by Jack Frost."

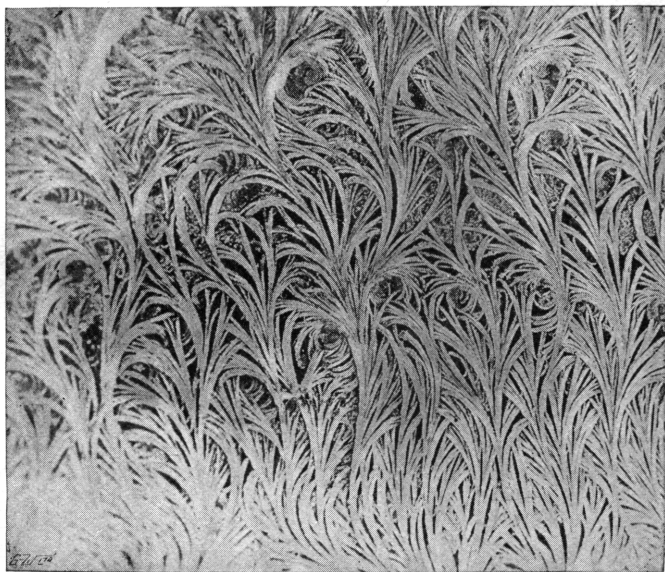
Since their exhibition, other photographs have been taken, and although in some instances similar designs appear, yet every photograph is quite distinct in itself.

A marvellous thing about these wonderful formations is how the *same* design is reproduced in the *same* picture, so that it forms a harmonious pattern, while in the very next few inches of space an entirely different example of frost-action is apparent.

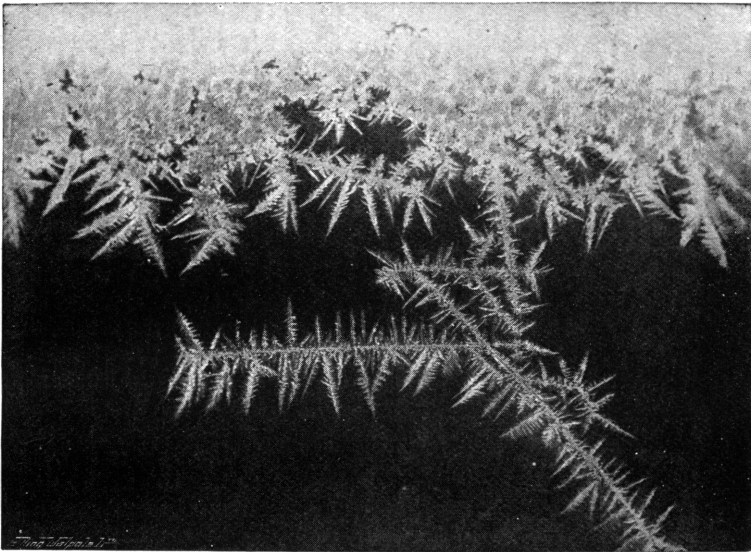
How is it that the beautiful patterns vary so much in figure? What force is brought to bear to cause this great variety of marvellous crystallization? At present this evidently remains a mystery, but perhaps the field of study opened up by the publication of these frost photographs may do something to elucidate the theory of their formation. A celebrated writer on botany is under the impression that the same force is brought

to bear upon the various forms of leaves, but whether this is so or not has yet to be discovered. At all events, this theory is worthy of consideration, as several of the designs exhibit forms that greatly resemble ferns and the leaves of trees.

The subject is one that will well repay attention and study, for that there must be some analogy between the formation of leaves and the similar formation of ice-crystals from hoar-frost as depicted on window-panes seems to be clear. Several of the patterns resemble



TAKEN IN JANUARY, 1894.
From a Photo. by James Leadbeater, Rotherham.



From a Photo. by]

TAKEN IN JANUARY, 1894.

[James Leadbeater, Rotherham.

the plumage of birds, surmounted by delicate scroll-work, thus looking like a conglomeration of peacocks' feathers.

If the photograph taken in March, 1894, be examined, at first one could almost imagine it to be a picture of a great, dense forest, even the undergrowth being indicated.

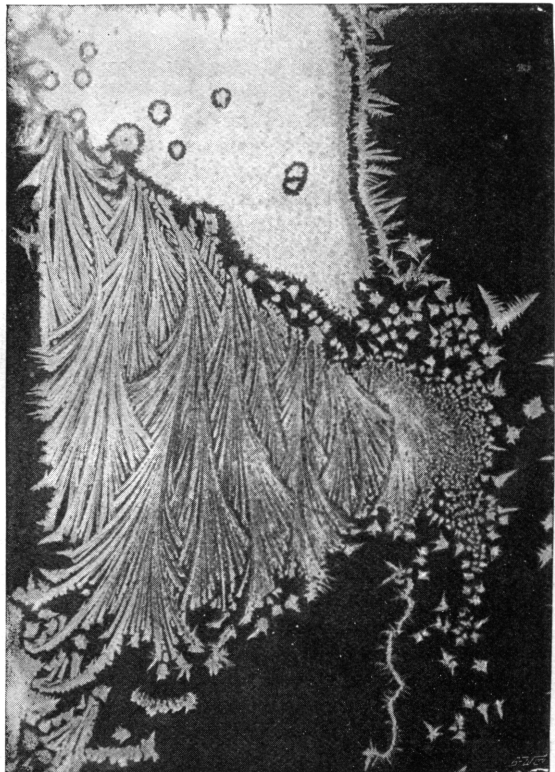
The crystallization occurs in most variety and in greatest relief during keen white frosts.

In the photograph taken in February this year, during the very severe weather of last winter, it will be noticed that this looks like a plant with large thick leaves, whereas those taken when the weather was less severe have more delicate and clearer lines of delineation.

These photographs are altogether different from snow-crystals, as the hoar-frost on window-panes is simply dew in a frozen state. The formation of hoar-frost is therefore entirely influenced by the causes effecting the deposition of dew. The formations of ice-crystals arise from the moisture in the room being deposited on the window-panes, and then crystallized.

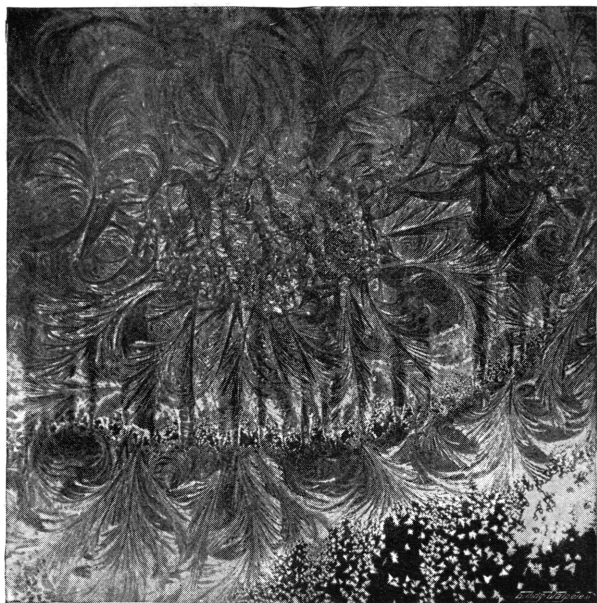
The mode in which the crystals of hoar-frost are deposited may be arranged in three divisions. 1. Where the spherical globules of moisture are frozen without undergoing any change of form. 2. Where they assume a pointed shape. 3. Where they are disposed in varied and fanciful forms.

The third variety of hoar-frost is found on flat surfaces, more especially glass; the resistance presented by which to the process of crystallization, and the effect of its imperfect



TAKEN IN JANUARY, 1894.

From a Photo. by James Leadbeater, Rotherham.



TAKEN IN MARCH, 1894.

From a Photo. by James Leadbeater, Rotherham.

and irregular conducting power, inducing a variety of motion in the condensed vapour, immediately previous to crystallization.

No doubt a large number of readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE are amateur photographers, and they will therefore be interested in the process of obtaining such photographs.

The height of the window from which these photographs of ice-crystallizations were taken is about 40ft. from the ground. The windows were always kept clean both inside and outside, in readiness for a great frost. The camera was inside the room, and a dark cloth-covered board was placed on the outside, about 2ft. from the window. The exposures varied, according to the thickness of the crystals, from two to ten seconds. All the photographs were taken in the morning before twelve o'clock.

The keener the frost is, the broader will be the pattern of the crystallization. The last photograph was taken when the thermometer registered several degrees below zero, and it is to be noticed that the character of outline in this picture does not appear at all in any of the others.

As has been already remarked, the study of frost action in this par-

ticular way opens up a wide field for further investigation and experiment; and now that the matter is broached in the pages of a magazine with a world-wide circulation like THE STRAND, it may be hoped that the present article may do something towards inducing its occupation by a numerous army of keenly-interested observers.

Already, through the circulation of his photographs, Mr. Leadbeater has had proof that the matter has engaged the attention of eminent scientists, and there is every ground for belief that the widening of the range of inquiry, and the increase of the number of investigators, may do a great deal in the not remote future to reduce to certainty much in connection with this fascinating subject that is now involved in doubt and mystery.



TAKEN IN FEBRUARY, 1895.

From a Photo. by James Leadbeater, Rotherham.



"MORBUS NOBILIS"

OR THE
PLASTER BRIGADE

BY W. H. WILLIAMSON.

which will make him ill. And, of course, the affair must be kept secret by us all. Only we'll enjoy and profit by the experiment. For me to persuade a person that he has something the matter with him is not a difficult thing, but you will see that other people will also persuade themselves that——"

Bounts entered. He at once began to tell us "all the winners and special places," and he was raving about the latest star at the Empire, when Pillar got up and said, in a confidential, solicitous way: "What's the matter with your neck?"

Silence covered the group as with a garment. Bounts rent the covering. He was startled, and he looked the doctor straight in the face for a few seconds. Then, bending his head, he rubbed his hand along his neck, and after two or three ineffectual rubs he got up and tried to look at the back of it in the mirror. He almost choked himself in the attempt, and when he found he could see nothing, he turned to Pillar:—

"What's the matter with it? I don't feel anything."

"I was looking at that white spot," said Pillar, in a doctorly way, and he turned Bounts to the light. He stroked his neck and then pressed a pencil-case or something on it, and asked—in that low-toned, quiet, sympathetic manner: "Do you feel anything now?"

"Yes, *now* I do," replied Bounts. "But what is it?" and he once more rubbed his hand over his neck. "It's nothing bad, is it? Can't you do something for it, doctor?"

Pillar was silent for a moment and then he said, thoughtfully: "It's—it's a—it's not much. Yes, I'll let you have a little ointment for it." And he once more bent poor Bounts's head and rubbed the place he had pressed

"WHAT'S that, Pillar? Do you mean to say that people believe and say they are ill when they are not?"

"Yes. A great number of people said and thought they had the influenza, merely because they imagined it was fashionable."

"I suppose, as a matter of fact, doctor, you could persuade a man that he had some disease or other if he were quite well?"

"Certainly," replied Pillar.

"That won't wash," said Waggs.

"What won't?" asked Pillar.

"That persuasion or imagination theory."

"As a matter of fact," replied Pillar, "I haven't the slightest intention of submitting it to the laundry-maid, but I'll prove it if you like."

"So be it. Show us the Q.E.D. of the matter, and I'm satisfied."

"This is somewhat unprofessional," Pillar said, apologetically, "but I merely want to prove my theory. I won't persuade anybody that he has a disease the contemplation of

with the pencil-case ; after which he added, "Umph" very sentimentally.

Said Waggs : "Pillar, how does leprosy first show itself?"

"By Jove! You don't think this is leprosy, do you?" asked Bounts, in terrified tones, looking at the doctor.

"Oh, no," said Pillar, smiling. "This isn't leprosy, otherwise Waggs wouldn't be here. It's a new bacillus, I fancy, that has not long been discovered, and which, hitherto, has confined its attention to persons—er, of—er, rather aristocratic birth. The medical name of the disease is *morbus nobilis*. You remember Prince R——, who visited this country last month? He was attacked by it, as were several members of our own Royal Family. Then the Duke of ——, too, has entertained it; but it has made very little headway."

Bounts had his hand on his neck. "But," he said, "is it dangerous? Will my neck swell? . . . And whom did you say it has attacked so far? Prince R—— and the Royal Family? By Jove! What does it look like?" And he made another attempt to strangle himself.

"Won't you call on the Duke of —— and the members of the Royal Family, Bounts? They'll, perhaps, give you a recipe for *morbus nobilis*."

"You are a lucky fellow, Bounts," said Nowles. "You drop in for all these good things."

"Is it contagious, doctor?" I asked, and I made as though I would fall on Bounts's neck. Bounts declined the embrace. He was still rubbing his neck, and he said:—

"It is strange, though, isn't it? Let's see, who has had it? Prince R——. What members of the Royal Family? Oh, some. The Duke of —— and myself. By Jove! Er—what must I do, doctor?"

"Well," replied Pillar, "there is very little to be seen at present. I should advise you not to catch cold. I think if you were to go home and to bed early, and visit me in the morning, when I will have another look at your neck, you will do all that is necessary." And Bounts went away murmuring "Prince R——."

I did not see Pillar again for two or three days, and when we did meet he immediately took my arm, and we went for a stroll. As we walked my companion discoursed thus:—

"Bounts came to me, and I put him a small black plaster, about half an inch square, on his neck. He seemed perfectly satisfied and correspondingly gratified, and he asked

me if I could see any more spots. I couldn't. I thought one was enough. Then he asked me once more to repeat the names of the illustrious persons who had been visited by relatives of the microbes he was entertaining. I did so, and he left in the best of spirits. But that's not all. The disease has spread, but the infection is going to be more serious than I anticipated, I am afraid. Bounts has been to all his best society friends and, so I suppose, told them the *raison d'être* of his black patch. He has, moreover, been assiduously engaged in finding spots similar to the one on his own neck, which he has never seen, on the necks of his friends. And having found some spots, he has sent the bearers of them to me.

"Lady Kwickup brought her daughter. 'Doctor,' she said, 'Mr. Bounts was looking at my daughter's neck yesterday afternoon, and he said he thought she had the—er—the—what did he call it, Amy, darling?' 'I forget,' said Amy, darling, 'I think it was something like *morbo nobilis*. But I know he said Prince R—— had had the same thing.' 'That was it,' exclaimed her ladyship; '*moro pro nobis*. And Prince R—— and the dear Duke of —— had had it. It's quite an aristocratic little malady, doctor, is it not?' And she tittered. I had to look at Miss Kwickup's neck. It was as healthy as yours or mine; if there's anything the matter with yours, then healthier. But what could I do? I couldn't pretend to tell Miss Kwickup there was nothing the matter with her neck and that *morbus nobilis* was a fudge. Lady Kwickup and her daughter had made up their minds that *morbus nobilis* was in the family, and though I was to be allowed to try and exorcise it, I was not such an idiot as to say there was nothing the matter.

"And when the black plaster was ordered and I had said that 'Miss Kwickup need not in any way change her mode of living on account of *morbus nobilis*, Lady Kwickup was in ecstasy. 'It is so like dear Amy,' she said, 'to catch Prince R——'s disease, as Mr. Bounts and I have arranged to call it. It's so much better, is it not, doctor, than that common *La grippe*? Everybody had that. Awful, was it not?' I agreed that the number of people who had had the influenza was awful, and when Lady Kwickup had taken away her dear Amy, I sat in my chair and was hilarious and melancholy by turns."

"Bounts must be an ass," I remarked, by way of comment on the doctor's narrative.

"He is," said Pillar. "But what about Lady Kwickup and her daughter? There is



"I HAD TO LOOK AT MISS KWICKUP'S NECK."

absolutely nothing the matter with either Bounts or Miss Kwickup, only they will be parading themselves on the Row and elsewhere with black plaster on their necks. And they will tell everybody the reason of it. And all their acquaintances will know the names of the people who have had white necks."

We both laughed.

"But," added Pillar, "I'm afraid the disease is spreading too quickly and too far. Look here," and he drew from his pocket a copy of the *Daily Boudoir Gossip*, and showed me the following paragraph:—

"AN ARISTOCRATIC BACILLUS.

"It appears that a new bacillus of a discriminating and exclusive character has lately been discovered. At the present time little is known of its nature, but it is reported on high authority only to have attacked members of reigning houses, the Duke of —, the Hon. R. K. U. Bounts, and Miss Kwickup, daughter of Sir Jabez Kwickup, so that its ravages are confined to a limited circle. It attacks its victims generally in the back of the neck, when it is distinguishable by a small white spot. If attention be paid to it quickly we believe there is absolutely no

danger, and the only inconvenience caused is the wearing of a small piece of plaster, which is used to cover the spot. Those of our readers who were present at Mrs. Wurdly's ball on Friday evening last probably noticed that Miss Kwickup and Mr. Bounts were conspicuous amongst a crowd of *distingués*, who are always present at Mrs. Wurdly's *recherche* balls, by the small piece of black plaster which each carried on the back of the neck, and which covered this really aristocratic bacillus. We believe the honour of the discovery of *morbus nobilis*, which is the scientific name of the disease, is due to Mr. F. R. Pillar, M.D., B.Sc., of Cavendish Square."

"What do you think of that?" asked Pillar, when I handed him back the paper, and he smiled.

I laughed. "Aristocratic bacillus. Discovered by Mr. F. R. Pillar! Good heavens, Pillar, what are you going to do?"

"What can I do?"

"But the thing is sure to spread now."

"Yes, I'm afraid it is. Everybody will want to have Prince R——'s disease, and all the ambitious mothers

will look for spots on their eligible daughters' necks, and they will be sure to find them. . . . I didn't expect so much as this."

I did not see Pillar for a week or two afterwards, but I saw Bounts. It was about four or five days after I had had the conversation above reported with Pillar. Bounts buttonholed me in Piccadilly, and took me down Regent Street. He was greatly excited, and our conversation was somewhat as follows:—

"You remember, Tutchy, that spot on my neck which Pillar found at the club the other day?" I nodded. "Well, it is really the same thing that attacked Prince R—— and those others whom Pillar mentioned."

"So I understand."

"Yes, really, by Jove! But isn't it queer that it should come to me first, that is, after Prince R—— and that lot? Some would think it quite an honour, by Jove!"

"Umph. Doesn't it hurt at all?"

"That's the best of it; I hardly feel it. You see the plaster, don't you? I haven't taken it off since Pillar put it on. And don't you know, by Jove! that a lot of fellows have got it now?"—the spot, he meant. "A

lot of girls, too, are wearing plaster. Ha! ha! We are calling ourselves Prince R——'s plaster brigade. Ha! ha! Good name, isn't it? By Jove!"

"Capital. I suppose you are the captain, eh?"

"Ha! ha! By Jove, yes. I ought to be, eh? By-the-bye, haven't you got a white spot on your neck?"

He seized me by the collar and, regardless of the locality and time, he would have instituted himself disease-hunter on the spot, if I had not adopted measures to circumvent him.

"Thanks awfully," I said, slangily but firmly, as I parted him from my vesture. "I washed this morning, and I haven't the slightest doubt that I have many white spots on my neck, but I am afraid I cannot flatter myself that I have Prince R——'s disease, as you call it."

"That's a pity now, isn't it? By Jove! Because it's really aristocratic, don't you know. I was at Lady Fairchin's the other day, and what do you think I was doing? Ha! ha!" I said I didn't know. "Looking at Lady Fairchin's neck and the necks of all the girls with a magnifying glass to see if they had Prince R——'s spot. Good, by Jove! wasn't it?"

"Decidedly good. Did you find any?"

"Oh, yes! They all had it, don't you know. They went to see Pillar the next day, and now they've all got plasters."

"The malady is spreading," I said, as serenely as I could.

"It is, really. I was at Lady Arton's ball on Tuesday evening, and there were thirty-seven of us there with black plasters, don't you know. It was awfully jolly. We call them beauty spots. Ha! ha! And everybody wanted to dance with a member of Prince R——'s brigade. Its getting to be a sign of blood, by Jove! and those who

haven't Prince R——'s disease won't be allowed in good society soon, don't you know, Tutchy. So, ha! ha! you had better hurry up and get it, or you'll be left in the cold, ha! ha!"

I said I would do my best, but it was just possible I couldn't catch it.

"That's unfortunate, by Jove! We have decided to have printed on our cards: '*Morbus nobilis*,' and only those who have had this will be considered fit for good society, don't you know. Halloa! there's Lady Kathleen, Lady Arton's daughter. Do you see the plaster? By Jove! I must go and speak to a member of—er—Prince R——'s brigade. Ta ta, old man, ta ta."

I said "Ta ta."

And that's Bounts.

This is Nowles. Two days afterwards I saw Nowles. He might have had the jaundice, but fortunately he hadn't. He was looking on the ground and drawing geometrical figures. I stood in front of him for a moment before he noticed my presence. When, however, he did look up, he gave a huge sigh of relief, as though he were in some Luck-now and I were a Have-lock. I sat beside him and asked how he was. He said he was wretched, and the following conversation ensued:—

"What's the matter?"

"Can't solve the problem?" And I pointed to the figures he had made. "What book is it?"

"No book. It isn't that figure on the ground that's troubling me. It's a far more serious affair. You remember that night at the club when Pillar made a fool of Bounts?"

"When he found the spot? Yes."

"Exactly. That's what I mean. Now, it seems that Bounts has been telling such a garnished tale about that spot, that it is really considered, by many people, to be a sort of aristocratic trade mark. In fact, so rapidly has the idea spread, that those



"HE SEIZED ME BY THE COLLAR."

who have no plaster on their necks are being looked upon as plebs. To us, who know all about it, the affair is an immense joke, and the bigger the plaster the immenser the joke. But we have by no means heard the last of *morbus nobilis*."

"Yes, but, Nowles, you are surely not so advanced as to let a joke hit you so hard as this, and send you for amusement to problems?"

"It isn't that. I can still enjoy a chestnut or a new joke, but this is leading me into a deuce of a mess. I was at Mrs. Wurdly's ball the other evening. I could scarcely get a girl to dance with me;

they all wanted partners with plaster on their necks. I called on Lady Kwickup the other day. She was not at home. She was, but I know why she wasn't. Excuse the bull." I began to understand the problem. Nowles continued: "The worst has to come. I am engaged, as you know, to Miss Praray. Now, Eva is a dear creature and sensible. Her father made a pile of money in the States and came to England to spend it; but he isn't—well, he wasn't born an aristocrat. My family is a fairly old one, as you know, although I shall be nothing but a squire; still, Mr. and Mrs. Praray consented to my engagement to Eva, as she is their only child, and—er—well—er—it's a love match, although Mrs. Praray would, I think, have been better pleased if Eva had fallen in love with a duke. Now, Mrs. Praray and Lady Kwickup have been seeing a great deal of each other lately, and I don't think that has been of any advantage to me, for my lady thinks I once flirted with her daughter, Amy, and didn't come to terms when I ought; and Mrs. Praray has been somewhat fascinated by this blessed *morbus nobilis*—all through Lady Kwickup. She has searched Eva's neck, morning, noon, and night, awake and asleep, but Eva hasn't got Prince R——'s spot. That hurts her—the



"TWO DAYS AFTERWARDS I SAW NOWLES."

old lady, I mean—but she thinks she can scarcely expect Eva to have it, as her blood is not of the bluest."

"An unhealthy colour," I said. "But why can't Miss Praray find a spot if one is wanted?"

"Another confession, Tutchy. I broke our confidence, and told Eva all about our lark with Bounts. Of course, she laughed heartily over it and said he was a 'silly.' Girls always call these darned fools 'sillies,' you know. I made her promise not to tell anybody, and now how can she get *morbus nobilis*? Mrs. Praray has found no end of white spots on Eva's neck, so she

says, 'Eva has it right enough, but she won't wear plaster,' although I fancy that Mrs. Praray, in the corridors of her soul, blames Eva's parentage. But here is where the trouble comes. Lady Kwickup has been suggesting that my blood can't be so pure after all, for I haven't got a sign of Prince R——'s spot. And poor Mrs. Praray has begun to distrust me. She looks upon me with suspicion, and every day has increased the intensity of the situation. The papers are full of this *morbus nobilis*. Nobody is invited to balls except Prince R——'s disease is in the family, all others are ostracized. And this has almost determined Mrs. Praray to break off Eva's engagement to me. I called yesterday, and they were out. They weren't. This morning I had a letter from Eva: I'll read part of it."

He took a letter from his breast pocket, and after humming a little he read: "... The truth of the matter is, Lady Kwickup, the horrid woman, has tried to persuade ma that you are a nobody, for you haven't got a wretched spot on your neck. Ma, of course, does not like to tell you this, but she said to me the other day that she thought our engagement was a mistake, and that it would be better for both of us not to consider

ourselves tied for a little while. Don't think I take any notice of this, darling, for I don't, but Lady Kwickup—how I hate her!—was here yesterday, and she stayed a horribly long time. And after she had gone, what do you think ma said? She said that unless you had *morbus nobilis* in three days our engagement would be broken off. Arthur, what will you do? Ma has found no fewer than six spots on my neck this afternoon, and after dinner she burnt poor father's hair with a match, through looking at his neck. What must I do? It isn't much to put a piece of plaster on one's neck, but when one knows the absurd reason for it, as I do, it is revolting. And yet we do so many things because other people do them, that I think it is hardly worth while being different now. Tell me what to do, love. I don't want to make ma cross, but I shall feel like a female Cain with that plaster brand of hypocrisy on my neck. And yet I expect I shall have to wear one, for ma has accepted an invitation for me to Lady Kwickup's ball, and nobody but members of the plaster brigade is to go, except *morbus nobilis* is in the family.

"You are to be given three days to find a spot on your neck. Isn't it horrible? I don't want you to play the sham, Arthur, but I don't think I can fight any more, and do you think you can have this silly *morbus nobilis* for my sake? . . ."

The rest was not for my ears.

"This letter has been sent unknown to Mrs. Praray, and I must reply at once. But what can I do?" And Nowles got up and walked a yard or two away from the seat.

"Why did Pillar start this game? . . . I'm hanged if I can play the fool—and know it."

"You're practically that if you don't."

"There's only one way out of the difficulty that I can see," Nowles said.

"And that way lies?"

"Through Pillar. It was he who started the affair, and he can end it. Everybody with *morbus nobilis* goes to him, and he is simply coining money. You have to wait two or three

hours if you go to see him. That's all very well for him, but what about us poor beggars? What about me?"

"He can cure you."

"Cure me? He must stop the nonsense, that's what he must do. He must be honest with his patients, and tell them there's nothing the matter."

"Nowles, you are letting this affair hit you too hard. Do you know what you have just said?"

"Hang it! old fellow, but it won't matter—just for once. He can lie to them again after wards."

There was silence for the space of a minute while we thought that over. Nowles broke the silence, and he did so with a face that was radiant with an idea. When a man has an idea of his very own, he feels as though he had found a hidden treasure. Said Nowles:—

"I have it. We must get another doctor to say this *morbus nobilis* is a kind of foot-and-mouth disease—anything, so long as it's beastly and bad enough. A species of leprosy will do. But it must be something that people won't want to have or want others to think they have. Nobody will look for spots if they might turn out to be leprosy."



"SHE BURNT POOR FATHER'S HAIR WITH A MATCH."

"A splendid idea, Nowles," I said; "splendid. Of course, the faculty will squabble over it, but as the dispute will never end, and as nobody will dare to have it till a definite verdict is given upon its nature, it will simply be forgotten and you will be forgiven by Mrs. Praray."

"Going back to the City?" was all Nowles's response.

"Yes."

"Come along."

The problem was solved. The same night Nowles wrote to his *fiancée* to tell her not to have *morbus nobilis* till she heard from him again. If she had any difficulty with her mother on the subject, she was to promise to wear a plaster on the night of the ball, if Mrs. Praray desired it.

The next news I got of *morbus nobilis* was from the *Daily Oracle*. It came out with a paragraph headed "Bachelors and Bacillus." It read thus: "A short time ago one of our contemporaries, with its usual gush, announced that a new bacillus had appeared, and that its ravages were confined to aristocratic circles. The nature of that bacillus has been a secret, and one well-known physician has been called upon to treat those afflicted with *morbus nobilis*, as the disease was called. We have no wish to make capital out of this 'aristocratic bacillus,' only we may say that it was discovered in a London club, and it has now, we believe, gone to far Cathay. Little more will be heard of it, and the next time our contemporary discovers 'a new bacillus' we shall be glad to receive a specimen."

Underneath was the following:—

"A DEPARTURE.—We understand that Mr. F. R. Pillar, M.D., B.Sc., of Cavendish Square, leaves to-morrow in the P. and O. *Cairo* for Japan, for the sake of his health. Dr. Pillar will be recognised as the name of the gentleman who has successfully coped with the new epidemic, *morbus nobilis*, that has lately been raging in aristocratic circles. The doctor's return is not definitely fixed upon."

I rushed off to Nowles.

"Yes," said Nowles, "I saw Pillar. He said he was as sick of the business as I, but he was practically helpless. He said that people came to him and insisted that they had *morbus nobilis*, and all he had to do was to treat them for it. General Indiana's daughter went to him the other day. She's fairly brown, you know, but her mother confessed that Miss Indiana had washed her neck a dozen times a day for the last week, and she

was sure she had Prince R——'s spot. And Miss Bluesang—that pale-faced girl—went to him. Her neck was the colour of a speckled hen; she hadn't washed for a week. But I told Pillar something must be done, and suggested that he should proclaim *morbus nobilis* as some foul disease. He said I was foolish to hint at such a thing, as he could not possibly change his opinion of a case. But at last he said he would leave the country for the sake of his health."

"It's rather a hard sentence," I said.

"Yes; but we could suggest no other. And if the blessed thing is not stopped soon, we shall have all the pet dogs and cats with *morbus nobilis*, and the bourgeois will also wear plaster on their necks, and then we shall indeed be a stiff-necked generation."

"But how did the *Oracle* get hold of its news?"

"It's Waggs's organ."

"Well, I'm——"

"Yes, yes, so you are. But *morbus nobilis* will die very quickly now."

And it did. The next day the following appeared in the *Oracle* in a leading article on "Morbus Nobilis": ". . . We do not blame Dr. Pillar. He did what, under the circumstances, was a proper thing to do. To have told those who came to him to be treated for this so-called Prince R——'s disease that there was really nothing the matter with them, would perhaps have unnecessarily excited them, and maladies, far more serious and harmful than the wearing of a black plaster, might have been the result. It is imperative that a medical man deceive his patients occasionally, and Dr. Pillar possessed far too much ability not to judge when such deception would be justifiable."

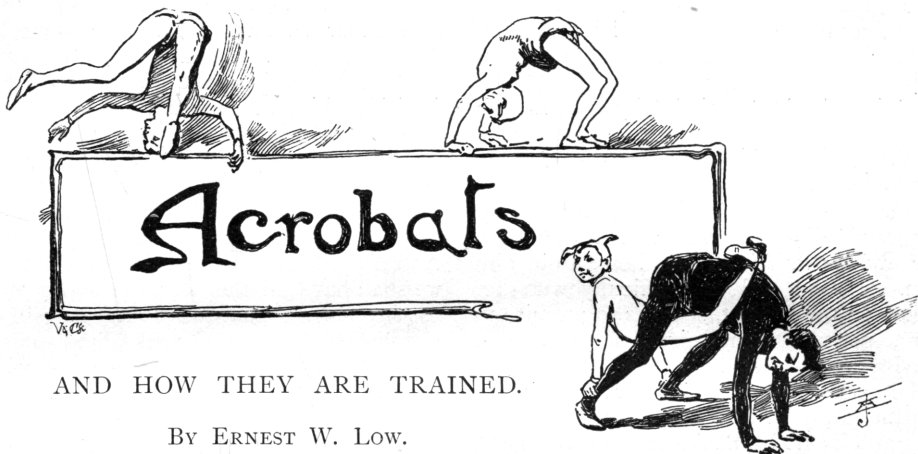
In the clubs, at all the balls, the gossip was of nothing but *morbus nobilis*. The *Oracle* had certainly lit a fire of no inconsiderable size. When next I saw Nowles he was in high spirits.

"You look well," I said; "what's the matter?"

"I'm not going to Lady Kwickup's ball; neither is Eva. It is too late to invite anybody now, and as only members of the plaster brigade were invited, only such favoured individuals will go. Won't it be a nice ball?"

I said I hoped it would.

"Mrs. Praray," continued Nowles, "almost wept when she saw me the other morning. She asked me to forgive her, and her opinion of my common-sense is a most exalted one."



AND HOW THEY ARE TRAINED.

BY ERNEST W. LOW.



HE taste of the public as regards its amusements is proverbially fickle, and many of the performances which were hailed with enthusiasm by the audiences of only a few years ago,

would to-day be received with a very languid show of approval, if, indeed, they did not evoke positive hostility. Particularly marked has the change been in the case of "variety entertainments," and all the more striking, therefore, is the fact that there is still a class of artists whose hold upon the affections of the spectators is still as great as of yore.

We never seem to get tired of watching the evolutions of acrobats; there is a magnetic influence in feats demanding nerve and agility which is well-nigh perennial; it appeals to those of all classes and all ages, to the horny-handed son of toil as well as the man about town; alike to the middle-aged paterfamilias and his boisterous boys and girls home for the holidays.

No doubt, the *souffçon* of danger which attaches to these feats (which, as a matter of fact, is much slighter than is commonly supposed) may, in a measure, account for their never-failing popularity; but the tendency of late years has rather been in the direction of discountenancing the exploits which had nothing but their audacity to commend them. Public opinion has altered towards this as towards everything else, and nowadays the performers who rank highest in favour are those whose feats excel in strength, agility, and grace, of which the latter is by no means the least potent factor.

Very few out of the thousands who enjoy witnessing performances of this description have more than the very faintest idea as to "How it's all done." The question is constantly put by an inquisitive child to his parent, much to the latter's perplexity, who, being unwilling to acknowledge his ignorance, launches out into the most fallacious statements in his endeavour to enlighten the mind of the awestruck child concerning the life of an acrobat "behind the scenes."

Personally, I can even now recall to mind what a harrowing picture used to be drawn for my delectation of the tortures endured by the hapless young people, no older than myself, whose wonderful feats I had witnessed at the Crystal Palace with unfeigned wonderment and delight. Stories of little boys having their spines broken at the age of two (to make them supple!), of little, writhing creatures condemned to stand for hours daily with one leg strapped up, and of a multitude of other horrors, were impressed upon my youthful mind, with the result that many a sleepless night did I pass after these occasional outings.

No doubt my experience is not unique, and perhaps even to-day there are people who believe that an acrobat's training cannot be successfully carried through without a certain amount of hardship and cruelty. Indeed, to my shame be it said, until very recently some lingering doubts on the subject still occupied my mind, and they were only thoroughly dispelled after I had had the opportunity of personally witnessing the methods of the several celebrated performers

who have been kind enough to place the knowledge, gained from long experience, at my disposal for the benefit of the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Few men are better qualified to speak on the ups and downs of an acrobat's life than Mr. Henry Balcombe, or "Ara," of the "Ara, Zebra, and Vora" trio. At the present time their performance mainly consists of balancing feats, amongst these being one which "Ara" claims to have originated. Exceedingly difficult it looks. "Ara" balances himself on his hands upon a small pedestal, and supports on his neck "Zebra," who in turn bears "Vora" upon his shoulders.

But although the trio's exhibition is of this character just now, there is hardly a branch of the profession which "Ara" has not had a turn at. Certainly, he and his brother Arthur ("Zebra") have been through the mill. They were apprenticed in 1875, at the respective ages of nine and six, to the Jackley troupe, and the following nine years of their lives were spent entirely abroad, and it can be understood that during this time life was not all *couleur de rose* for the two little Balcombes. Still, they learnt all that was to be learned in their calling, and although they acknowledge that many hardships had to be undergone unknown to latter-day apprentices, they have never regretted having been brought up in so hard a school.

There were scarcely any music-halls in those days, and travelling troupes had to depend upon finding concert-halls at various places they halted at, or, failing this, go through their performance in the open. Often as not, too, if business were bad, the hapless little apprentices would fare badly, not infrequently being really ill-treated. There is not much fear of anything of this sort nowadays, as the law has taken these little performers under its protecting wing,

and a master not carrying out his duties as set forth in the terms of apprenticeship, would soon find himself called upon to answer for his conduct.

A few years after finishing their apprenticeship, the two young Balcombes struck off for themselves, their originality being apparent in their choice of professional names, which they selected by taking the first and last letters of the alphabet, so as to run no risk of clashing with other professionals. Then they commenced a most successful tour, visiting all the principal cities of Europe, and winning golden laurels wherever they went—there being a peculiar quality of refinement about their work which is lacking in that of many otherwise clever combinations. The "Nonpareil Trio," as the show is now called, only dates back two or three years, with the accession to the troupe of the youngest sister of the celebrated "Mosers," who is now known as "Vora," but in private life is Mrs. Henry Balcombe. Like her husband, she has been virtually all her life in the business, for since her fifth birthday she had been taking part in the performances with her brothers and sisters; on the next page is a picture of the little mite as she appeared soon after making her first shy bow to the audience.

When I asked "Ara" to give me an idea of the way a youngster was taught from the very beginning, he told me that there was no royal road. The great thing to bear in mind is to learn to walk before you attempt to run. The great object of a

child's early training is to make him strong and supple before attempting anything in the shape of difficult feats. For this purpose he is put through a variety of simple exercises no more difficult than what may be seen done at many a school gymnasium, but the great difference is, that the little professional has to *keep at it*, to steadily go on practising until the most intricate movements are done without effort.



"ARA, ZEBRA, AND VORA."

First he is taught to bend his back slightly, and only slightly, for undue slackness in the muscles of the back unfits a man for the performance of many acrobatic feats.

Of course, I am not speaking of "contortionists" or "human snakes," with whom bending is the chief stock-in-trade. When the youngster can bend his back a little without straining, he goes on to learn "flip-flaps" and "hand-springs." "Flip-flap" is the name given to the evolution which consists of throwing the head back, placing the hands on the ground, and turning over to an upright position, and a "hand-spring" is the reverse of a "flip-flap." These and the "splits," which is too well known to need description, may almost be called the A B C of tumbling. When the learner has mastered flip-flaps and hand-springs, he is ready to attempt somersaults, back and front and side, and the more difficult "twisting somersault," which combines a complete vertical turn with a horizontal change of position.

Whatever branch of ground-work the learner is going to take up, the rudiments of the art have to be first thoroughly mastered. To use "Ara's" own words: "Tumbling is the father of all ground acrobatics." And he was particularly emphatic in bidding me remember that everything must be attempted very gradually, and every feat, however simple, done over and over again, until it becomes second nature. If the learner is content with just being able to manage a trick, he will never shine in combined work in which quickness of movement and "style" are so essential to success. "Ara" said it was quite possible for a young fellow of sixteen or seventeen to become fairly proficient in one branch, but if a boy wanted to become an all-round performer, like himself, he ought to start not later than ten years old.

Even after a man becomes thoroughly proficient he cannot afford to "rest on his arms reversed"; if he does not continually practise and improve himself he will soon get stale. Performing, as he does now, three

times a day, "Ara" has no need of additional exercise; but when abroad or in the provinces, and only appearing once in the evening, the mornings are regularly devoted to practising new tricks and general exercise for keeping in condition. He says he finds half an hour's *skipping* a splendid thing to keep the limbs supple and improve his breathing power.

"Ara's" long career has not been without its share of adventures and accidents, but, luckily, none of the latter have had any very serious results. As a lad, he was for some time doing the "Risley" business, which consists in one of the men lying on his back with his feet at right angles to the ground, on which human apparatus the lighter members of the troupe perform. Young "Ara," while doing a difficult somersault, was unlucky enough to slip, and, falling on the edge of the pad, broke his arm. Another fall, which might have been fraught with far more serious consequences, occurred at Rotterdam, when he fell off a high trapeze, owing to having forgotten the indispensable

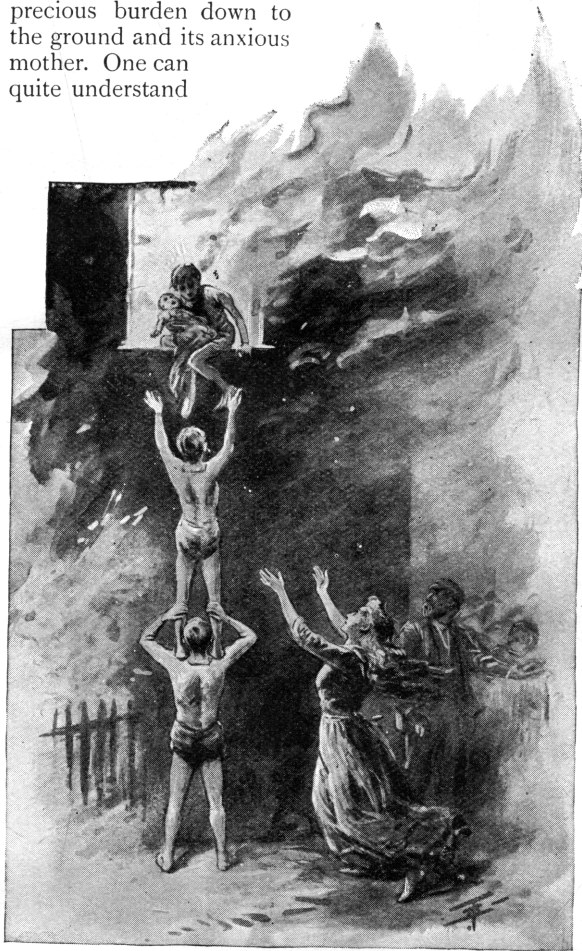


VORA, AGE 5.

handkerchief, to wipe the perspiration off the bar. Although the fall was about 40ft., he got off scot-free. He landed in the laps of a lady and gentleman, and before the former had recovered from the faint caused by the shock, he was once more aloft and proceeded with his act, to the surprise and admiration of the spectators!

"Ara's" pluck and agility were once put to a noble use. Very few professional acrobats can boast that their training was the means of rescuing another from certain death, but this was the case with "Ara" when he was but a slip of a lad. While performing in a small village, a fire broke out opposite the hall, and just as the troupe arrived on the scene a woman came rushing down the stairs imploring someone to save her baby, which was asleep in a room on the first story. To climb upon one another's shoulders (or, technically, to make "three-man-high") was the work of a moment for three of the Jackley troupe, and young "Ara"

was at the top. He could just get his hands upon the window-sill, but managed to pull himself up, brought the baby to the sill, and, resuming with difficulty his position on the shoulders of his companion, lowered his precious burden down to the ground and its anxious mother. One can quite understand



"ARA SAVES A BABY'S LIFE."

that the troupe had to stop in the place several days longer than had been intended, for the people came flocking in from the neighbouring villages in hundreds to see the boy who saved the baby.

Few people who visited Olympia a short time back can fail to have been struck by a troupe of acrobats who, fantastically attired as demons, went through some extraordinary movements on the top of high ladders. The leading spirit of the troupe is Mr. Conn Fredericks, who has made a *spécialité* of this ladder-balancing. He also originated the daring feat of riding

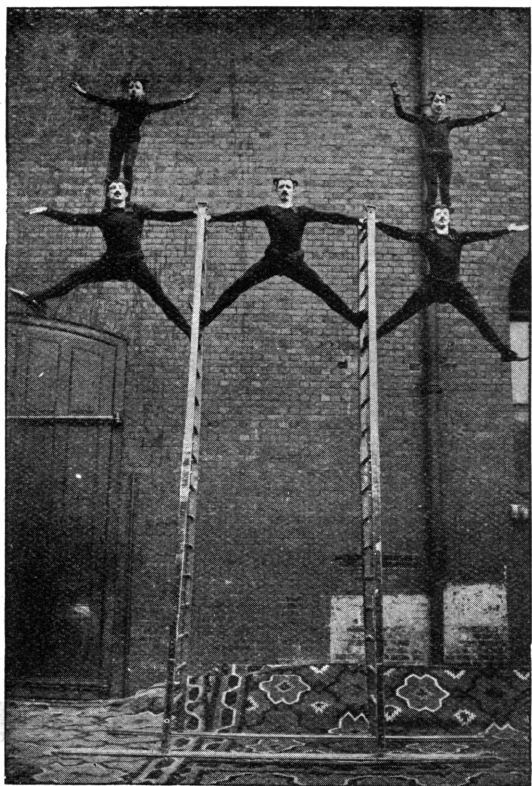
a bicycle down the "chutes," which caused such a sensation at the time. He hails from the United States, and is a good example of the result of the American system of training. He was never apprenticed, but while very young started practising acrobatic tricks at a gymnasium, and embarked in the profession at the age of twelve, much to the horror of his people, who are all strict Quakers in Chicago, and regard those who frequent theatres and music-halls as on the high road to perdition. So, certainly, Conn Fredericks' talents cannot be attributed to heredity or early associations.

Like "Ara," he has had a turn at almost every sort of gymnastic work; in his time he has given performances of trapeze work, the horizontal bar, tumbling, pure and simple, rope-walking, besides his unique ladder act. He explained that tricks on the trapeze and horizontal bar are learned nowadays by the aid of a mechanical appliance called a "longe." This consists of a broad belt going round the gymnast's body, attached to which are two ropes running through pulleys.

When the learner attempts a new feat, he puts on the belt, a man takes hold of the end of each rope, and, should he miss, they immediately give a pull, when he swings harmlessly in the air. This device has saved many a broken neck, but it had not been invented when Conn Fredericks learned his trade, so at that time a man learning somersaults off the bar had to trust to luck and

the services of a companion.

Again, in aerial work, nets were entirely unknown until recent years, and the trapeze performer, when he went up to his lofty perch, literally had his life in his hands. In this respect, then, the lot of the learner is far happier than it used to be. In spite of being brought up in what may be styled the heroic school, he doesn't believe in the system adopted by many of the English acrobats, who, he says, want to teach in too much of a hurry, instead of sending the pupils through a regular course, as they do in the States. The English performers go in for specializing,



THE FREDERICKS TROUPE—THE GREAT LADDER TRICK.
From a Photo. by A. M. Bliss & Co., Lewes.

while it is rare to come across an American performer who cannot do all-round work.

There are several tricks which Mr. Fredericks disapproves of; balancing on the head is one which he thinks leads to very bad results. In fact, he assured me that men who continually do this feat, sooner or later suffer from brain trouble.

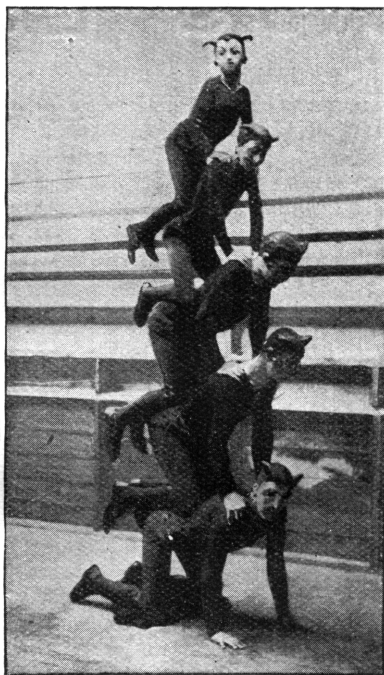
A performer named Thuer used to do this some years ago while swinging on a trapeze, and for a time he was a tremendous attraction, but finally he went out of his mind. Surely one trick he wanted to do was the most extraordinary that has ever been heard of. This is what he proposed to do. He was to stand on a trap-door, a rope, with a knot to come under his ear, to be placed around his neck, and then the trap was to be opened! Of course, he was never permitted to perform this gruesome act in public, but it is a fact that he practised it successfully, and managed a drop of 2ft. to 3ft. with impunity!

For this reason he does not encourage his little son to do head balances. Conn Fredericks, junior, takes part in his father's Mephistophelian antics, and a most engaging little fellow he is. He is just twelve, and, according to his father, started tumbling at the age of two! He is a clever little chap, quite childish in his ways, and absolutely without any comprehension of the meaning of the word "fear." In fact, his daring is a source of anxiety to his father and mother, for they never know what he'll be up to when he's out of sight. Not many days ago he was discovered perched up on the girders at Olympia some 100ft. from the ground, and turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of the manager, who implored him to come down. And when he at last consented to come back to *terra firma*, it was only with much difficulty that he was dissuaded from sliding



THE FREDERICKS TROUPE—PRACTISING SOMERSAULT THROWING.

down one of the wires! He has only been taking part regularly in the work of the "Demon" troupe for the last two years, and doesn't express himself as very satisfied with that sort of work. He says he wants to be a comedian, and sometimes rebels against the acrobatic work; but when his father threatens to take another boy in his place, he soon comes round to a different frame of mind. His father doesn't give him



THE FREDERICKS TROUPE.

family — husband, wife, with a baby in her arms, and a boy or girl, coming from a place miles away, all perched on the back of one unfortunate horse!

Undoubtedly the cleverest trapeze performer in existence is a member of the "Hanlon" troupe, who, as "Little Bob," caused a perfect furore some twenty years ago. "Little Bob" is not very big in stature now, but he has three boys, aged twelve, eleven, and four, whom he has set his heart upon teaching to follow in his footsteps. He himself has been a member of the most famous troupe known to the present generation.

First he was apprenticed to the original Hanlon-Lees, whose reputation was so greatly enhanced by the attractiveness of "Little Bob's" feats, and afterwards he was one of the celebrated Hanlon-Voltas, with whom he



THE FREDERICKS TROUPE.

too much work to do; like the majority of men who are masters of their craft, he believes in the beginner doing a little and doing it well.

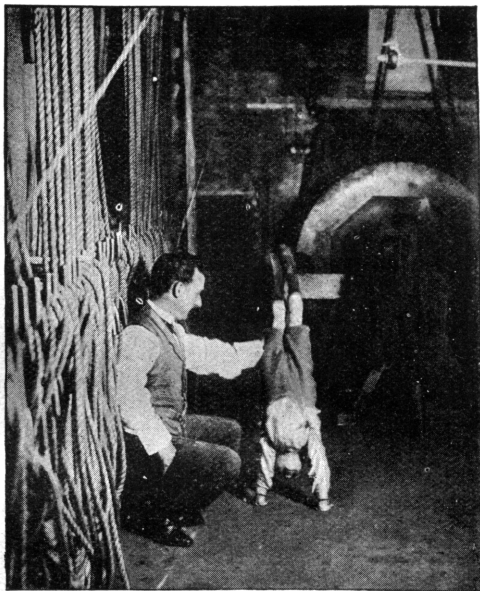
Mr. Fredericks was for a long time travelling with Barnum's circus, and he says the most enthusiastic audiences he has ever had were those made up entirely of niggers in the Southern States. The coloured folk used to literally go mad over a circus, and it was no uncommon thing to see a whole



THE FREDERICKS TROUPE.

worked both the trapeze and the horizontal bars. He had an engagement with his troupe at the Alhambra recently, and I paid him a visit one morning, when I was enabled to watch him putting his boys through their paces. Needless to say, Mr. Edward Hanlon, the smallest one, aged four, has only just commenced, but he positively beamed with delight when "Little Bob" lifted him up to the bar, and he pulled up to his chest twice very sturdily.

As for the eldest boy, Robert, he is already no mean performer, and has appeared in St.



THE YOUNGEST OF THE HANLONS.

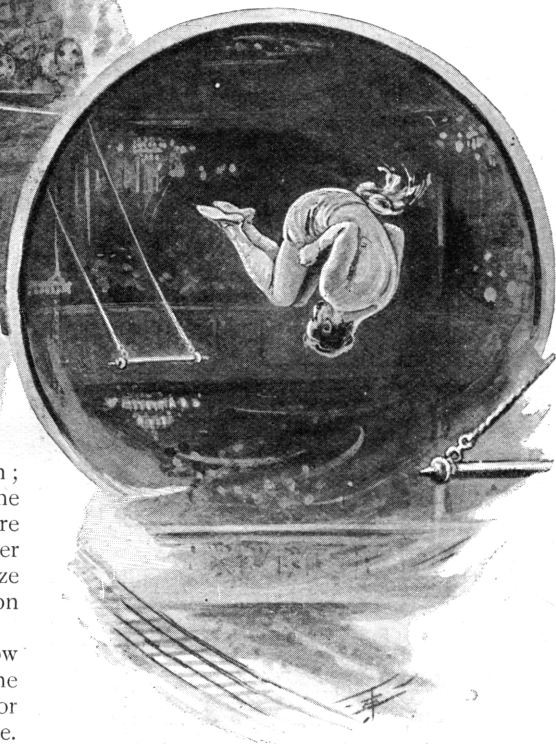
to judge the swing of the trapeze, when to leave go, and how to catch the other properly, and to land safely on the little platform suspended in mid-air, which is technically known as the "perch."



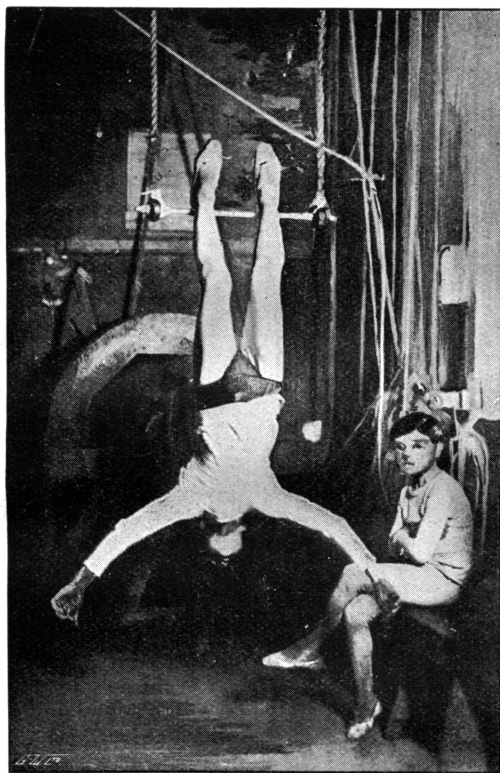
ROBERT HANLON.
1.—THE BACK PERCH.

Petersburg with his father. Their preliminary teaching bears out my previous information; they stand on their hands, do the splits, "legs and shoulders," before they are put on the trapeze. After learning a few simple feats on a trapeze near the ground, they are started on the high one.

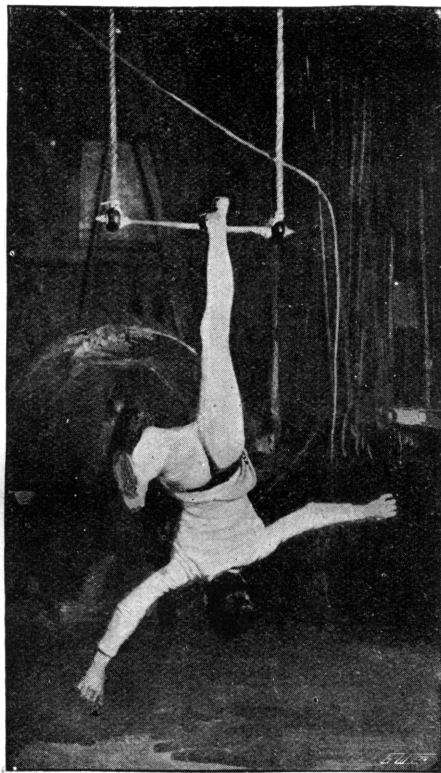
The first thing to learn here is how to fall, so as to land properly in the net, for an awkward fall of 60ft. or 70ft. means broken limbs, if no worse. Then they are carefully taught how



ROBERT HANLON. 2.—SOMERSAULT FROM BAR TO BAR.



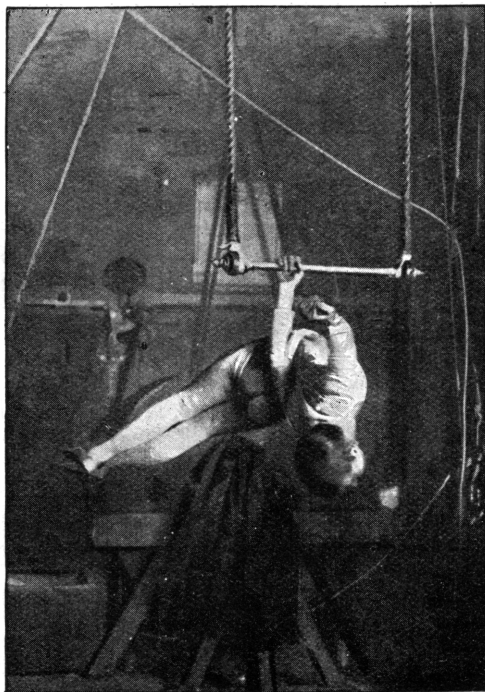
THE HANLON TROUPE PRACTISING.



THE HANLON TROUPE PRACTISING.

"Bob" is a very abstemious man; he never touches alcohol during the day, but he has no faith in dieting, and says he eats just what he fancies, and lets his boys do the same. He told me that there is comparatively little danger now about trapeze work so long as the apparatus is carefully looked to, but before the introduction of nets it was very different.

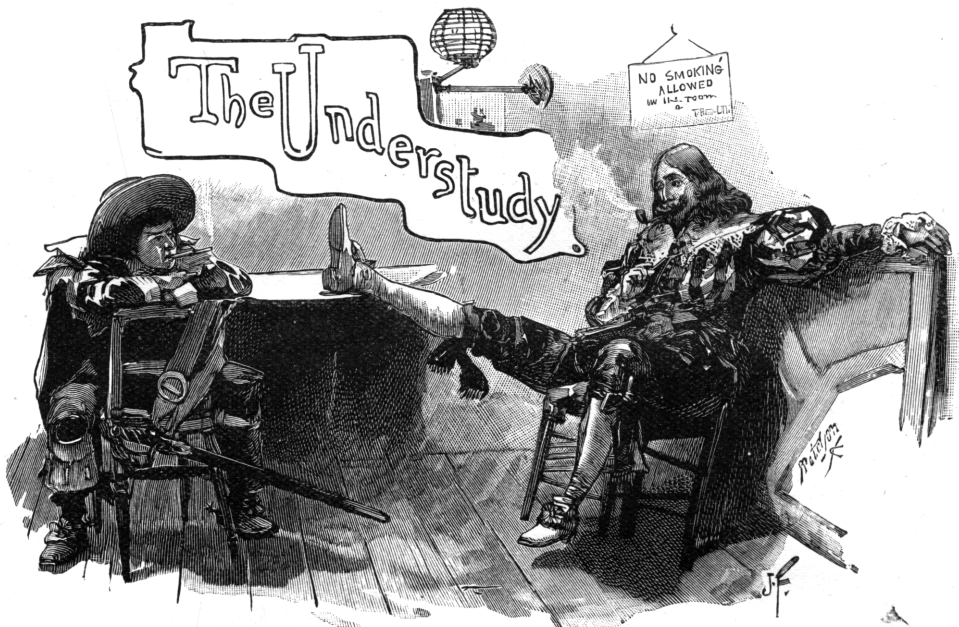
Many years ago, he had to be thrown from one man to another on the flying trapeze, and they practised the feat with half-a-dozen men holding a blanket, dodging about so as to keep under him and catch him if he



THE HANLON TROUPE PRACTISING.

missed his hold. On the other hand, bar work close to the ground is rather risky, for if a man slips, he is bound to hurt himself more or less. With all this, bad accidents are very rare considering the number of men engaged in the business.

Taken all round, the life of an acrobat does not appear to be an altogether unenviable one. But even given the possession of all the necessary qualities, I should not recommend anyone to adopt the profession. To attain to mediocrity is not very difficult, but, like the great poet, the great acrobat is "*nascitur non fit*."



BY ROBERT BARR.

THE Monarch in the Arabian story had an ointment which, put upon the right eye, enabled him to see through the walls of houses. If the Arabian despot had passed along a narrow street leading into a main thoroughfare of London, one night just before the clock struck twelve, he would have beheld, in a dingy back room of a large building, a very strange sight. He would have seen King Charles the First seated in friendly converse with none other than Oliver Cromwell.

The room in which these two noted people sat had no carpet and but few chairs. A shelf extended along one side of the apartment, and it was covered with mugs containing paint and grease. Brushes were littered about, and a wig lay in a corner. A mirror stood at either end of the shelf, and beside these flared two gas-jets protected by wire baskets. Hanging from nails driven in the walls were coats, waistcoats, and trousers of more modern cut than the costumes worn by the two men.

King Charles, with his pointed beard and his ruffles of lace, leaned picturesquely back

in his chair, which rested against the wall. He was smoking a very black brier-root pipe, and perhaps His Majesty enjoyed the weed all the more that there was just above his head, tacked to the wall, a large placard, containing the words, "No smoking allowed in this room, or in any other part of the theatre."

Cromwell, in more sober garments, had an even jauntier attitude than the King, for he sat astride the chair, with his chin resting on the back of it, smoking a cigarette in a meerschaum holder.

"I'm too old, my boy," said the King, "and too fond of my comfort; besides, I have no longer any ambition. When an actor once realizes that he will never be a Charles Kean or a Macready, then come peace and the enjoyment of life. Now, with you it is different: you are, if I may say so in deep affection, young and foolish. Your project is a most hare-brained scheme. You are throwing away all you have already won."

"Good gracious!" cried Cromwell, impatiently, "what have I won?"

"You have certainly won something," resumed the elder, calmly, "when a person

of your excitable nature can play so well the sombre, taciturn character of Cromwell. You have mounted several rungs, and the whole ladder lifts itself up before you. You have mastered two or three languages, while I know but one, and that imperfectly. You have studied the foreign drama, while I have not even read all the plays of Shakespeare. I can do a hundred parts conventionally well. You will, some day, do a great part as no other man on earth can act it, and then fame will come to you. Now you propose recklessly to throw all this away and go into the wilds of Africa."

"The particular ladder you offer me," said Cromwell, "I have no desire to climb; I am sick of the smell of the footlights and the whole atmosphere of the theatre. I am tired of the unreality of the life we lead. Why not be a hero instead of mimicking one?"

"But, my dear boy," said the King, filling his pipe again, "look at the practical side of things. It costs a fortune to fit out an African expedition. Where are you to get the money?"

This question sounded more natural from

languages, and if you will forgive what sounds like boasting, I may say that I have a gift for picking up tongues. I have money enough to fit myself out with some necessary scientific instruments, and to pay my passage to the coast. Once there, I shall win my way across the Continent through love and not through fear."

"You will lose your head," said King Charles; "they don't understand that sort of thing out there, and, besides, the idea is not original. Didn't Livingstone try that tack?"

"Yes, but people have forgotten Livingstone and his methods. It is now the explosive bullet and the elephant gun. I intend to learn the language of the different native tribes I meet, and if a chief opposes me and will not allow me to pass through his territory, and if I find I cannot win him over to my side by persuasive talk, then I shall go around."

"And what is to be the outcome of it all?" cried Charles. "What is your object?"

"Fame, my boy, fame," cried Cromwell, enthusiastically, flinging the chair from under



"'FAME, MY BOY, FAME,' CRIED CROMWELL."

the lips of the King than did the answer from the lips of Cromwell.

"There has been too much force and too much expenditure about African travel. I do not intend to cross the Continent with arms and the munitions of war. As you remarked a while ago, I know several European

him and pacing the narrow room. "If I can get from coast to coast without taking the life of a single native, won't that be something greater than all the play-acting from now till Doomsday?"

"I suppose it will," said the King, gloomily; "but you must remember you are

the only friend I have, and I have reached an age when a man does not pick up friends readily."

Cromwell stopped in his walk and grasped the King by the hand. "Are you not the only friend I have," he said; "and why can you not abandon this ghastly sham and come with me, as I asked you to at first? How can you hesitate when you think of the glorious freedom of the African forest, and compare it with this cribbed and cabined and confined business we are now at?"

The King shook his head slowly, and knocked the ashes from his pipe. He seemed to have some trouble in keeping it alight, probably because of the prohibition on the wall.

"As I said before," replied the King, "I am too old. There are no pubs in the African forest where a man can get a glass of beer when he wants it. No, Ormond, African travel is not for me. If you are resolved to go, go and God bless you; I will stay at home and carefully nurse your fame. I shall from time to time drop appetizing little paragraphs into the papers about your wanderings, and when you are ready to come back to England, all England will be ready to listen to you. You know how interest is worked up in the theatrical business by judicious puffing in the papers, and I imagine African exploration requires much the same treatment. If it were not for the Press, my boy, you could explore Africa till you were blind and nobody would hear a word about it, so I will be your advance agent and make ready for your home-coming."

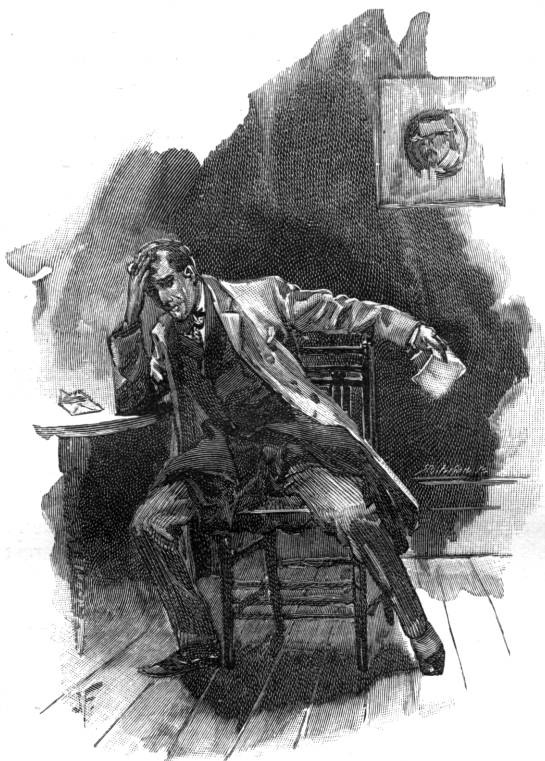
At this point in the conversation between these two historic characters, the janitor of the theatre put his head into the room and reminded the celebrities that it was very late, whereupon both King and Commoner rose, with some reluctance, and washed themselves; the King becoming, when he put on the ordinary dress of an Englishman, Mr. James Spence, while Cromwell, after a similar transformation, became Mr. Sidney Ormond; and thus, with nothing of Royalty or Dictatorship about them, the two strolled up the narrow street into the main thoroughfare and entered their favourite midnight restaurant, where, over a belated meal, they continued the discussion of the African project, which Spence persisted in looking upon as one of the maddest expeditions that had ever come to his knowledge; but the talk was futile, as most talk is, and within a month from that time Ormond was on the ocean, his face set towards Africa.

Another man took Ormond's place at the theatre, and Spence continued to play his part, as the papers said, in his usual acceptable manner. He heard from his friend, in due course, when he landed. Then at intervals came one or two letters showing how he had surmounted the unusual difficulties with which he had to contend. After a long interval came a letter from the interior of Africa, sent to the coast by messenger. Although at the beginning of this letter Ormond said he had but faint hope of reaching his destination, he, nevertheless, gave a very complete account of his wanderings and dealings with the natives, and up to that point his journey seemed to be most satisfactory. He inclosed several photographs, mostly very bad ones, which he had managed to develop and print in the wilderness. One, however, of himself was easily recognisable, and Spence had it copied and enlarged, hanging the framed enlargement in whatever dressing-room fate assigned to him; for Spence never had a long engagement at any one theatre. He was a useful man who could take any part, but had no speciality, and London was full of such.

For a long time he heard nothing from his friend, and the newspaper men to whom Spence indefatigably furnished interesting items about the lone explorer began to look upon Ormond as an African Mrs. Harris, and the paragraphs, to Spence's deep regret, failed to appear. The journalists, who were a flippant lot, used to accost Spence with: "Well, Jimmy, how's your African friend?" and the more he tried to convince them, the less they believed in the peace-loving traveller.

At last there came a final letter from Africa, a letter that filled the tender, middle-aged heart of Spence with the deepest grief he had ever known. It was written in a shaky hand, and the writer began by saying that he knew neither the date nor his locality. He had been ill and delirious with fever, and was now, at last, in his right mind, but felt the grip of death upon him. The natives had told him that no one ever recovered from the malady he had caught in the swamp, and his own feelings led him to believe that his case was hopeless. The natives had been very kind to him throughout, and his followers had promised to bring his boxes to the coast. The boxes contained the collections he had made, and also his complete journal, which he had written up to the day he became ill.

Ormond begged his friend to hand over his belongings to the Geographical Society,



"AT LAST THERE CAME A FINAL LETTER FROM AFRICA."

and to arrange for the publication of his journal, if possible. It might secure for him the fame he had died to achieve, or it might not; but, he added, he left the whole conduct of the affair unreservedly to his friend, in whom he had that love and confidence which a man gives to another man but once in his life—when he is young. The tears were in Jimmy's eyes long before he had finished the letter.

He turned to another letter he had received by the same mail, and which also bore the South African stamp upon it. Hoping to find some news of his friend he broke the seal, but it was merely an intimation from the steamship company that half-a-dozen boxes remained at the southern terminus of the line addressed to him; but, they said, until they were assured the freight upon them to Southampton would be paid, they would not be forwarded.

A week later, the London papers announced in large type, "Mysterious disappearance of an actor." The well-known actor, Mr. James Spence, had left the theatre in which he had been playing the part of Joseph to a great actor's Richelieu, and had not been heard of since. The janitor re-

membered him leaving that night, for he had not returned his salutation, which was most unusual. His friends had noticed that for a few days previous to his disappearance he had been apparently in deep dejection, and fears were entertained. One journalist said jestingly that probably Jimmy had gone to see what had become of his African friend; but the joke, such as it was, was not favourably received, for when a man is called Jimmy until late in life, it shows that people have an affection for him, and everyone who knew Spence was sorry he had disappeared, and hoped that no evil had overtaken him.

It was a year after the disappearance that a wan, living skeleton staggered out of the wilderness in Africa, and blindly groped his way to the coast as a man might who had lived long in darkness and found the light too strong for his eyes. He managed to reach a port, and there took steamer homeward bound for Southampton. The sea-breezes revived him somewhat, but it was evident to all the passengers that he had passed through a desperate illness. It was just a toss-up whether he could live until he saw England again.

It was impossible to guess at his age, so heavy a hand had disease laid upon him, and he did not seem to care to make acquaintances, but kept much to himself, sitting wrapped up in his chair, gazing with a tired-out look at the green ocean.

A young girl frequently sat in the chair beside him, ostensibly reading, but more often glancing sympathetically at the wan figure beside her. Many times she seemed about to speak to him, but apparently hesitated to do so, for the man took no notice of his fellow-passengers. At length, however, she mustered up courage to address him, and said: "There is a good story in this magazine: perhaps you would like to read it?"

He turned his eyes from the sea and rested them vacantly upon her face for a moment. His dark moustache added to the pallor of his face, but did not conceal the faint smile that came to his lips; he had heard her, but had not understood.

"What did you say?" he asked, gently.

"I said there was a good story here, entitled 'Author! Author!'" and I thought you might like to read it," and the girl blushed very prettily as she said this, for the man looked younger than he had done before he smiled.

"I am afraid," said the man, slowly, "that I have forgotten how to read. It is a long time since I have seen a book or a magazine. Won't you tell me the story? I would much rather hear it from you than make an attempt to read it myself in the magazine."

"Oh," she cried, breathlessly, "I'm not sure that I could tell it; at any rate, not as well as the author does; but I will read it to you if you like."

The story was about a man who had written a play, and who thought, as every playwright thinks, that it was a great addition to the drama, and would bring him fame and fortune. He took this play to a London manager, but heard nothing of it for a long time, and at last it was returned to him. Then, on going to a first night at the theatre to see a new tragedy, which this manager called his own, he was amazed to see his rejected play, with certain changes, produced upon the stage, and when the cry "Author! Author!" arose, he stood up in his place; but illness and privation had done their work, and he died proclaiming himself the author of the play.

"Ah," said the man, when the reading was finished, "I cannot tell you how much the story has interested me. I once was an actor myself, and anything pertaining to the stage appeals to me, although it is years since I saw a theatre. It must be hard luck to work for fame and then be cheated out of it, as was the man in the tale; but I suppose it sometimes happens, although, for the honesty of human nature, I hope not very often."

"Did you act under your own name, or did you follow the fashion so many of the profession adopt?" asked the girl, evidently interested when he spoke of the theatre.

The young man laughed for, perhaps, the first time on the voyage. "Oh," he answered, "I was not at all noted. I acted only in minor parts, and always under my own name, which, doubtless, you have never heard—it is Sidney Ormond."

"What!" cried the girl, in amazement; "not Sidney Ormond the African traveller?"

The young man turned his wan face and large, melancholy eyes upon his questioner.

"I am certainly Sidney Ormond, an African traveller, but I don't think I deserve the 'the,' you know. I don't imagine anyone has heard of me through my travelling any more than through my acting."

"The Sidney Ormond I mean," she said, "went through Africa without firing a shot; whose book, 'A Mission of Peace,' has been such a success, both in England and America. But, of course, you cannot be he; for I remember that Sidney Ormond is now lecturing in England to tremendous audiences all over the country. The Royal Geographical Society has given him medals or degrees, or something of that sort—perhaps it was Oxford that gave the degree. I am sorry I haven't his book with me, it would be sure to interest you; but someone on board is almost certain to have it, and I will try to get it for you. I gave mine to a friend in Cape Town. What



"THE FRONTISPIECE IS AN EXACT PORTRAIT OF YOU."

a funny thing it is that the two names should be exactly the same."

"It is very strange," said Ormond, gloomily, and his eyes again sought the horizon and he seemed to relapse into his usual melancholy.

The girl arose from her seat, saying she would try to find the book, and left him there meditating. When she came back, after the lapse of half an hour or so, she found him sitting just as she had left him, with his sad eyes on the sad sea. The girl had a volume in her hand. "There," she said, "I knew there would be a copy on board, but I am more bewildered than ever; the frontispiece is an exact portrait of you, only you are dressed differently and do not look——" the girl hesitated, "so ill as when you came on board."

Ormond looked up at the girl with a smile, and said :—

"You might say with truth, so ill as I look now."

"Oh, the voyage has done you good. You seem ever so much better than when you came on board."

"Yes, I think that is so," said Ormond, reaching for the volume she held in her hand. He opened it at the frontispiece and gazed long at the picture.

The girl sat down beside him and watched his face, glancing from it to the book.

"It seems to me," she said at last, "that the coincidence is becoming more and more striking. Have you ever seen that portrait before?"

"Yes," said Ormond, slowly. "I recognise it as a portrait I took of myself in the interior of Africa which I sent to a dear friend of mine; in fact, the only friend I had in England. I think I wrote him about getting together a book out of the materials I sent him, but I am not sure. I was very ill at the time I wrote him my last letter. I thought I was going to die, and told him so. I feel somewhat bewildered, and don't quite understand it all."

"I understand it," cried the girl, her face blazing with indignation. "Your friend is a traitor. He is reaping the reward that should have been yours, and so poses as the African traveller, the real Ormond. You must put a stop to it when you reach England, and expose his treachery to the whole country."

Ormond shook his head slowly and said :—

"I cannot imagine Jimmy Spence a traitor. If it were only the book, that could be, I

think, easily explained, for I sent him all my notes of travel and materials; but I cannot understand his taking the medals or degrees."

The girl made a quick gesture of impatience.

"Such things," she said, "cannot be explained. You must confront him and expose him."

"No," said Ormond, "I shall not confront him. I must think over the matter for a time. I am not quick at thinking, at least just now, in the face of this difficulty. Everything seemed plain and simple before, but if Jimmy Spence has stepped into my shoes, he is welcome to them. Ever since I came out of Africa I seem to have lost all ambition. Nothing appears to be worth while now."

"Oh!" cried the girl, "that is because you are in ill-health. You will be yourself again when you reach England. Don't let this trouble you now—there is plenty of time to think it all out before we arrive. I am sorry I spoke about it; but, you see, I was taken by surprise when you mentioned your name."

"I am very glad you spoke to me," said Ormond, in a more cheerful voice. "The mere fact that you have talked with me has encouraged me wonderfully. I cannot tell how much this conversation has been to me. I am a lone man, with only one friend in the world—I am afraid I must add now, without even one friend in the world. I am grateful for your interest in me, even though it was only compassion for a wreck—for a derelict, floating about on the sea of life."

There were tears in the girl's eyes, and she did not speak for a moment, then she laid her hand softly on Ormond's arm, and said, "You are not a wreck, far from it. You sit alone too much, and I am afraid that what I have thoughtlessly said has added to your troubles." The girl paused in her talk, but after a moment added :—

"Don't you think you could walk the deck for a little?"

"I don't know about walking," said Ormond, with a little laugh, "but I'll come with you if you don't mind an incumbrance."

He rose somewhat unsteadily, and she took his arm.

"You must look upon me as your physician," she said, cheerfully, "and I shall insist that my orders are obeyed."

"I shall be delighted to be under your charge," said Ormond, "but may I not know my physician's name?"

The girl blushed deeply when she realized

that she had had such a long conversation with one to whom she had never been introduced. She had regarded him as an invalid, who needed a few words of cheerful encouragement, but as he stood up she saw that he was much younger than his face and appearance had led her to suppose.

"My name is Mary Radford," she said.

"Miss Mary Radford?" inquired Ormond.

"Miss Mary Radford."

That walk on the deck was the first of many, and it soon became evident to Ormond that he was rapidly becoming his old self again. If he had lost a friend in England, he had certainly found another on board ship to whom he was getting more and more attached as time went on. The only point of disagreement between them was in regard to the confronting of Jimmy Spence. Ormond was determined in his resolve not to interfere with Jimmy and his ill-gotten fame.

As the voyage was nearing its end, Ormond and Miss Radford stood together leaning over the rail conversing quietly. They had become very great friends indeed.

"But if you do not intend to expose this man," said Miss Radford, "what then do you propose to do when you land? Are you going back to the stage again?"

"I don't think so," replied Ormond. "I shall try to get something to do and live quietly for awhile."

"Oh!" answered the girl, "I have no patience with you."

"I am sorry for that, Mary," said Ormond, "for if I could have made a living, I intended to have asked you to be my wife."

"Oh!" cried the girl, breathlessly, turning her head away.

"Do you think I would have any chance?" asked Ormond.

"Of making a living?" inquired the girl, after a moment's silence.

"No. I am sure of making a living, for I have always done so; therefore answer my question. Mary, do you think I would have any chance?" and he placed his hand softly over hers, which lay on the ship's rail. The girl did not answer, but she did not withdraw her hand; she gazed down at the bright green water with its tinge of foam.

"I suppose you know," she said at length, "that you have every chance, and you are merely pretending ignorance to make it easier for me, because I have simply flung myself at your head ever since we began the voyage."

"I am not pretending, Mary," he said. "What I feared was that your interest was

only that of a nurse in a somewhat backward patient. I was afraid that I had your sympathy but not your love. Perhaps that was the case at first."

"Perhaps that was the case—at first, but it is far from being the truth now—Sidney."

The young man made a motion to approach nearer to her, but the girl drew away, whispering:—

"There are other people besides ourselves on deck, remember."

"I don't believe it," said Ormond, gazing fondly at her. "I can see no one but you. I believe we are floating alone on the ocean together, and that there is no one else in the wide world but our two selves. I thought I went to Africa for fame, but I see I really went to find you. What I sought seems poor compared to what I have found."

"Perhaps," said the girl, looking shyly at him, "Fame is waiting as anxiously for you to woo her as—as another person waited. Fame is a shameless hussy, you know."

The young man shook his head.

"No. Fame has jilted me once. I won't give her another chance."

So those who were twain sailed gently into Southampton Docks, resolved to be one when the gods were willing.

Mary Radford's people were there to meet her, and Ormond went up to London alone, beginning his short railway journey with a return of the melancholy that had oppressed him during the first part of his long voyage. He felt once more alone in the world, now that the bright presence of his sweetheart was missing, and he was saddened by the thought that the telegram he had hoped to send to Jimmy Spence, exultingly announcing his arrival, would never be sent. In a newspaper he bought at the station, he saw that the African traveller, Sidney Ormond, was to be received by the Mayor and Corporation of a Midland town, and presented with the freedom of the city. The traveller was to lecture on his exploits in the town so honouring him, that day week. Ormond put down the paper with a sigh, and turned his thoughts to the girl from whom he had so lately parted. A true sweetheart is a pleasanter subject for meditation than a false friend.

Mary also saw the announcement in the paper, and anger tightened her lips and brought additional colour to her cheeks. Seeing how averse her lover was to taking any action against his former friend, she had ceased to urge him, but she had quietly made

up her own mind to be herself the goddess of the machine.

On the night the bogus African traveller was to lecture in the Midland town, Mary Radford was a unit in the very large audience that greeted him. When he came on the platform she was so amazed at his personal appearance that she cried out, but fortunately her exclamation was lost in the applause that greeted the lecturer. The man was the exact duplicate of her betrothed.

She listened to the lecture in a daze ; it



seemed to her that even the tones of the lecturer's voice were those of her lover. She paid little heed to the matter of his discourse, but allowed her mind to dwell more on the coming interview, wondering what excuses the fraudulent traveller would make for his perfidy. When the lecture was over, and the usual vote of thanks had been tendered and accepted, Mary Radford still sat there while the rest of the audience slowly filtered out of the large hall. She rose at last, nerving herself for the coming meeting, and went to the side door, where she told the man on duty that she wished to see the lecturer. The man said that it was impossible for Mr. Ormond to see anyone at that moment ; there was to be a big supper ; he was to meet the Mayor and Corporation ; and so the lecturer had said that he could see no one.

"Will you take a note to him if I write it?" asked the girl.

"I will send it in to him ; but it's no use, he won't see you. He refused to see even the reporters," said the door-keeper, as if that were final, and a man who would deny him-

self to the reporters would not admit Royalty itself.

Mary wrote on a slip of paper the words, "The affianced wife of the real Sidney Ormond would like to see you for a few moments," and this brief note was taken in to the lecturer.

The door-keeper's faith in the constancy of public men was rudely shaken a few minutes later, when the messenger returned with orders that the lady was to be admitted at once.

When Mary entered the green-room of the lecture hall she saw the double of her lover standing near the fire, her note in his hand and a look of incredulity on his face.



The girl barely entered the room, and, closing the door, stood with her back against it. He was the first to speak.

"I thought Sidney had told me everything ; I never knew he was acquainted with a young lady, much less engaged to her."

"You admit, then, that you are not the true Sidney Ormond?"

"I admit it to you, of course, if you were to have been his wife."

"I am to be his wife, I hope."

"But Sidney, poor fellow, is dead ; dead in the wilds of Africa."

"You will be shocked to learn that such is not the case, and that your imposture must come to an end. Perhaps you counted on his friendship for you, and thought that even if he did return he would not expose you. In that you were quite right, but you did not

count on me. Sidney Ormond is at this moment in London, Mr. Spence."

Jimmy Spence, paying no attention to the accusations of the girl, gave a war-whoop which had formerly been so effective in the second act of "Pocahontas," in which Jimmy had enacted the noble savage, and then he



"HE DANCED A JIG."



danced a jig that had done service in "Colleen Bawn." While the amazed girl watched these antics, Jimmy suddenly swooped down upon her, caught her around the waist, and whirled her wildly around the room. Setting her down in a corner, Jimmy became himself again, and dabbed his heated brow with his handkerchief carefully, so as not to disturb the make-up.

"Sidney in England again? That's too good news to be true. Say it again, my girl, I can hardly believe it. Why didn't he come with you? Is he ill?"

"He has been very ill."

"Ah, that's it, poor fellow. I knew nothing else would have kept him. And then when he telegraphed to me at the old address, on landing, of course, there was no reply, because, you see, I had disappeared. But Sid wouldn't know anything about that, and so he must be wondering what has become of me. I'll have a great story to tell him when we meet; almost as good as his own African

experiences. We'll go right up to London to-night, as soon as this confounded supper is over. And what is your name, my girl?"

"Mary Radford."

"And you're engaged to old Sid, eh? Well! well! well! well! This is great news. You mustn't mind my capers, Mary, my dear; you see, I'm the only friend Sid has, and I'm old enough to be your father. I look young now, but you wait till the paint comes off. Have you any money? I mean, to live on when you're married; because I know Sidney never had much."

"I haven't very much either," said Mary, with a sigh.

Jimmy jumped up and paced the room in great glee, laughing and slapping his thigh.

"That's first-rate," he cried. "Why, Mary, I've got over £20,000 in the bank saved up for you two. The book and lectures, you know. I don't believe Sid himself could have done as well, for he always was careless with money—he's often lent me the last penny he had, and never kept any account of it; and I never thought of paying it back, either, until he was gone, and then it worried me."

The messenger put his head into the room, and said the Mayor and the Corporation were waiting.

"Oh, hang the Mayor and the Corporation!" cried Jimmy; then, suddenly recollecting himself, he added, hastily, "No, don't do that. Just give them Jimmy—I mean Sidney—Ormond's compliments, and tell his Worship that I have just had some very important news from Africa, but will be with them directly."

When the messenger was gone Jimmy continued in high feather. "What a time we shall have in London. We'll all three go to the old familiar theatre, yes, and by Jove, we'll pay for our seats; *that* will be a novelty. Then we will have supper where Sid and I used to eat. Sidney shall talk, and you and I will listen; then I shall talk, and you and Sid will listen. You see, my dear, I've been to Africa too. When I got Sidney's letter saying he was dying I just moped about and was of no use to anybody. Then I made up my mind what to do. Sid had died for

fame, and it wasn't just he shouldn't get what he paid so dearly for. I gathered together what money I could and went to Africa, steerage. I found I couldn't do anything there about searching for Sid, so I resolved to be his understudy and bring fame to him, if it were possible. I sank my own identity and made up as Sidney Ormond, took his boxes and sailed for Southampton. I have been his understudy ever since, for, after all, I always had a hope he would come back some day, and then everything would be ready for him to take the principal *rôle*, and let the old understudy go back to the boards again and resume competing with the reputation of Macready. If Sid hadn't come back in another year, I was going to take a lecturing trip in America, and when that was done, I intended to set out in great state for Africa, disappear into the forest as Sidney Ormond, wash the paint off and come out as Jimmy Spence. Then Sidney Ormond's fame would have been secure, for they would be always sending out relief expeditions after him and

not finding him, while I would be growing old on the boards and bragging what a great man my friend, Sidney Ormond, was."

There were tears in the girl's eyes as she rose and took Jimmy's hand.

"No man has ever been so true a friend to his friend as you have been," she said.

"Oh, bless you, yes," cried Jimmy, jauntily. "Sid would have done the same for me. But he is luckier in having you than in having his friend, although I don't deny I've been a good friend to him. Yes, my dear, he is lucky in having a plucky girl like you. I missed that somehow when I was young, having my head full of Macready nonsense, and I missed being a Macready too. I've always been a sort of understudy, so you see the part comes easy to me. Now I must be off to that confounded Mayor and Corporation. I had almost forgotten them, but I must keep up the character for Sidney's sake. But this is the last act, my dear. Tomorrow I'll turn over the part of explorer to the real actor . . . to the star."

Chimney Felling.

By WALTER WOOD.



LOFTY chimney-stack which has taken several months to build can be made a heap of ruins in less than twenty hours. The special process of demolition by which this result is attained is simplicity itself. The greater part of the base is removed, and stout props are inserted to keep the shaft temporarily erect. The props are rapidly burned by a fire of intense heat, and as soon as they collapse the structure falls. Given space in which he may do his work, an expert steeple-jack will bring a chimney down without damaging either life or property. Many shafts are so built that they cannot be destroyed except from the top. There is not enough room in which to fell them, their immediate vicinity being too thickly crowded with buildings. In such cases scaffolding must be erected, and the work of destruction is naturally much slower and far more costly than that of razing a stack.

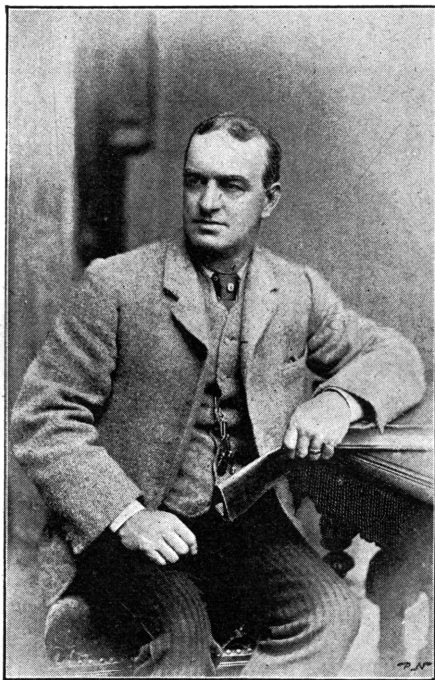
The work of felling chimneys has been carried by one expert to a state of much perfection. That expert is Mr. Joseph Smith, of Rochdale, known throughout the great chimney district in which he lives as the "Lancashire Steeple-jack." He is perhaps the only man in England who has made a speciality of felling chimneys, as felling is now understood. He has overthrown nearly fifty stacks in various parts of the country, and in carrying out his dangerous tasks has never had an accident either to himself or any member of his staff. No stack is too high or too heavy for him to grapple with—the bigger the game the better the sport. As I have said, however, not every tall chimney that has been condemned can be felled; many of them must be brought down brick by brick or stone by stone, so that there is some limit to the class of structure which can be razed

with safety. The greatest shaft which Mr. Smith has felled rose nearly 240ft. above the ground, and contained about 500 tons of bricks. This, with the help of three men, he totally destroyed in eighteen hours.

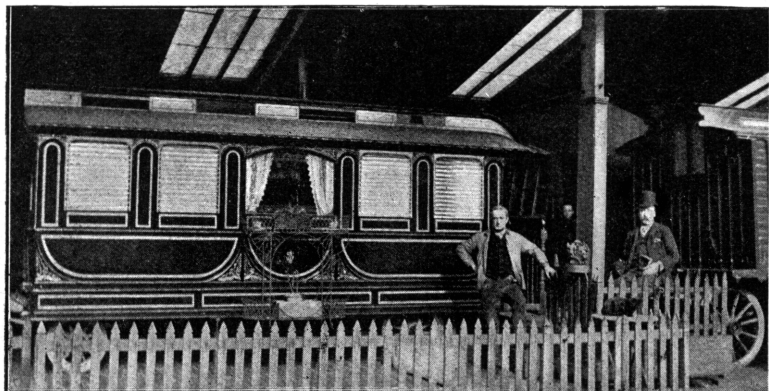
Simple as the steeple-jack's mode of working is, uncommon nerve is needed in order that it may be carried out successfully. Mr. Smith does not know what fear is, but he is by no means callous. He is a man of kind and genial nature and many hobbies, one of which is the running of a very successful variety circus. It is not long since the "Lancashire Steeple-jack" lived in a luxuriously-furnished Pullman car, which was specially built for him, and of which a photograph is reproduced on the next page. For many years, when engaged on chimney work in different parts of the country, he took with him a smaller caravan, in which he dwelt until his return home. One of his chief reasons for taking, like the snail, his house with him, was to insure sleeping in a properly aired bed. He has, like all wise men, a horror of damp sheets.

When Mr. Smith is commissioned to fell a chimney, he first visits and thoroughly examines the structure. For his labours he likes best a stack which is near open ground,

so that he can arrange for the *débris* to descend upon it. The last piece of work of this description done by him was, from his point of view, an ideal undertaking, inasmuch as the chimney stood in a field, and there was ample room on two sides for the reception of the ruins. The shaft to be destroyed was just outside Walsden Station, in Lancashire, and Mr. Smith had been instructed by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company to fell it. As I was present at the operation, and as this particular "fall" showed the expert at his best, I will describe it. What he did then was exactly



MR. JOSEPH SMITH, THE LANCASHIRE STEEPLE-JACK.
From a Photo. by Henderson & Co., Rochdale.



MR. SMITH'S PULLMAN CAR.
From a Photo. by Samuel Hey, Rochdale.

what he does on all occasions when employed in chimney-felling.

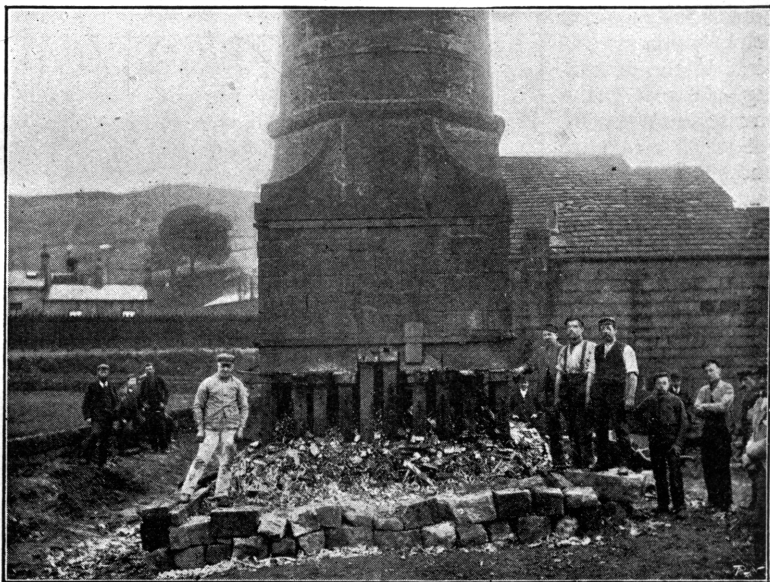
The material was first got on to the ground. This consisted of between thirty and forty stout props of timber, about 5ft. long, a ton of coal, a quantity of solid pitch, a barrel of tar, two barrels of paraffin, and some shavings. The quantity of inflammable stuff varies according to the size of the chimney to be brought down—sometimes it is more and sometimes less than that which has been given. Having conveyed the material, the base of the chimney was measured, and a careful calculation made as to the extent to which it was advisable to cut away for the insertion of the props. The base was 10ft. square, and, like the rest of the structure, which was round, was built of large blocks of good stone.

First of all, a portion of the base on the right side was cut out and a prop was at once inserted to replace the stones. A similar cut was made on the left side, and gradually and very carefully the entire front of the base was removed, as well as a considerable part of the right and left sides, the props being put in immediately after the stones had been removed.

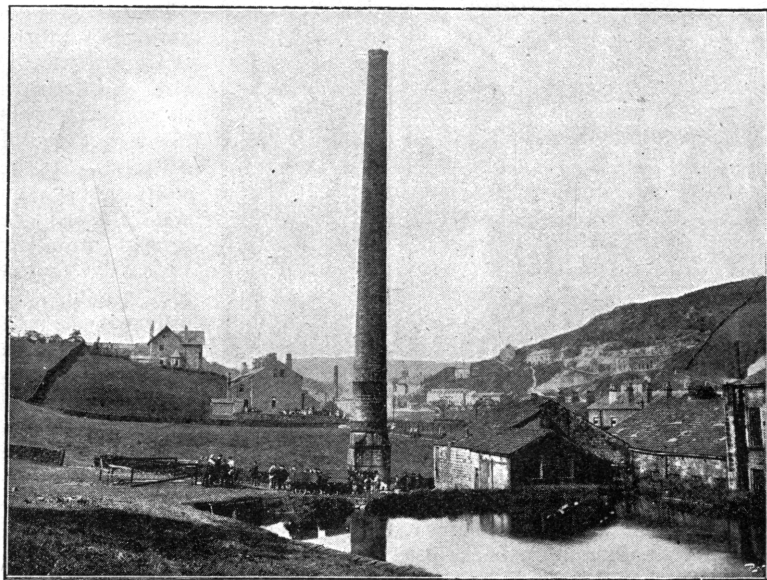
The props were arranged horizontally and vertically, the horizontal props being next the lowest course of stones. As the stones were taken out they were formed into a low wall at the foot of the chimney, in order to make a fireplace for the coal, tar, and paraffin. Some of the *débris* was made into a wall inside the chimney itself, so that the

flames should be confined to the props and as little of the heat as possible allowed to escape up the stack.

When the propping of the chimney had been completed the fire was laid. Building the fire was a work of art, and Mr. Smith in this as in all things exercised the greatest personal care. He superintended every detail, and wherever there was an element of unusual danger, he took the matter into his own hands. He put an extra lump of pitch here and a lump there, an extra piece of coal at this spot and another at that. Each prop was thoroughly saturated with paraffin,



THE WALSDEN CHIMNEY—INSERTING THE WOODEN PROPS.
From a Photo. by Henderson & Co., Rochdale.



THE WALSDEN CHIMNEY—THE STACK READY FOR FALLING.
From a Photo. by Henderson & Co., Rochdale.

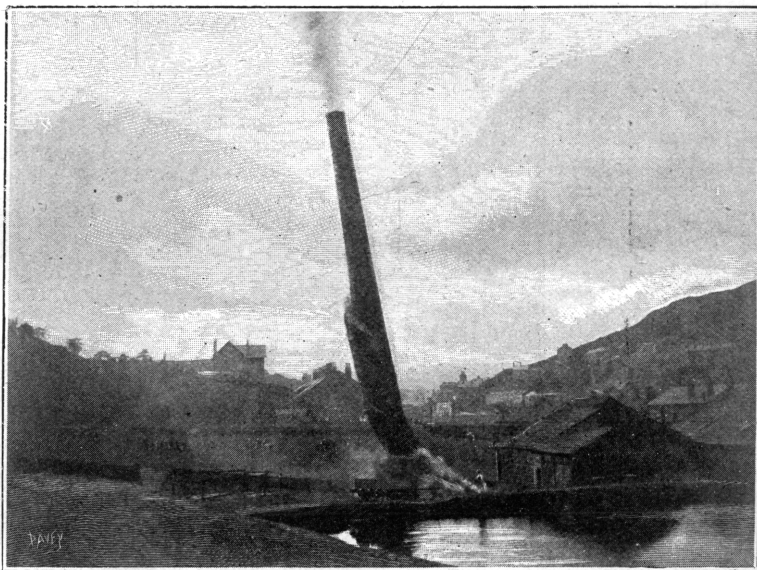
the fire has burned the timber through, the chimney must be absolutely free to fall. There must be nothing whatever to give support enough to allow it to remain standing."

The weight of the chimney at Walsden was about 200 tons, and the height was 135ft. Everything was in readiness for lighting the fire in sixteen hours after the first stone had been taken out. At that time there was a strong gusty wind, and as I was talk-

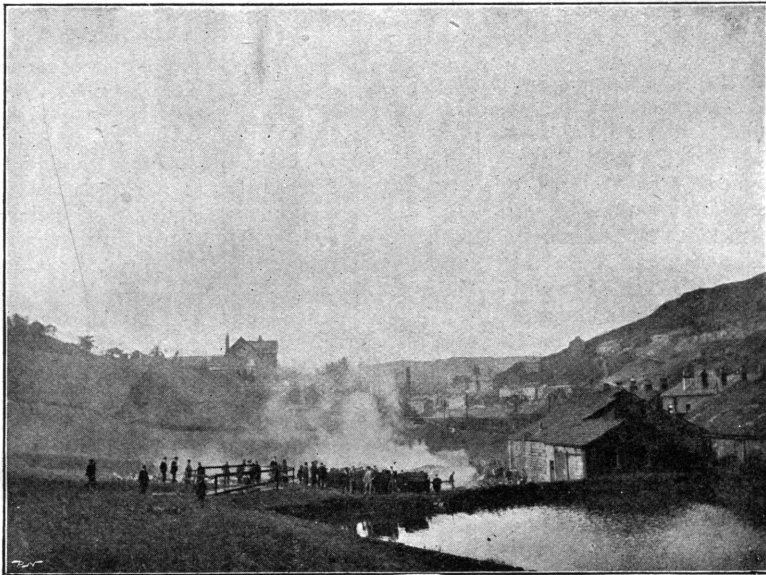
and pailful after pailful of the liquid was thrown upon the mass of combustibles. One very important detail was the boring of a couple of holes in nearly every prop. This device does not weaken the supporting power of the timber, and yet it causes the fire to burn through much more quickly than would be the case without the holes.

"When we've got all the props in," Mr. Smith explained to me, "the chimney 'gives' a bit; that is to say, it settles on to the props, and a slight crack appears behind, in the remaining solid part of the structure. When we see that crack we know for a certainty that the props have 'got it.' If, after having got the props fixed, I find that they haven't 'got it,' I take a little bit more of the base out, until I am certain that the props have the whole weight of the chimney upon them. To get the entire weight resting solely on the props is a most essential feature of the work, for as soon as

ing with the steeple-jack at the base, I could not rid myself of the idea that the whole structure would come upon us. Mr. Smith readily admitted that the shaft was "rocking a bit," but he scouted the suggestion that it would descend before its time, and expressed his willingness to sleep under it if necessary. He invited me to examine the chimney through a pair of small but powerful field-glasses, and I walked some yards away with him and did so. The aspect was startling.



THE WALSDEN CHIMNEY—THE STACK FALLING.
From a Photo. by Henderson & Co., Rochdale.



From a Photo. by]

THE WALSDEN CHIMNEY—AFTER THE FALL.

[Henderson & Co., Rochdale.

The flames burned furiously for nearly twenty-five minutes. Then Mr. Smith flung on his last pailful of paraffin, and in obedience to the ominous crackling of the shaft, he retired from the immediate vicinity of the base, and waited at a few yards' distance for the fall.

The steeple-jack waved his hand as a signal that the end had come, and an instant later the base of the chimney burst out, and the stack

came down in telescopic fashion, with a rumbling noise like distant thunder. About 30ft. from the ground there appeared a yawning fissure, and the chimney above that for some 30ft. was a mass of crumbling stonework. The top part, for a length of some 60ft. or more, remained intact almost until the ground was reached, but as it struck the earth it was dashed to pieces, and not two stones of the entire shaft held together when the "fall" had been completed.

There were numerous cracks in the side, and a total absence of mortar between the stones. The rain and wind of eighty years had effectually destroyed the cementing qualities of the material, and it was evident enough that it was time for the chimney to be laid to rest. The critical moment having come for lighting the fire, the steeple-jack ordered everybody away to places of safety, keeping near him only a tried assistant, and even his services were soon dispensed with. A match was put to the shavings, and instantly the flames were roaring and leaping about the base of the chimney, and a dense cloud of smoke burst from the summit.

The work of the steeple-jack was by no means done when he had applied the match. The most critical part of his task had to be accomplished. This consisted of feeding the fire with paraffin and liquid tar, so that the props should burn equally and collapse together. Pailful after pailful of the liquid was thrown upon the blazing mass, the steeple-jack going in front of the chimney in a manner which caused the spectators to shudder lest the stack should fall upon him. Every time a pailful of oil or tar was dashed upon the fire there was an immense sheet of flame, accompanied by a black cloud of smoke and a roar as the fierce heat swept up the chimney, in spite of the protecting wall that had been built in the interior. Some of the smoke burst out of the old stack's side in long, snaky folds, and, made a wonderfully fascinating picture.

The accompanying photographs by Messrs. Henderson and Co., of Rochdale, give an admirable idea of the operation. The first shows the chimney after it had been prepared for "felling"; the second is a picture of the base a few minutes before the fire was lighted, the third shows the shaft in the act of falling, and the fourth is a representation of the scene immediately after the work was done.

The accompanying photographs by Messrs. Henderson and Co., of Rochdale, give an admirable idea of the operation. The first shows the chimney after it had been prepared for "felling"; the second is a picture of the base a few minutes before the fire was lighted, the third shows the shaft in the act of falling, and the fourth is a representation of the scene immediately after the work was done.

It is no part of the "feller's" duty to remove the *débris*. His sole task is to bring the chimney down. As a rule, the owner of the stack furnishes the material for the fire, and arranges for the taking away of the ruins. Considering the skill required and the danger run in felling a chimney, the price asked for the work seems absurdly small. The cost of the operation varies from £10 to £20, according to the size and location of the shaft.

The method of subverting all chimneys, whether square, round, or octagonal, is the same. In the case of an octagonal structure the whole of five "cants" are cut out—each

side is called a "cant"—while with round stacks a corresponding proportion of the base is removed.

Felling such a stack as that which I have described, or, indeed, any shaft which can be laid upon a stretch of open ground, is a tolerably easy undertaking to the steeple-jack. He has much more difficult work to do when he wishes to raze a chimney that is surrounded by buildings and has to be brought down within a very limited area. Give the "Lancashire Steeple-jack" a radius of twenty feet, however, and he will collapse a chimney in an almost perpendicular fashion.

In such a case the system of propping is more elaborate than that for chimneys which are to be felled on open ground. The entire base is cut away, and the stack is supported only by the timber. It is necessary to lay the fire with the utmost care and nicety, and to feed the flames so that the whole of the props shall collapse at the same moment, and allow the chimney to settle down on the spot where the base has rested. As it falls, the chimney telescopes, and, as a rule, forms itself into a great heap of brick or stone over the foundations.

Asked if a chimney could not be brought down within an even less area than 20ft., Mr. Smith replied, "Some men might say 'yes,' but, for my own part, I should not like to try and, at the same time, guarantee safety. I always say that he isn't a good carter who has an accident every time—he is the best who brings his horse home safe, even if he is a bit longer over the journey. I can," he added, with a touch of pride, "bring down in seventeen hours a chimney that has taken three months to build."

It is essential that the man who is felling a chimney should remain at the base until the last moment, so that he may see that the fire is properly fed and that the stack falls upon the spot which has been mapped out for its reception. The place upon which the *débris* will alight can be told with great exactness. At

Walsden Mr. Smith indicated to me a couple of imaginary lines within which the chimney would fall. When the stack had come down I found that the stones were confined within the precise space that the steeple-jack had shown. Another time he pointed out to some spectators a couple of trees between which he intended a stack to fall. There was only just room to receive it, but the shaft fell straight between the trunks, lopping off a few twigs of each tree in its descent.

"A chimney is bound to fall one way," said Mr. Smith, "and that is in the direction in which the cutting-out has been made. It will fall so, of course, if the fire is properly attended to and kept burning equally all round the props. The time occupied in burning through the props is from fifteen to twenty-five minutes. Chimneys vary but little in this respect, as the principle I adopt is the same in all cases."

"Which is the easier to fell—a brick or a stone chimney?" I asked.

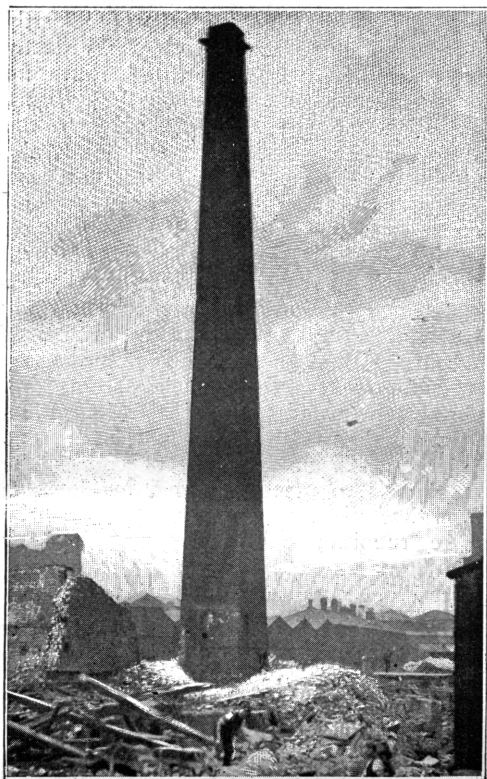
The steeple-jack answered, "I should say a brick, because they generally have an even 'bond,' that is, the crossing of the bricks. Look at a brick chimney, and you will see that the bricks are laid two ways, one with the long side and the other with the end facing you. The narrow ends show the bricks that make the 'bond,' as we call it. The bricks are simply laid at right angles. Stone chimneys, as a rule, are built with

good stone outside and rubble inside. You are more sure of the brick than stone chimney, because in getting your props in, the rubble might collapse and bring the stack down upon you."

A chimney may be levelled in any direction, according to the wish of the operator. If it is necessary to fell a square structure cornerwise, the task can be accomplished as easily as overturning the stack on to one of its sides. Only a few months ago Mr. Smith brought down, end-wise, a square chimney for the Bury Corporation. This was



From a Photo. by] FIRING THE PROPS. [J. C. Barrow, Bury.



THE BURY CHIMNEY.
From a Photo. by Henderson & Co., Rochdale.

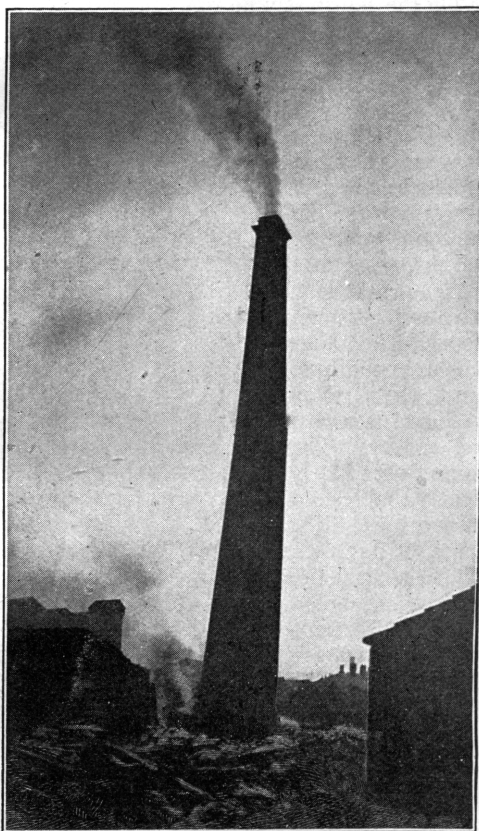
an old brick shaft 120ft. high, with a base 10ft. square, and a width at the top of 5ft. 6in. The structure was very much worn and shaken, and in order to prevent bulging the operator placed an iron belt round the stack a few yards from the base, a precaution which he always takes when the condition of the chimney needs it. This chimney fell, a complete wreck, about twenty-five minutes after the fire had been lighted. It buckled in the centre, and almost measured its full length upon the ground which had been prepared to receive it. A series of photographs of this "fall" are given. It will be noticed that a lady had the pleasure of lighting the fatal match. Mr. Smith is very gallant, and once invited a girl of ten to perform the interesting ceremony. The little maiden, however, begged to be excused. The towering subverted structure had a gloomy terror for her.

Sometimes a stack will topple over nearly intact, and the *débris* will cover a space about equal in length to the height of the structure. More often the chimney as it falls will break into two or three parts, the lowest of which will crumble upon the base and the rest turn over. In that event, the ground occupied

by the fallen material will be, roughly speaking, equal to about two-thirds of the height of the shaft.

When a chimney is about to collapse it gives what is technically called a "groan"; then the operator knows that the time has come for him to seek a place of refuge. He is content if he has a retreat covering an area of about 30ft., but the hair of most men would blanch at the idea of being so near the tottering mass. In the photograph which shows the collapse of the Walsden structure, Mr. Smith will be seen on the right, only just out of reach of the bursting base.

The "Lancashire Steeple-jack" has good cause to be thankful for a chimney's "groan." Once, when he was up a tall shaft at Chorley—which was greatly out of plumb—he heard the ominous sound. To hear it was almost to listen to the knell of death itself, and no man knew this better than Mr. Smith. He was then, as he is now, a man of wonderful activity, and like a cat he slipped down the life-line, and having reached the ground he fled from the falling mass. Long experience



THE BURY CHIMNEY FALLING.
From a Photo. by Henderson & Co., Rochdale.

had told him which way the stack would go, and even in that moment of supreme peril he did not lose his head. He had only got ten yards away when the chimney fell to the ground, on the side opposite to that by which he was escaping.

Incessant watchfulness is needed when a chimney is being prepared for a "fall," lest it should collapse before its time. With a tolerably sound structure little danger is to be apprehended, but with a worn and decayed pile the case is different. A year or two ago Mr. Smith was engaged to bring down a large shaft in Lancashire. It was a round structure, 180ft. high, with a base 13ft. in diameter, and weighed nearly 600 tons. The singular feature about it was that it was 4ft. out of the perpendicular. The expert knew that it would be almost impossible to keep the stack standing until the base had been removed and the props put in, but he did not shrink from making the attempt. This was an unusually dangerous and difficult operation, and his men were at work upon it for four days, preparing for the "fall."

On the fourth day he was employed at the base when he noticed sure signs that the end had come. He at once ordered everybody except two of his men to stand clear of the chimney, saying that it would be down in ten minutes. Like a good surgeon, he kept to his patient to the last. He and his men took out another cut from the base and then they made off to a post of safety. The shaft immediately fell in the desired direction. For once, at any rate, the help of the fire was not needed.

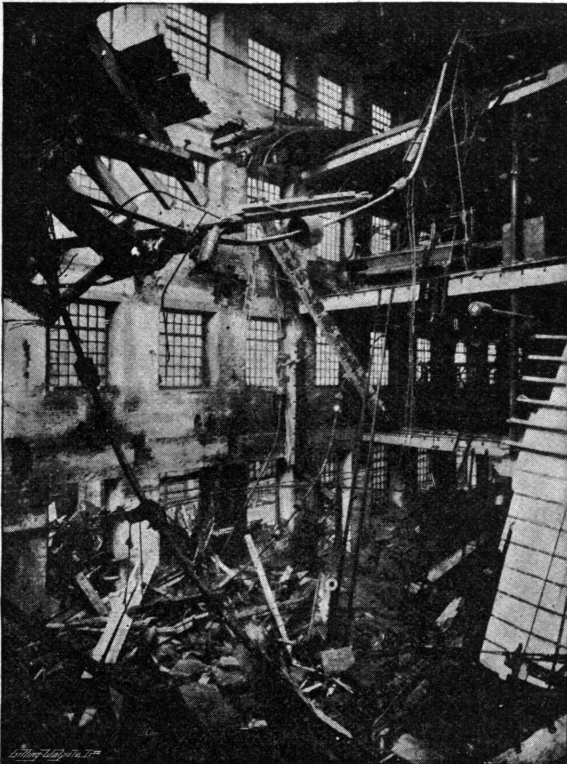
Generally speaking, if a small gap is made in the base a chimney will fall straight over, especially if the mortar is good and holds the bricks or stones well together; if a

large gap is cut, the stack will tumble partly over and then collapse. How it will exactly come down, whether in one mass and measure pretty nearly its full length on the ground, or in two or three sections, not even the most experienced man can tell. As a rule, however, the stack will buckle or break in one or more places and reach the ground in sections, but following so closely upon each other as to be seen separately only by a sharp and observant eye. The best eye of all for such a purpose is that of the camera.

Felling a chimney has many advantages over the method of demolition from the top. In addition to being much cheaper and quicker, the material of the shaft suffers less than if the removal is brick by brick or stone by stone. In many cases, of course, the material is so much damaged by the heat from the boilers and by the weather as to be mere rubbish; but very often, especially with stone structures, it can be used again for building purposes.

By way of showing the devastation a falling shaft can cause, a photograph is here reproduced of the damage done by the fall of the chimney at Marsh Mills, Cleckheaton, Yorkshire, on February the

24th, 1892, by which fourteen persons were killed. This shaft was being repaired when it came down. The chimney was 180ft. high, with a diameter at the base of 15ft. It was circular in form, was built of brick, and weighed about 500 tons. In this case the shaft crushed down for 60ft. or 70ft. before tumbling over on to the mill. This "crushing down," it will be remembered, is a special feature of the collapse of a chimney which has had the entire base removed and replaced by props that are to be burned through.



THE CLECKHEATON CHIMNEY DISASTER.
From a Photo. by R. J. Appleton & Co., Bradford.



IN THE JULES

BY BRET HARTE.



HE had never seen a steamboat in his life. Born and reared in one of the Western Territories, far from a navigable river, he had only known the "dug-out" or canoe as a means of conveyance across the scant streams whose fordable waters made even those scarcely a necessity. The long, narrow, hooded waggon, drawn by swaying oxen, known familiarly as a "prairie schooner," in which he journeyed across the plains to California in '53, did not help his conception by that nautical figure. And when at last he dropped upon the land of promise through one of the Southern mountain passes, he halted all unconsciously upon the low banks of a great yellow river amidst a tangled brake of strange, reed-like grasses that were unknown to him. The river, broadening as it debouched through many channels into a lordly bay, seemed to him the *ultima thule* of his journeyings. Unyoking his oxen on the edge of the luxuriant meadows which blended with scarcely any line of demarcation into the great stream itself, he found the prospect "good" according to his lights and prairial experiences, and converting his halted waggon into a temporary cabin, he resolved to rest here and "settle."

There was little difficulty in so doing. The cultivated clearings he had passed were few

and far between; the land would be his by discovery and occupation; his habits of loneliness and self-reliance made him independent of neighbours. He took his first meal in his new solitude under a spreading willow, but so near his natural boundary that the waters gurgled and oozed in the reeds but a few feet from him. The sun sank, deepening the gold of the river until it might have been the stream of Pactolus itself. But Martin Morse had no imagination; he was not even a gold-seeker; he had simply obeyed the roving instincts of the frontier-man in coming hither. The land was virgin and unoccupied; it was his; he was alone. These questions settled, he smoked his pipe with less concern over his three thousand miles' transference of habitation than the man of cities who had moved into a next street. When the sun sank he rolled himself in his blankets in the waggon bed and went quietly to sleep.

But he was presently awakened by something which at first he could not determine to be a noise or an intangible sensation. It was a deep throbbing through the silence of the night—a pulsation that seemed even to be communicated to the rude bed whereon he lay. As it came nearer it separated itself into a laboured, monotonous panting, continuous, but distinct from an equally monotonous but fainter beating of the waters, as if

the whole track of the river were being coursed and trodden by a multitude of swiftly-trampling feet. A strange feeling took possession of him—half of fear, half of curious expectation. It was coming nearer. He rose, leaped hurriedly from the waggon, and ran to the bank. The night was dark; at first he saw nothing before him but the steel-black sky pierced with far-spaced, irregularly scattered stars. Then there seemed to be approaching him, from the left, another and more symmetrical constellation; a few red and blue stars high above the river, with three compact lines of larger planetary lights flashing towards him and apparently on his own level. It was almost upon him; he involuntarily drew back as the strange phenomenon swept abreast of where he stood, and resolved itself into a dark, yet airy, bulk, whose vagueness, topped by enormous towers, was yet illuminated by those open squares of light that he had taken for stars, but which he saw now were brilliantly-lit windows.

Their vivid rays shot through the reeds and sent broad bands across the meadow, the stationary waggon, and the slumbering oxen. But all this was nothing to the inner life they disclosed through lifted curtains and open blinds, which was the crowning revelation of this strange and wonderful spectacle. Elegantly-dressed men and women moved through brilliantly-lit and elaborately-gilt saloons; in one a banquet seemed to be spread, served by white-jacketed servants; in another were men playing cards around marble-topped tables; in another the light flashed back again from the mirrors and glistening glasses and decanters of a gorgeous refreshment saloon; in smaller openings there was the shy disclosure of dainty, white curtains and velvet lounges of more intimate apartments.

Martin Morse stood enthralled and mystified. It

was as if some invisible Asmodeus had revealed to this simple frontier-man a world of which he had never dreamed. It was *the* world—a world of which he knew nothing in his simple, rustic habits and profound Western isolation—sweeping by him with the rush of an unknown planet. In another moment it was gone; a shower of sparks shot up from one of the towers and fell all around him, and then vanished, even as he remembered the set piece of "Fourth of July" fireworks had vanished in his own rural town, when he was a boy. The darkness fell with it too. But such was his utter absorption and breathless preoccupation that only a cold chill recalled him to himself, and he found he was standing mid-leg deep in the surge cast over the low banks by this passage of the first steamboat he had ever seen!

He waited for it the next night, when it appeared a little later from the opposite direction, on its return trip. He watched it the next night and the next. Hereafter he never missed it, coming or going—whatever the hard and weary preoccupations of his new and lonely life. He felt he could not have slept without seeing it go by. Oddly enough, his interest and desire did not go further. Even had he the time and money to spend in a passage on the boat, and thus actively realize the great world of which he



"HE WAS STANDING MID-LEG DEEP
IN THE SURGE."

had only these rare glimpses, a certain proud, rustic shyness kept him from it. It was not *his* world; he could not affront the snubs that his ignorance and inexperience would have provoked, and he was dimly conscious, as so many of us are in our ignorance, that in mingling with it he would simply lose the easy privileges of alien criticism. For there was much that he did not understand, and some things that grated upon his lonely independence.

One night, a lighter one than those previous, he lingered a little longer in the moonlight to watch the phosphorescent wake of the retreating boat. Suddenly it struck him that there was a certain irregular splashing in the water, quite different from the regular, diagonally crossing surges that the boat swept upon the bank. Looking at it more intently, he saw a black object turning in the water like a porpoise, and then the unmistakable uplifting of a black arm in an unskilful swimmer's overhand stroke. It was a struggling man. But it was quickly evident that the current was too strong and the turbulence of the shallow water too great for his efforts. Without a moment's hesitation, clad as he

was in only his shirt and trousers, Morse strode into the reeds, and the next moment, with a call of warning, was swimming towards the now wildly-struggling figure. But from some unknown reason, as Morse approached him nearer, the man uttered some incoherent protest and desperately turned away, throwing off Morse's extended arm.

Attributing this only to the vague convulsions of a drowning man, Morse, a skilled swimmer, managed to clutch his shoulder and propelled him at arm's length, still strug-

gling apparently with as much reluctance as incapacity, towards the bank. As their feet touched the reeds and slimy bottom, the man's resistance ceased and he lapsed quite listlessly in Morse's arms. Half lifting, half dragging his burden, he succeeded at last in gaining the strip of meadow, and deposited the unconscious man beneath the willow tree. Then he ran to his waggon for whisky.

But to his surprise, on his return the man was already sitting up and wringing the water from his clothes. He then saw for the first time, by the clear moonlight, that the stranger was elegantly dressed and of striking appearance, and was clearly a part of that bright

and fascinating world which Morse had been contemplating in his solitude. He eagerly took the proffered tin cup and drank the whisky. Then he rose to his feet, staggered a few steps forward, and glanced curiously around him at the still motionless waggon, the few felled trees and evidence of "clearing," and even at the rude cabin of logs and canvas just beginning to rise from the ground a few paces distant, and said, impatiently: "Where the deuce am I?"

Morse hesitated. He was unable to name the locality of his dwelling-

place. He answered, briefly:—

"On the right bank of the Sacramento."

The stranger turned upon him a look of suspicion not unmingled with resentment. "Oh!" he said, with ironical gravity, "and I suppose that this water you picked me out of was the Sacramento River. Thank you!"

Morse, with slow Western patience, explained that he had only settled there three weeks ago, and the place had no name.

"What's your nearest town, then?"

"Thar ain't any. Thar's a blacksmith's



"HALF LIFTING, HALF DRAGGING HIS BURDEN."

shop and grocery at the cross-roads, twenty miles further on, but it's got no name as I've heard on."

The stranger's look of suspicion passed. "Well," he said, in an imperative fashion, which however seemed as much the result of habit as the occasion, "I want a horse, and pretty quick too."

"H'aint got any."

"No horse? How did you get to this place?"

Morse pointed to his slumbering oxen.

The stranger again stared curiously at him. After a pause he said, with a half pitying, half humorous smile: "Pike—aren't you?"

Whether Morse did or did not know that this current California slang for a denizen of the bucolic West implied a certain contempt, he replied, simply:—

"I'm from Pike County, Mizzouri."

"Well," said the stranger, resuming his impatient manner, "you must beg or steal a horse from your neighbours."

"Thar ain't any neighbour nearer than fifteen miles."

"Then send fifteen miles! Stop." He opened his still clinging shirt and drew out a belt pouch, which he threw to Morse. "There! there's two hundred and fifty dollars in that. Now I want a horse. *Sabe?*"

"Thar ain't anyone to send," said Morse, quietly.

"Do you mean to say you are all alone here?"

"Yes."

"And you fished me out—all by yourself?"

"Yes."

The stranger again examined him curiously. Then he suddenly stretched out his hand and grasped his companion's.

"All right; if you can't send, I reckon I can manage to walk over there to-morrow."

"I was goin' on to say," said Morse, simply, "that if you'll lie by to-night, I'll start over at sun up, after puttin' out the cattle, and fetch you back a horse afore noon."

"That's enough." He, however, remained looking curiously at Morse. "Did you never hear," he said, with a singular smile, "that it was about the meanest kind of luck that could happen to you to save a drowning man?"

"No," said Morse, simply. "I reckon it orter be the meanest if you *didn't*."

"That depends upon the man you save," said the stranger, with the same ambiguous smile, "and whether the *saving* him is only putting things off. Look here," he added, with an abrupt return to his imperative style, "can't you give me some dry clothes?"

Morse brought him a pair of overalls and a "hickory shirt," well worn, but smelling strongly of a recent wash with coarse soap. The stranger put them on while his companion busied himself in collecting a pile of sticks and dry leaves.

"What's that for?" said the stranger, suddenly.

"A fire to dry your clothes."

The stranger calmly kicked the pile aside.

"Not any fire to-night if I know it," he said, brusquely. Before Morse could resent his quickly changing moods, he continued, in another tone, dropping to an easy reclining position beneath the tree, "Now, tell me all about yourself, and what you are doing here."

Thus commanded, Morse patiently repeated his story from the time he had left his backwoods cabin to his selection of the river bank for a "location." He pointed out the rich quality of this alluvial bottom and its adaptability for the raising of stock, which he hoped soon to acquire. The stranger smiled grimly, raised himself to a sitting position, and taking a penknife from his damp clothes began to clean his nails in the bright moonlight—an occupation which made the simple Morse wander vaguely in his narration.

"And you don't know that this hole will give you chills and fever, till you'll shake yourself out of your boots?"

Morse had lived before in aguish districts and had no fear.

"And you never heard that some night the whole river will rise up and walk over you and your cabin and your stock?"

"No. For I reckon to move my shanty farther back."

The man shut up his penknife with a click and rose.

"If you've got to get up at sunrise, we'd better be turning in. I suppose you can give me a pair of blankets?"

Morse pointed to the waggon. "Thar's a shake-down in the waggon bed; you kin lie there." Nevertheless he hesitated, and with the inconsequence and abruptness of a shy man continued the previous conversation.

"I shouldn't like to move far away, for them steamboats is pow'ful kempany o' nights. I never seed one afore I kem here," and then, with the inconsistency of a reserved man, and without a word of further preliminary, he launched into a confidential disclosure of his late experiences. The stranger listened with a singular interest, and a quietly searching eye.

"Then you were watching the boat very

closely just now, when you saw me. What else did you see? Anything before that—before you saw me in the water?"

"No—the boat had got well off before I saw you at all."

"Ah," said the stranger. "Well, I'm going to turn in." He walked to the waggon, mounted it, and by the time that Morse had reached it with his wet clothes, he was already wrapped in the blankets. A moment later he seemed to be in a profound slumber.

It was only then, when his guest was lying helplessly at his mercy, that he began to realize his strange experiences. The domination of this man had been so complete, that Morse, although by nature independent and self-reliant, had not permitted himself to question his right or to resent his rudeness. He had accepted his guest's careless or premeditated silence regarding the particulars of his accident as a matter of course, and had never dreamed of questioning him. That it was a natural accident of that great world so apart from his own experiences he did not doubt, and thought no more about it. The advent of the man himself was greater to him than the causes which brought him there. He was

as yet quite unconscious of the complete fascination this mysterious stranger held over him, but he found himself shyly pleased with even the slight interest he had displayed in his affairs, and his hand felt yet warm and tingling from his sudden soft, but expressive grasp, as if it had been a woman's. There is a simple intuition of friendship in some lonely, self-abstracted natures that is nearly akin to love at first sight. Even the audacities and insolence of this stranger affected Morse as

he might have been touched and captivated by the coquetties or imperiousness of some bucolic virgin. And this reserved and shy frontier-man found himself that night sleepless, and hovering with an abashed timidity and consciousness around the waggon that sheltered his guest, as if he had been a very Corydon watching the moonlit couch of some slumbering Amaryllis.

He was off by daylight—after having placed a rude breakfast by the side of the still sleeping guest—and before mid-day he had returned with a horse. When he handed the stranger his pouch less the amount he had paid for the horse, the man said, curtly:—

"What's that for?"

"Your change. I paid only fifty dollars for the horse."

The stranger regarded him with his peculiar smile. Then, replacing the pouch in his belt, he shook Morse's hand again and mounted the horse.

"So your name's Martin Morse! Well—good-bye, Morsey!"

Morse hesitated. A blush rose to his dark cheek. "You didn't tell me *your* name," he said. "In case——"

"In case I'm wanted? Well, you can call me Captain Jack." He smiled and, nodding his head, put spurs to his mustang and cantered away.

Morse did not do much work that day, falling into abstracted moods and living over his experiences of the previous night, until he fancied he could almost see his strange guest again. The narrow strip of meadow was haunted by him. There was the tree under which he had first placed him, and that was where he had seen him sitting up in his



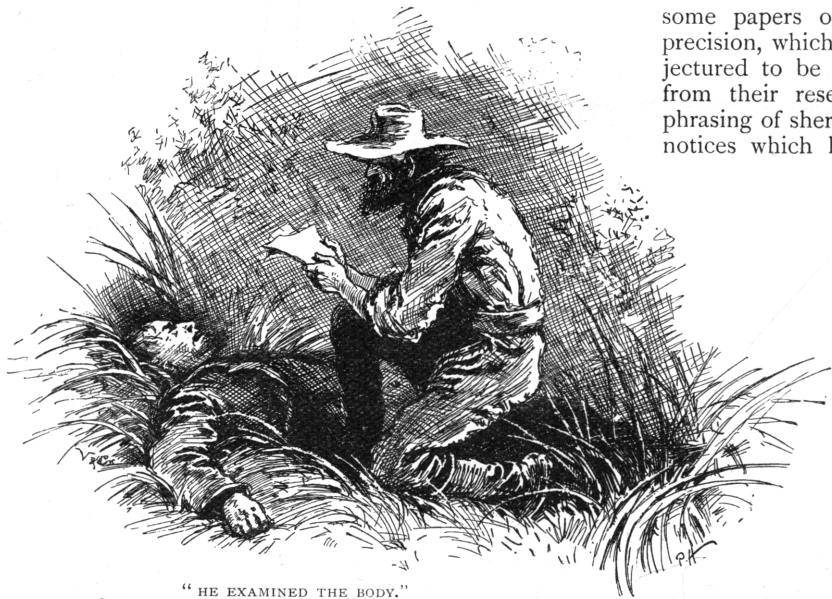
"WELL—GOOD-BYE, MORSEY."

dripping but well-fitting clothes. In the rough garments he had worn and returned lingered a new scent of some delicate soap, overpowering the strong alkali flavour of his own. He was early by the river side, having a vague hope, he knew not why, that he should again see him and recognise him among the passengers. He was wading out among the reeds in the faint light of the rising moon, recalling the exact spot where he had first seen the stranger, when he was suddenly startled by the rolling over in the water of some black object that had caught against the bank, but had been dislodged by his movements. To his horror it bore a faint resemblance to his first vision of the preceding night. But a second glance at the helplessly floating hair and bloated outline showed him that it was a *dead* man, and of a type and build far different from his former companion. There was a bruise upon his matted forehead and an enormous

posing of the evidence of his own crime. Then, to his preposterous terror, he noticed that the panting of the steamboat and the beat of its paddles were "slowing" as the vague bulk came in sight, until a huge wave from the suddenly-arrested wheels sent a surge like an enormous heart-beat pulsating through the sedge that half submerged him. The flashing of three or four lanterns on deck and the motionless line of lights abreast of him dazzled his eyes, but he knew that the low fringe of willows hid his house and waggon completely from view. A vague murmur of voices from the deck was suddenly over-ridden by a sharp order, and to his relief the slowly-revolving wheels again sent a pulsation through the water, and the great fabric moved solemnly away. A sense of relief came over him, he knew not why, and he was conscious that for the first time he had not cared to look at the boat.

When the moon arose he again examined the body, and took from its clothing a few articles of identification and some papers of formality and precision, which he vaguely conjectured to be some law papers from their resemblance to the phrasing of sheriffs' and electors' notices which he had seen in

the papers. He then buried the corpse in a shallow trench which he dug by the light of the moon. He had no question of responsibility; his pioneer training had not included coroners' inquests in its experience; in giving the body a speedy and



"HE EXAMINED THE BODY."

wound in his throat already washed bloodless, white, and waxen. An inexplicable fear came upon him, not at the sight of the corpse, for he had been in Indian massacres and had rescued bodies mutilated beyond recognition; but from some moral dread that, strangely enough, quickened and deepened with the far-off pant of the advancing steamboat. Scarcely knowing why, he dragged the body hurriedly ashore, concealing it in the reeds, as if he were dis-

secure burial from predatory animals, he did what one frontier-man would do for another: what he hoped might be done for *him*. If his previous unaccountable feelings returned occasionally it was not from that, but rather from some uneasiness in regard to his late guest's possible feelings and a regret that he had not been here at the finding of the body. That it would in some way have explained his own accident, he did not doubt.

The boat did not "slow up" the next night, but passed as usual; yet three or four days elapsed before he could look forward to its coming with his old extravagant and half-exalted curiosity—which was his nearest approach to imagination. He was then able to examine it more closely, for the appearance of the stranger whom he now began to call "his friend" in his verbal communings with himself—but whom he did not seem destined to again discover; until one day, to his astonishment, a couple of fine horses were brought to his clearing by a stock-drover. They had been "ordered" to be left there. In vain Morse expostulated and questioned.

"Your name's Martin Morse, ain't it?" said the drover, with business brusqueness; "and I reckon there ain't no other man o' that name around here?"

"No," said Morse.

"Well, then, they're *your's*."

"But who sent them?" insisted Morse. "What was his name, and where does he live?"

"I didn't know ez I was called upon to give the pedigree o' buyers," said the drover, drily; "but the horses is 'Morgan,' you kin bet your life," he grinned, as he rode away.

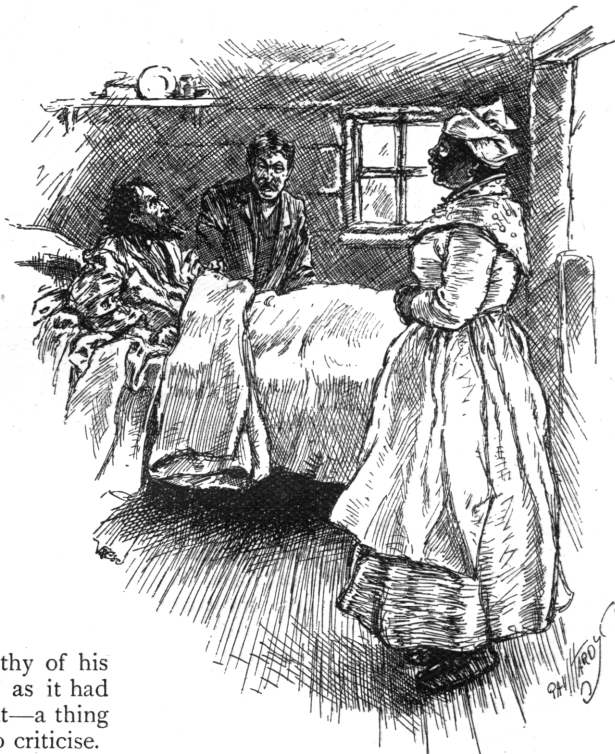
That Captain Jack sent them, and that it was a natural prelude to his again visiting him, Morse did not doubt, and for a few days he lived in that dream. But Captain Jack did not come. The animals were of great service to him in "rounding up" the stock he now easily took in for pasturage, and saved him the necessity of having a partner or a hired man. The idea that this superior gentleman in fine clothes might ever appear to him in the former capacity had even flitted through his brain, but he had rejected it with a sigh. But the thought that, with luck and industry, he himself might, in course of time, approximate to Captain Jack's evident station, *did* occur to him, and was an incentive to energy. Yet it was quite distinct from the ordinary working-man's ambition of wealth and state. It was only that it might make him more worthy of his friend. The great world was still as it had appeared to him in the passing boat—a thing to wonder at—to be above—and to criticise.

For all that, he prospered in his occupation.

But one day he awoke with listless limbs and feet that scarcely carried him through his daily labours. At night his listlessness changed to active pain and a feverishness that seemed to impel him towards the fateful river, as if his one aim in life was to drink up its waters and bathe in its yellow stream. But whenever he seemed to attempt it, strange dreams assailed him of dead bodies arising with swollen and distorted lips to touch his own as he strove to drink, or of his mysterious guest battling with him in its current, and driving him ashore. Again, when he essayed to bathe his parched and crackling limbs in its flood, he would be confronted with the dazzling lights of the motionless steamboat and the glare of stony eyes—until he fled in aimless terror. How long this lasted he knew not, until one morning he awoke in his new cabin with a strange man sitting by his bed, and a negress in the doorway.

"You've had a sharp attack of 'tule fever,'" said the stranger, dropping Morse's listless wrist, and answering his questioning eyes, "but you're all right now, and will pull through."

"Who are you?" stammered Morse, feebly.



"WHO ARE YOU?"

"Dr. Deukesne, of Sacramento."

"How did you come here?"

"I was ordered to come to you and bring a nurse, as you were alone. There she is." He pointed to the smiling negress.

"Who ordered you?"

The doctor smiled with professional tolerance. "One of your friends, of course."

"But what was his name?"

"Really I don't remember. But don't distress yourself. He has settled for everything right royally. You have only to get strong now. My duty is ended, and I can safely leave you with the nurse. Only when you are strong again, I say—and *he* says—keep back farther from the river."

And that was all he knew. For even the nurse who attended him through the first days of his brief convalescence would tell him nothing more. He quickly got rid of her and resumed his work, for a new and strange phase of his simple, childish affection for his benefactor, partly superinduced by his illness, was affecting him. He was beginning to feel the pain of an unequal friendship; he was dimly conscious that his mysterious guest was only coldly returning his hospitality and benefits, while holding aloof from any association with him—and indicating the immeasurable distance that separated their future intercourse. He had withheld any kind message or sympathetic greeting; he had kept back even his *name*. The shy, proud, ignorant heart of the frontier-man swelled beneath the fancied slight, which left him helpless alike of reproach or resentment. He could not return the horses, although in a fit of childish indignation he had resolved not to use them; he could not reimburse him for the doctor's bill, although he had sent away the nurse.

He took a foolish satisfaction in not moving back from the river, with a faint hope that his ignoring of Captain Jack's advice might mysteriously be conveyed to him. He even thought of selling out his location and abandoning it, that he might escape the cold surveillance of his heartless friend. All this was undoubtedly childish—but there is an irrepressible simplicity of youth in all deep feeling, and the worldly inexperience of the frontier-man left him as innocent as a child. In this phase of his unrequited affection he even went so far as to seek some news of Captain Jack at Sacramento, and following out his foolish quest, to even take the steamboat from thence to Stockton.

What happened to him then was perhaps the common experience of such natures.

Once upon the boat the illusion of the great world it contained for him utterly vanished. He found it noisy, formal, insincere, and had he ever understood or used the word in his limited vocabulary—*vulgar*. Rather, perhaps, it seemed to him that the prevailing sentiment and action of those who frequented it—and for whom it was built—were of a lower grade than his own. And, strangely enough, this gave him none of his former sense of critical superiority, but only of his own utter and complete isolation. He wandered in his rough frontier-man's clothes from deck to cabin, from airy galleries to long saloons, alone, unchallenged, unrecognised, as if he were again haunting it only in spirit, as he had so often done in his dreams.

His presence on the fringe of some voluble crowd caused no interruption; to him this speech was almost foreign in its allusions to things he did not understand, or, worse, seemed inconsistent with their eagerness and excitement. How different from all this was his recollection of the slowly oncoming teams, uplifted above the level horizon of the plains in his old wanderings; the few sauntering figures that met him as man to man, and exchanged the chronicle of the road; the record of Indian tracks; the finding of a spring; the discovery of pasturage, with the lazy, restful hospitality of the night. And how fierce here this continual struggle for dominance and existence, even in this lull of passage. For, above all and through all, he was conscious of the feverish haste of speed and exertion.

The boat trembled, vibrated, and shook with every stroke of the ponderous piston. The laughter of the crowd, the exchange of gossip and news, the banquet at the long table, the newspapers and books in the reading-room, even the luxurious couches in the state-rooms, were all dominated, thrilled, and pulsating with perpetual throb of the demon of hurry and unrest. And when at last a horrible fascination dragged him into the engine-room, and he saw the cruel, relentless machinery at work, he seemed to recognise and understand some intelligent but pitiless Moloch, who was dragging this feverish world at its heels.

Later he was seated in a corner of the hurricane deck, whence he could view the monotonous banks of the river; yet, perhaps by certain signs unobservable to others, he knew he was approaching his own locality. He knew that his cabin and clearing would be undiscernible behind the fringe of willows

on the bank, but he already distinguished the points where a few cotton woods struggled into a promontory of lighter foliage beyond them. Here voices fell upon his ear, and he was suddenly aware that two men had lazily crossed over from the other side of the boat, and were standing before him looking upon the bank.

"It was about here, I reckon," said one, listlessly, as if continuing a previous lagging conversation, "that it must have happened. For it was after we were making for the bend we've just passed, that the deputy, goin' to the state-room just below us, found the door locked and the window open. But both men—

Jack Despard and Seth Hall, the sheriff—weren't to be found. Not a trace of 'em. The boat was searched, but all for nothing. The idea is that the sheriff, arter getting his prisoner comf'ble in the state-room, took off Jack's handcuffs and locked the door; that Jack, who was mighty desp'rate, bolted through the window into the river, and the sheriff, who wasn't a slouch, arter him. Others allow—for the chairs and things was all tossed about in the state-room—that the two men clinched *thar*, and Jack choked Hall and chucked him out, and then slipped cl'ar into the water himself; for the state-room window was just ahead of the paddle-box, and the cap'n allows that no man or men would fall afore the paddles and live. Anyhow, that was all they ever knew of it."

"And there wasn't no trace of them found?" said the second man, after a long pause.

"No. Cap'n says them paddles would hev' just snatched 'em and slung 'em round and round and buried 'em 'way down in the ooze of the river bed with all the silt of the current atop of 'em, and they mightn't come up for ages, or else the wheels might have waltzed 'em 'way up to Sacramento, until there wasn't

enough left of 'em to float, and dropped 'em when the boat stopped."

"It was a mighty fool risk for a man like Despard to take," resumed the secondspeaker, as he turned away with a slight yawn.

"Bet your life! but he was desp'rate, and the sheriff had got him safe. And they *do* say that he was superstitious like all them gamblers, and allowed that a man who was fixed to die by a rope or a pistol wasn't to be washed out of life by water."

The two figures drifted lazily away, but Morse sat rigid and motionless. Yet, strange to say, only one idea came to him clearly out

of this awful revelation—the thought that his friend was still true to him—and that his strange absence and mysterious silence were fully accounted for and explained. And with it came the more thrilling fancy that this man was alive now to *him* alone. *He* was the sole custodian of his secret. The morality of the question, while it profoundly disturbed him, was rather in reference to its effect upon the chances of Captain Jack and the power it gave his enemies, than his own conscience. He would rather that his friend should have proven the prescribed outlaw who retained an unselfish interest in him, than the superior gentleman who was coldly wiping out his gratitude. He thought he understood now the reason of his strange and varying moods; even his bitter superstitious warning in regard to the probable curse entailed upon himself for saving a drowning man. Of this he recked little; enough that he fancied that Captain Jack's concern in his illness was heightened by that fear, and this assurance of his protecting friendship thrilled him with pleasure.



"IT WAS ABOUT HERE, I RECKON."

There was no reason now why he should not at once go back to his farm, where, at least, Captain Jack would always find him; and he did so, returning on the same boat. He was now fully recovered from his illness, and calmer in mind; he redoubled his labours to put himself in a position to help the mysterious fugitive when the time should come. The remote farm should always be a haven of refuge for him, and in this hope he forbore to take any outside help, remaining solitary and alone that Captain Jack's retreat should be inviolate. And so the long, dry season passed, the hay was gathered, the pasturing herds sent home, and the first rains dimpling like shot the broadening surface of the river were all that broke his unending solitude. In this enforced attitude of waiting and expectancy he was exalted and strengthened by a new idea. He was not a religious man, but dimly remembering the exhortations of some camp meeting of his boyhood, he conceived the idea that he might have been selected to work out the regeneration of Captain Jack. What might not come of this meeting and communing together in this lonely spot? That anything was due to the memory of the murdered sheriff, whose bones were rotting in the trench he daily but unconcernedly passed, did not occur to him. Perhaps his mind was not large enough for the double consideration. Friendship and love—and, for the matter of that, religion—are eminently one-ideaed.

But one night he awakened with a start. His hand, which was hanging out of his bunk, was dabbling idly in water. He had barely time to spring to his middle in what seemed to be a slowly filling tank, before the door fell out as from that inward pressure, and his whole shanty collapsed like a pack of cards. But it fell outwards; the roof sliding from over his head like a withdrawn canopy, and he was swept from his feet against it and thence out into what might have been another world! For the rain had ceased and the full moon revealed only one vast, illimitable expanse of water. It was

not an overflow, but the whole rushing river magnified and repeated a thousand times, which, even as he gasped for breath and clung to the roof, was bearing him away he knew not whither. But it was bearing him away upon its centre, for as he cast one swift glance towards his meadows he saw they were covered by the same sweeping torrent, dotted with his sailing hay-ricks and reaching to the wooded foot-hills. It was the great flood of '54. In its awe-inspiring completeness it might have seemed to him the primeval Deluge.

As his frail raft swept under a cotton wood he caught at one of the overhanging limbs, and working his way desperately along the bough, at last reached a secure position in the fork of the tree. Here he was for the moment safe. But the devastation viewed



"HE REACHED A SECURE POSITION IN THE FORK OF THE TREE."

from this height was only the more appalling. Every sign of his clearing, all evidence of his past year's industry, had disappeared. He was now conscious, for the first time, of the lowing of the few cattle he had kept as, huddled together on a slight eminence, they one by one slipped over

struggling into the flood. The shining bodies of his dead horses rolled by him as he gazed. The lower-lying limbs of the sycamore near him were bending with the burden of the lighter articles from his overturned waggon and cabin which they had caught and retained, and a rake was securely lodged in a bough. The habitual solitude of his locality was now strangely invaded by drifting sheds, agricultural implements, and fence rails from unknown and remote neighbours, and he could faintly hear the far-calling of some unhappy farmer adrift upon a spar of his wrecked and shattered house. When day broke he was cold and hungry.

Hours passed in hopeless monotony, with no slackening or diminution of the waters. Even the drifts became less, and a vacant sea at last spread before him on which nothing moved. An awful silence impressed him. In the afternoon, rain again began to fall on this grey, nebulous expanse, until the whole world seemed made of aqueous vapour. He had but one idea now—the coming of the evening boat, and he would reserve his strength to swim to it. He did not know until later that it could no longer follow the old channel of the river, and passed far beyond his sight and hearing. With his disappointment and exposure that night came a return of his old fever. His limbs were alternately racked with pain, or benumbed and lifeless. He could scarcely retain his position—at times he scarcely cared to—and speculated upon ending his sufferings by a quick plunge downwards. In other moments of lucid misery he was conscious of having wandered in his mind; of having seen the dead face of the murdered sheriff, washed out of the shallow grave by the flood, staring at him from the water; to this was added the hallucination of noises. He heard voices, his own name called by a voice he knew—Captain Jack's!

Suddenly he started, but in that fatal movement lost his balance and plunged downwards. But before the water closed above his head he had had a cruel glimpse of help near him; of a flashing light—of the black hull of a tug not many yards away—of moving figures—the sensation of a sudden plunge following his own, the grip of a strong hand upon his collar, and—unconsciousness!

When he came to he was being lifted in a boat from the tug and rowed through the deserted streets of a large city, until he was taken in through the second-story window of a half-submerged hotel and cared for. But all his questions yielded only the information that

the tug—a privately procured one, not belonging to the Public Relief Association—had been dispatched for him with special directions, by a man who acted as one of the crew, and who was the one who had plunged in for him at the last moment. The man had left the boat at Stockton. There was nothing more? Yes!—he had left a letter. Morse seized it feverishly. It contained only a few lines:—

“We are quits now. You are all right. I have saved *you* from drowning, and shifted the curse to my own shoulders. Good-bye.

“CAPTAIN JACK.”

The astounded man attempted to rise—to utter an exclamation—but fell back, unconscious.

Weeks passed before he was able to leave his bed—and then only as an impoverished and physically shattered man. He had no means to re-stock the farm left bare by the subsiding water. A kindly train-packer offered him a situation as muleteer in a pack-train going to the mountains—for he knew tracks and passes and could ride. The mountains gave him back a little of the vigour he had lost in the river valley, but none of its dreams and ambitions. One day, while tracking a lost mule, he stopped to slake his thirst in a water-hole—all that the summer had left of a lonely mountain torrent. Enlarging the hole to give drink to his beast also, he was obliged to dislodge and throw out with the red soil some bits of honey-comb rock, which were so queer-looking and so heavy as to attract his attention. Two of the largest he took back to camp with him. They were gold. From the locality he took out a fortune. Nobody wondered. To the Californian's superstition it was perfectly natural. It was “*rigger luck*”—the luck of the stupid, the ignorant, the inexperienced, the non-seeker—the irony of the gods!

But the simple, bucolic nature that had sustained itself against temptation with patient industry and lonely self-concentration, succumbed to rapidly acquired wealth. So it chanced that one day, with a crowd of excitement-loving spendthrifts and companions, he found himself on the outskirts of a lawless mountain town. An eager, frantic crowd had already assembled there—a desperado was to be lynched! Pushing his way through the crowd, for a nearer view of the exciting spectacle, the changed and reckless Morse was stopped by armed men only at the foot of a cart, which upheld a quiet, determined man, who, with a rope around his neck, was scornfully surveying the mob,

that held the other end of the rope drawn across the limb of a tree above him. The eyes of the doomed man caught those of Morse—his expression changed—a kindly smile lit his face—he bowed his proud head for the first time, with an easy gesture of farewell.

And then, with a cry, Morse threw himself upon the nearest armed guard, and a fierce struggle began. He had overpowered his adversary and seized another in his hopeless fight towards the cart, when the half-

There was something so supreme and all-powerful in this hopeless act of devotion that the heart of the multitude thrilled and then recoiled aghast at its work, and a single word or a gesture from the doomed man himself would have set him free. But they say—and it is credibly recorded—that as Captain Jack Despard looked down upon the hopeless sacrifice at his feet, his eyes blazed, and he flung upon the crowd a curse so awful and sweeping, that, hardened as they were,



"MORSE STAGGERED FORWARD."

astonished crowd felt that something must be done. It was done: with a sharp report, the upward curl of smoke and the holding back of the guard as Morse staggered forward *free*—with a bullet in his heart. Yet even then he did not fall until he reached the cart, when he lapsed forward, dead, with his arms outstretched and his head at the doomed man's feet.

their blood ran cold, and then leaped furiously to their cheeks.

"And now," he said, coolly tightening the rope around his neck with a jerk of his head—"Go on, and be hanged to you! I'm ready."

They did not hesitate this time. And Martin Morse and Captain Jack Despard were buried in the same grave.

Street Toys.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST C. FINCHAM.



HE number, the variety, and the ingenuity of the articles which are sold in the streets, mostly for a penny, must have struck every observer with astonishment. Toys form a

large proportion of the stock-in-trade of the itinerant gutter-merchant, and it is of these alone that I propose to give a tolerably complete account. Classified *en masse* under the generic heading of "Toys," they may be roughly divided into three groups: 1. Novelties and curiosities. 2. Puzzles. 3. Toys (mechanical or otherwise).

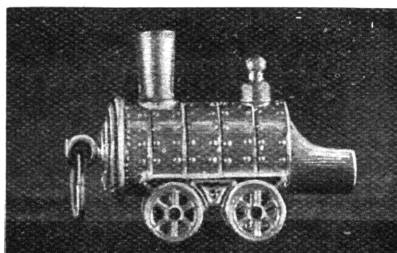
1. NOVELTIES AND CURIOSITIES.

MINIATURE "CHURCHWARDEN" PIPE AND POUCH.—This is a facsimile of the old-fashioned "churchwarden" clay pipe, inseparably associated with a quaint, old-world parlour of a little village hostelry. A tiny india-rubber pouch is sold with these pipes. They bear various legends: "Leave a bit," "Buy your own tobacco,"



"Don't grab," "Pocket none," "Hands off," "Take a pipe," and other inscriptions, more expressive if less polite.

MODEL ENGINE WHISTLE.—A capital little representation of a locomotive in minia-



ture. The body of the engine forms the barrel of the whistle, the footplate of the

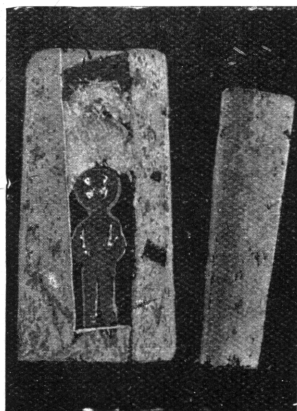
locomotive forming the mouthpiece. Some of the hawkers, who have a sense of the ludicrous, sell their "rolling-stock" with cotton-wool smoke pouring from the funnel.

MINIATURE BIBLE.—"The smallest Bible in the world, containing twenty steel-plate

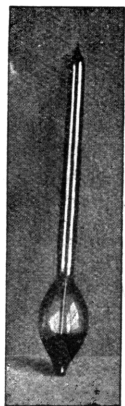
THE BIBLE.	THE BIBLE.
The Bible contains	The 21st verse of the vii. chap.
.. 3,566,480 letters.	of Ezra, contains the alphabet except J.
.. 810,697 words.	The xix. chapter of the 2nd
.. 31,173 verses	Book of Kings, and the
.. 1,189 chapters	xxxvii. chap. of Isaiah are
.. 66 books	alike.
The word "Lord" occurs	The least verse is the 35th of
46,227 times.	the xi. chapter of John.
The word "Réverend" occurs	The 8th, 15th, 18th, and 31st,
only once, which is in the	verses of the xvii. Psalm are
9th verse of the cxi. Psalm.	alike.
The middle and least chapter is	Each verse of the cxxvi. Psa
the cxvii. Psalm.	ends alike.
The middle verse is the 8th of	There are no words or names
the cxviii. Psalm.	in the Bible of more than
	six syllables.

engravings; a penny." The leaves are gilt-edged and measure 1 5-8 in. by 2 1-8 in. It is illustrated by woodcuts, which are very quaint. The last few pages contain some very interesting notes as to the number of letters, words, verses, chapters, books, etc., in the Bible, and other information which is alone worth the expenditure.

CORK CONTAINING A CHINA DOLL.—At first sight this looks like an ordinary cork,



which would fit the neck of an average wine bottle. On closer inspection, however, a narrow strip is seen to be fitted accurately into the body of the cork. On sliding this out a liliputian china doll is discovered



reposing on a couch of pink cotton-wool. Some of these corks contain three miniature dice, instead of a doll.

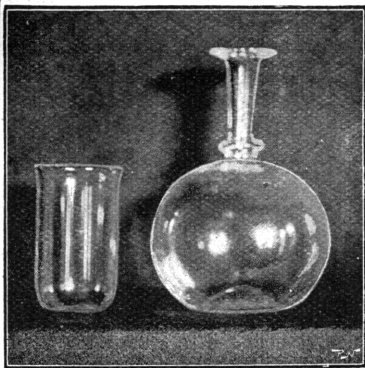
THERMOMETER BULB.—This is a very ingenious little novelty. The bulb contains a liquid with a very low boiling-point. As soon as the bulb is held in the fingers, the liquid begins to bubble up and down the tube in a most reckless manner.



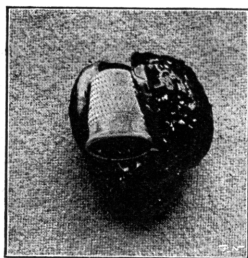
BIRD IMITATOR.—A rough little piece of glazed pottery in the shape of a vase. A mouthpiece projects from one side. When the vase is *half* filled with water, by blowing gently through the mouth-piece the trilling of a canary or a lark can be readily reproduced.

THE ÆSTHETIC FLOWER-HOLDER.—A marvellous pennyworth! Made of metal, with a fern-leaf, in miniature, to retain the flower-holder in the button-hole: this is a veritable *vade mecum*.

CARAFE AND GLASS.—The accompanying photograph gives a very good idea of this dainty piece of glass-ware. A fit present for a doll's dinner-table.



WALNUT CONTAINING A THIMBLE.—In appearance an ordinary walnut, the shell of which has been



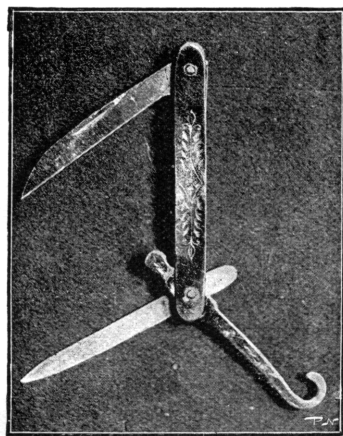
varnished. On examining it more narrowly, the walnut is found to open, on a strong spring hinge, and to contain a little thimble. Others, in place of a thimble, secrete miniature dice; others, again, a tiny

china doll. The spring hinge is made of a piece of broad elastic, each end of which is firmly glued to the interior of the walnut-shell.

"THE LORD'S PRAYER IN THE SPACE OF A THREEPENNY-BIT" drew one's attention to some little metal discs, on the obverse of which was stamped "The Lord's Prayer," and on the reverse "The Doxology." These discs are "struck" six at a time, and are subjected to a pressure of two and a half tons.



KNIFE, TOOTHPICK, AND BUTTON-HOOK COMBINED.—Not very well suited for cutting a piece of hard wood or buttoning a refractory

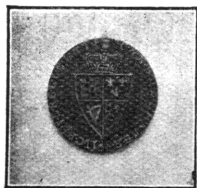


glove, but at the price asked for it, as a "little curiosity," it is not dear.

"THE LITTLE BROOCH-WATCH, A PENNY!"—A miniature watch, suspended from a metal bow, which forms a brooch. This is made in gilt, "silver," or oxydized silver, so that there is an ample range for the most fastidious taste. Occasionally a vendor of these little novelties fastens a score or so

on his coat, and, at a short distance, looks like some much-decorated warrior.

SPADE GUINEA.—An excellent imitation of a spade

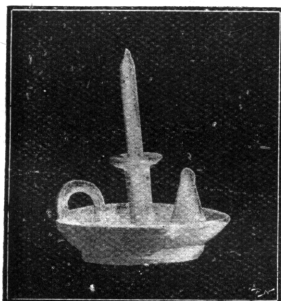


guinea, which at first sight deceives one. On the reverse the letters C-P-E-V-E-R-L-L-E-L-A-T-E-M-C-A-R-R-O-L-L-M-A-K-E-R run from left to right round the coin. On the obverse is the inscription "Georgius III., Dei Gratia."

THE MAGIC BOTTLE.—A narrow bottle about $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. high, with a convex base. It bears a label, "Champagne." The base is "leaded," so that the bottle always regains a vertical position, and will not lie down except by word of command; in other words, until a small rod of iron has been deftly inserted into the neck.

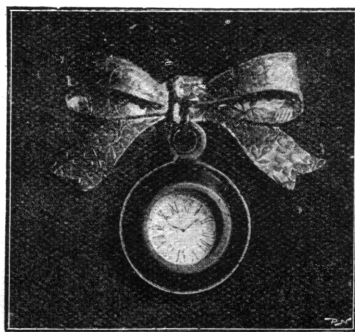
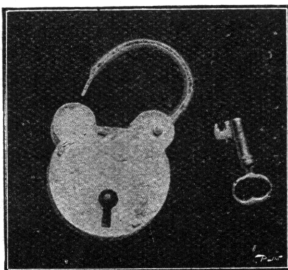


THE LILIPUTIAN CANDLE-STICK.—A tiny model $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. in height and 2 in. in breadth. A miniature extinguisher is provided to put out the wax-match candle when necessary.

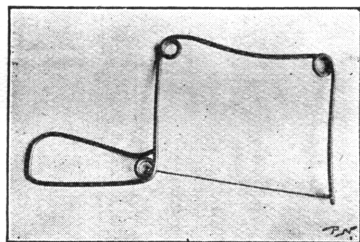


$1\frac{1}{2}$ in. broad. Though crude in finish, the lock acts perfectly.

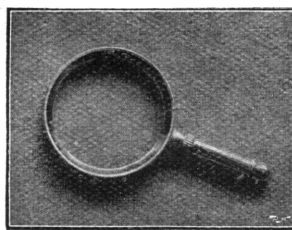
FRET-SAW.—This consists of a wire framework, carrying a fine fret-saw. The frame is "made



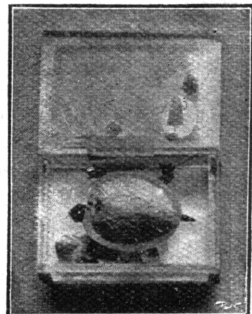
while you wait," of stout wire, about one-eighth of an inch in diameter. A strong piece of board, to which are affixed five iron pegs, is the chief factor in the manufacture of the fret-saw. The wire, rapidly bent into shape round the skeleton outline formed by the pegs, is finished off by the aid of a pair of pincers, the saw inserted, and the whole process completed in less time than has been taken in penning this description.



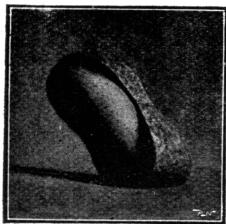
MAGNIFYING GLASS.—The length of this little curiosity is 2 in. Made of a white metal (the handle perforated for attachment to the watch-chain) and carrying a lens of fair magnifying power, it is a useful adjunct in reading small type or deciphering an inscription.



TORTOISE.—A glass box, $1\frac{3}{4}$ in. in length and $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. wide, contains the model of a tortoise 1 in. long. The carapace is well modelled—the head and legs, made of black paper, are suspended from the body by very fine wires. At the slightest movement of the box, the head and legs are set in motion; the effect produced being most realistic.



THE JAPANESE TUMBLER consists of a small, oblong box $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. long, by 1 in. wide. The ends are markedly convex. On being placed on a slightly-inclined plane, this toy turns head

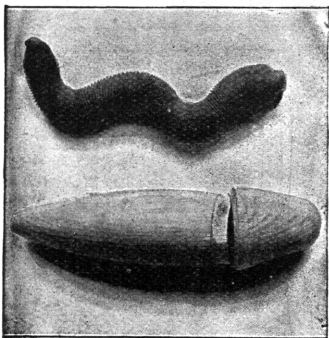


over heels till it reaches a level surface.

SAND - GLASS OR EGG-BOILER. — There is no need to describe the principle of the sand-glass. This one is made for attachment to a flat surface, *e.g.*,

a wall, and works on a pivot, so that when the lower glass is full of sand the egg-boiler can be reversed.

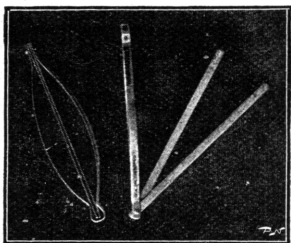
SNAKE. — This gruesome reptile on a closer inspection



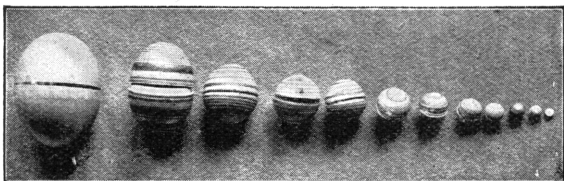
loses some of its terror-inspiring influence. It is found to consist of a spiral bone - shaving ; a split-

pea is fastened to one end, and a roughly carved head with bead eyes and a red flannel tongue is attached to the other extremity—and there's the snake! Packed in a wooden case, it is warranted to frighten any luckless child who, prompted by a spirit of inquiry, may take off the lid.

"HAIR-CURLERS, six a penny," raised my curiosity. When purchased, their mechanism was not apparent, but as my lady-readers are alone interested in hair-curlers, I will not attempt to describe an article which is so much in favour at the present day.



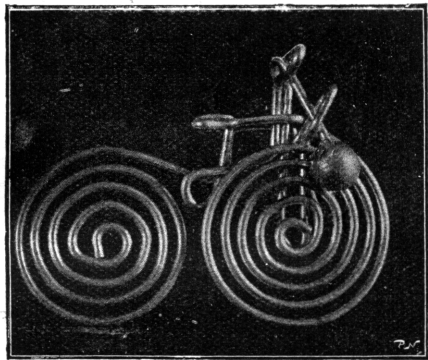
THE JAPANESE EGG. — Made of white wood and slightly larger than "the egg of



commerce," it contains eleven other eggs, each fitting with mathematical precision one inside the other. They are decorated with concentric rings of green and red.

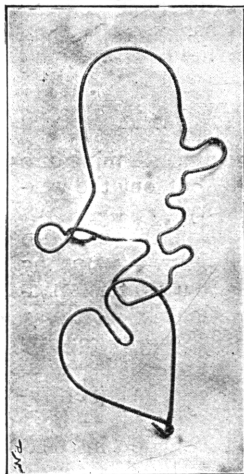
2.—PUZZLES.

BICYCLE PUZZLE.—The round knob attached to the handle represents the bicycle

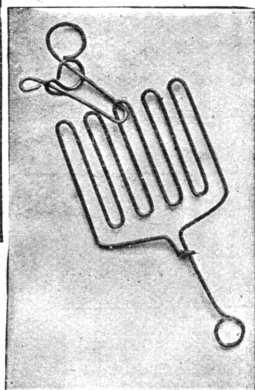


lamp. The knotty point to solve is, how to take off this lamp. A very good puzzle.

"ALLY SLOPER" PUZZLE. — Here the features of "the Eminent" are roughly portrayed in wire. To disentangle the heart from the "Friend of Man's" head is the difficulty.



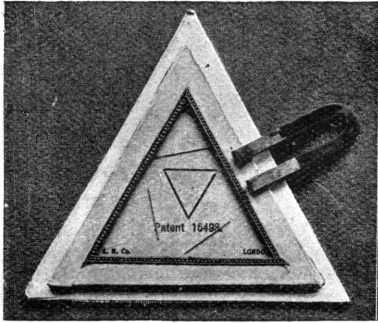
GRIDIRON PUZZLE. —To this is attached an initial letter "A." Before this puzzle is



solved, mental agonies akin to the physical pain of martyrdom on a glowing gridiron will be experienced.

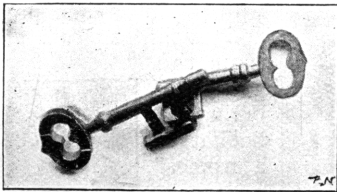
THE MAGNETIC PUZZLE.—This is an excellent puzzle, very simple, yet very difficult. The puzzle is to place the three needles, by the aid of a magnet, exactly upon the three lines of the printed triangle. To effect this,

separate the three needles by drawing them as far apart as possible. Then select any one of the needles, and with the aid of the magnet place it over a line of the triangle, then gently withdraw the magnet from the glass. It is comparatively easy to place the first needle in position, but the



second and third are a source of considerable trouble. In order to complete the triangle one must remember that the ends of the magnet are positive and negative respectively, therefore one must ascertain, when drawing the second needle forward, which end of the magnet is to be held towards the already placed needle in order not to disturb it, and the same applies to placing the third needle.

THE KEY PUZZLE.—Two keys are, apparently, inextricably interlocked. By dint of



much patience and some time they can be separated one from the other.

THE ORIENTAL RING.—The principle of this puzzle-ring is familiar to all who have journeyed as far as India. Place the two wires like sketch A, and then twist the other two wires to form a figure of 8, like sketch B, then draw the widest wire of figure A into the centre of B, then the other wire in a similar manner.

The remainder of this article will be devoted to:—

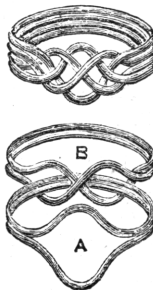
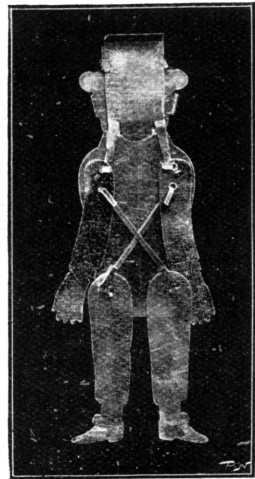
3.—TOYS (MECHANICAL OR OTHERWISE).

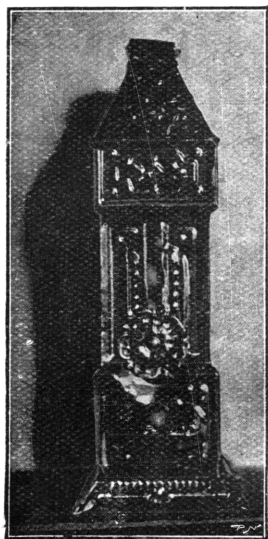
DANCING YANKEE.—This ingenious little toy is made of tin. By placing the thumb and second finger on his ears, and by press-



ing down the top of his hat with the index finger, he shoots out his tongue in scorn, rolls his eyes, and moves his arms and legs as though afflicted with St. Vitus's Dance.

BACK VIEW OF THE ABOVE (to show how the various movements, etc., are effected).—Two pieces of tin (a continuation of the hat) are attached to the arms, just *internal* to their central axis. By applying pressure in a downward direction, the tops of the arms are approximated, the hands and forearms, as a consequence, being jerked out. The leg-movements are produced in a somewhat similar manner. Here strips of tin are attached to the legs at a point just *external* to their central axis, the other end of the strip of tin being fastened to the arm. Hence it follows that, whenever the arms are drawn away from the middle line of the body, the legs follow their example. The mechanism by which these results are achieved is very ingenious and very simple.





AUTOMATIC SWEET BOX.—A dazzling combination of red, yellow, and green tin; in shape not unlike the Clock Tower at Westminster. Through the glazed aperture in the front of the box can be distinguished some sweets, of the size and shape of pills. By pressing a spring at the back, the rosette, which masks a small drawer, is pushed forward. As the

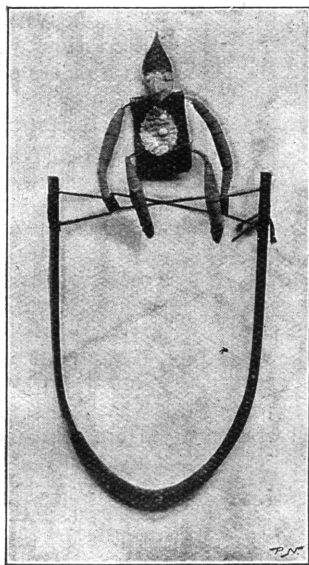
bottom the sweet drops into the little bracket below the rosette. This process is continued until all the sweets are expelled. They can then be replaced by sliding off the roof of the box and refilling the container.

ACROBAT.—A quaint little figure, with feathers in his cap, performs various antics at our behest. By pressure on the sides of the U-shaped piece of cane, the tension on the wool forming his horizontal bar is released. Relax the pressure, the wool is tightened, and the little gymnast is jerked into a fresh attitude. He performs "the up-start" with an ease and confidence engendered by constant practice.

THE MONKEY AND THE NUT.—The principle of this



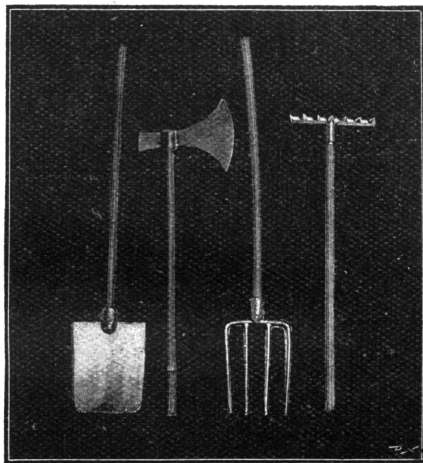
effectual attempts of the monkey to reach the nut are very ludicrous.



toy is, roughly, the same as that of the climbing nigger. The in-

effectual attempts of the monkey to reach the nut are very ludicrous.

GARDENING TOOLS.—A set of gardening tools, comprising spade, fork, rake, and hatchet. These are made of lead and fitted with cane handles. "This is an opportunity



which rarely presents itself, and may never occur again," as an auctioneer would say. The price is one penny!

SQUEAKING FROG.—A life-sized frog, made of a wire frame-work covered



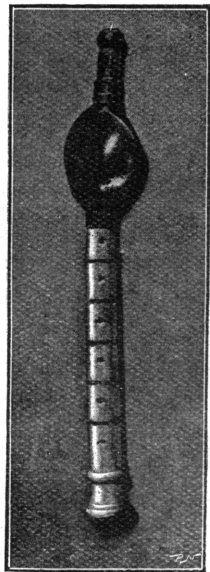
with paper. When pressed it emits a shrill squeak. Judging from the gaudy colouring, its habitat is a tropical region.

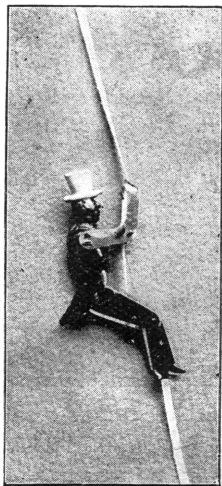
BAGPIPES.—

From this toy, in the hands of the hawker who sells it, strains are produced

which fill the heart of a patriotic Scotchman with pride.

THE CLIMBING NIGGER.—This tin figure and a piece of ordinary white tape furnish us





with a fund of amusement. By holding one end of the tape in the left hand and pulling the other end vigorously, the nigger, by a series of jerky movements, climbs to the summit. The mechanism of this toy is distinctly clever. The tape passes between two india-rubber rollers, which are on a level with the hands of the figure. Thence it passes under and over two tiny rods which connect the ankles. A strong spring in the nigger's pelvis

flexes the thighs upon the trunk. We have here a lever of the first order. The power is the force applied on pulling the tape; the fulcrum, the hinge at the pelvis; the weight is represented by the friction of the tape between the two india-rubber rollers. By extending the thighs the figure is forced a few inches along the tape.

PUNCH AND BABY.—Here Punchinello is seen throwing a puppet from one hand to the other with the greatest ease, turning his head round at each fresh effort with a self-satisfied smile, as if to say, "Alone I did it." The figure is worked by pulling on a string, which is concealed underneath his flowing gown. The mechanism involved is a lever of the first order, the fulcrum being at the shoulder-joint, the weight being represented by the extended arm supporting the puppet. The puppet is fastened to an L-shaped wire. One end of this is fastened in the doll's back, the other to Punchinello's spine. One branch of the L rests on the extended arm of the figure—as this is raised the puppet is carried to



the other side of the body. The head is connected to this wire by a string: this accounts for the movements of the head.

THE REVOLVING BALLS.—Two spheres of wood, an inch in diameter, connected by a piece of elastic, form this toy. The colours of the balls vary, but red, yellow, and green are predominant. Hold one ball in the right hand on some flat, smooth surface, e.g., a

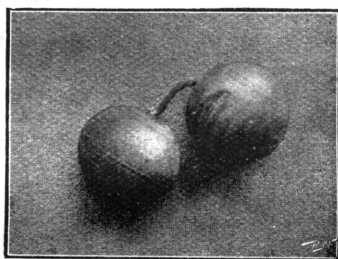
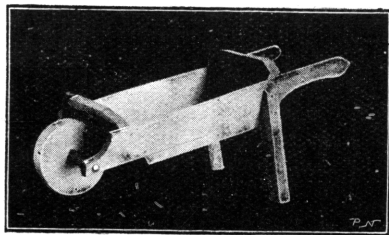


table. Now with a rotatory movement make the other ball describe a series of circles. The connecting piece of elastic

will thus become twisted in a spiral fashion. Release the balls, and they will revolve rapidly, winding and unwinding the elastic until they gradually slow down and finally stop.

GARDEN BARROW.—This will be found very useful in conjunction with the gardening



tools already mentioned in this article, for keeping the garden of the doll's house neat and trim.

MOUSE AND MATCH-BOX.—Apparently an ordinary match-box; on opening it a tiny little mouse creeps out upon the lid. Here again is a very ingenious and simple piece of



mechanism. A piece of elastic attached to the lid of the match-box passes through the lumbar regions of the mouse, and the extremity forms his tail. A small cylinder of wood fastened at each side of the box by

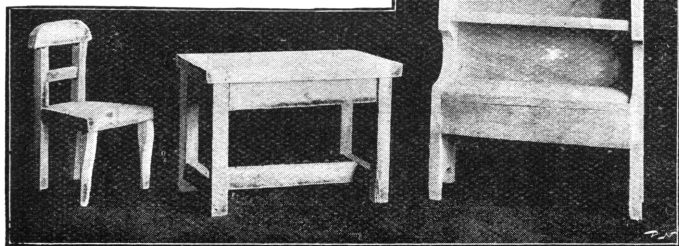
two tin-tacks completes the mechanism. When the box is partially opened, the elastic is made tense, and the head of the mouse is prevented from appearing by the lid. Open the box still further, there is now no resistance to the head of the mouse, and he creeps out on the top of the box.

THE "ANCIENT MASHER."—This odd toy is composed of paper, cardboard, wire, and a piece of elastic. His coat and waistcoat are formed of a single, toga-like garment. The

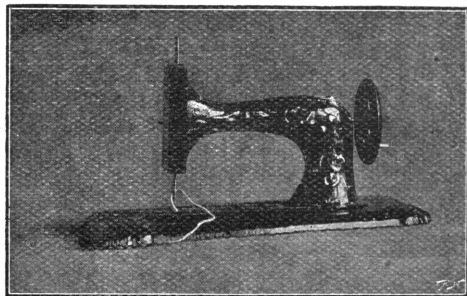
arms and legs are made of rolled paper. The figure is supported by a piece of wire, which runs from the cardboard base up the left arm and emerges at the shoulder-joint, passing then into the body. A second wire, Z-shaped, pierces the thorax from the left side, emerges on the right side and runs down the upper arm, terminating at the elbow-joint.

To this point is fastened a piece of wool, which passes down through a hole in the cardboard base. By pulling this wool the "ancient masher" takes off his hat with an air of ridiculous gravity. This act stretches an elastic band which is attached at one end to his spinal column, at the other end to an arm of the Z-shaped wire before referred to. On releasing the wool, the elastic contracts and the hat is replaced on his head.

KITCHEN FURNITURE.—A well-made dresser, table, and chairs suitable for kitchen use. "Very strong, will wear for years." The dresser is 8½ in. high by 6 in. wide; the table measures 5½ in. in length and 3½ in. in height.

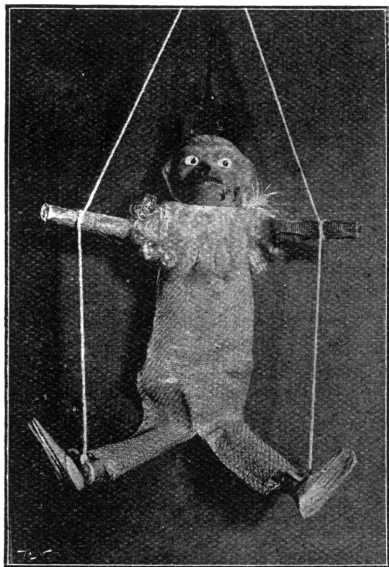


THE MINIATURE SEWING MACHINE is made of stamped tin and tastefully painted. It measures 3½ in. in length and 1½ in. in



height. Furnished with a handle that really turns, and a needle that really moves up and down, no well-regulated doll's house should be without one.

DANCING MONKEY.—This grotesque simian is suspended by means of a piece of



india-rubber. A thread of wool is attached to each of his ankles and wrists. On holding the figure up, the elastic stretches—the wool does not—consequently, the upper and lower extremities are set in motion.

THE COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO TRUMPET.—A 5 in. trumpet, on which stands a haughty chanticleer made of *real feathers*. The rooster measures 3 in. from his spurs to the

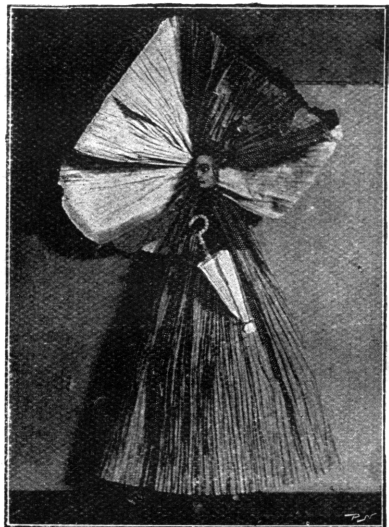
top of the tail, and with his red flannel comb, looks so regal as to well deserve the title of the "Bantam King." The trumpet when blown emits the well-known sounds always associated in one's mind with daybreak in Arcadia.

"THE LITTLE LADY."—This is the figure of a woman with poke-bonnet and dress made of crape-paper; the arms are formed of chenille; the face is



nately pulling on the loops and then relaxing the tension the disc revolves very rapidly, emitting the while a sound half-way between a whistle and a moan.

THE MIKADO is contained in a flat box made of cardboard. Two small tubes lead from the interior of this toy to the outside air. On blowing briskly through



this mouth-piece a Japanese paper figure leaps out. The effect is somewhat startling and decidedly unique.

THE DANCING HOT-TENTOT. — A curious little figure, whose limbs and feet are attached to the trunk

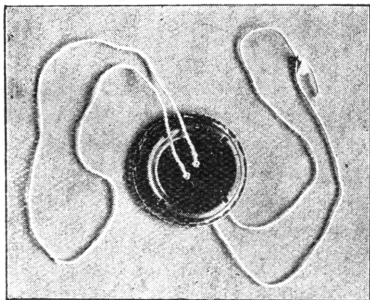


by fine wire. The toy is suspended by a piece of elastic, which passes through the head. Every movement



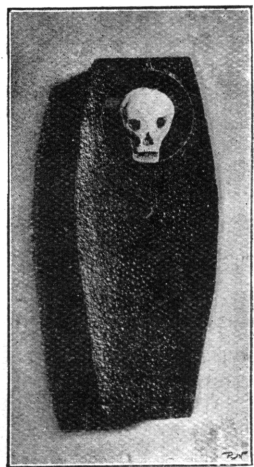
painted on an india-rubber bag which, when distended with air, has a very comical effect.

THE SINGING TOY consists of two concave discs of tin placed in juxtaposition. Four or five square openings on each disc establish a communication between the outside air and the interior of the singing toy. A double loop of string passes through the centre of the discs. Hold each end of the loop in the right and left hands respectively, having first twisted the string several times; by alter-



of the body sets the limbs in action.

DEATH'S HEAD IN COFFIN. — A model of a coffin in black cardboard. On pressing a spring at the back a small disc drops and discloses a grinning "death's head," symbolic of the fate that awaits us all.





ABRAHAM FLEETER was

pacing up and down the room with an air of weariness and disgust; now and then he would turn aside and take down a piece of old armour from the wall, a piece of old earthenware from a shelf, a Byzantine casket from the overmantel; then return it to its place with an impatient grunt.

Mrs. Fleeter, writing letters at a table, watched him from the tail of her eye, and sighed to herself.

Mr. Fleeter threw himself into a chair in front of the clean foolscap paper and pen and inkstand laid out in readiness: he took up the pen, and threw it down again in disgust.

"Can't you get on with your story, Abraham?" said Mrs. Fleeter. "You know the editor's waiting for it."

"He can wait!" said Mr. Fleeter. "I'm sick of writing stories—sick and tired; it's one horrible monotony of writing stories!"

"Then why not do a drawing? They have been waiting over a week now for the illustrations to that story they sent you."

"They can wait another week," said Abraham. "I'm sick of drawing; it's one horrible monotony of drawing!"

"Then take a rest," said Mrs. Fleeter, "and play with your armour and things."

"I'm sick of armour!" said Abraham. "There I see the same confounded pieces on the wall day after day, and week after week: it's so monotonous!"

"Why, you buy a new piece once a week, at least."

"Just so: and that's got dreadfully monotonous, too. I want a change."

"Sell your old stuff, then," said Mrs. Fleeter, "and buy ——"

"*Sell my old stuff?*" shouted Abraham. "What—all those things I'm so fond of—and—and—so confoundedly sick of?"

He walked to the window and stared out; his head gloomily lowered, and the corners of his mouth down.

"What a beastly garden!" he growled.

"It's your own taste—you planted it yourself," said his wife.

"Yes—but what the goodness do the same blessed trees want to stick in the same blessed place for, morning after morning? There's that horrible mountain ash, for example; there it stands every day when I look out after breakfast, always in exactly the same spot; and, what's more, every spring it bears the same dirty-white flowers; and

every summer they turn to the same unoriginal red berries; and there they stick—until the same blackbird comes and pulls 'em all off. He *does* do that for me; he feels just like *I* do about 'em; *he* can't see what the deuce they want to come there year after year for, as if the idiots hadn't a new idea among 'em! There was a little relief this year—it certainly did freeze hard a morning or two at the end of May—but I don't like the weather, either."

"Oh, Abraham!" said Mrs. Fleeter, with a tear in her eye; "don't be so

discontented! It's really coming to such a pitch——"

"Keziah!" said Mr. Fleeter, very slowly and gravely. "It *is*. I can't stand it



"I'M SICK OF ARMOUR."

any longer, and I *won't*. I *will* have a change——”

“Ah, you had better change yourself!” said Keziah.

“I *will*!” said Abraham, in a low, determined voice; “I *will*. I will not be I any longer—it’s too monotonous. I will not be a draughtsman—nor a writer—nor—— Why the deuce——?”

“Don’t swear, Abraham!” pleaded Keziah: but it was too late. There was a low triple tap at the door, and John, the servant, entered as usual to clear away the breakfast-things. John was tall and gaunt, with a thin, sallow face, a slight, black moustache ending in two turned-up points, a tiny beard also ending in two points, and black eyebrows which sloped upwards from the top of his nose at a steep angle, and finished off in tufts at the highest point. Mrs. Fleeter left the breakfast-room to attend to her house, and John softly closed the door.

Mr. Fleeter was standing looking out of window, with his back to the room. He seemed to grow uncomfortable, and brought his hand round several times to the back of his head as though a fly were teasing him. He changed from foot to foot, and began to shiver slightly; then slowly turned round as if involuntarily, and looked at John. John was standing with his eyes fixed on his master; and his master gasped and his jaw fell.

“Life *is* monotonous, sir, isn’t it? Very monotonous! There’s some mistake about it all. What’s required is change—change—change! There’s some excitement about change! Who wants to know what he’ll see and do when he gets up in the morning? Who wants to have the same dull, hackneyed round of commonplace experiences to go through day after day and year after year? It’s slow torture—not life at all!”

What Mr. Fleeter ought to have said, and expected to say, was, “John, I’ll trouble you

to leave off talking this sort of nonsense and go on with your duties.”

But that’s what he did not say. He stood with parted lips, glaring at John, and muttered, “Yes—yes! That’s it, exactly! That’s what I feel—that’s——Hang it, if I could only be something else, suddenly, to-morrow morning!”

“What would you prefer to be, on waking to-morrow morning?” asked John, the servant, bringing out a small, black pocket-book in a strangely business-like manner, and waiting with the pencil on one of the leaves.

Abraham Fleeter gasped a little gasp, and, glaring in a bewildered way at John, rubbed his forehead.

“Better make it as complete a change as possible,” said John. “You are an intellectual, talented man; you make your living by constant mental effort; your mind has kept your body thin; you are a nervous, sensitive man—fastidious and refined in your tastes. Now, suppose you were to wake up a sporting publican?”

Abraham conquered a passing sense of disgust, then said, “Yes, that *would* be a change; that would do capital.”

“Very good, sir;

thank you, sir,” said John, softly, and went on clearing away.

All that day Abraham was in a wild whirl of confused thoughts. Uncomfortable misgivings verging upon fear; a vague and disturbing sense of having taken a regrettable step, and an occasional impulse to try to undo it, occupied his morning. After lunch his sensations were less unpleasant, and he gave way to a potent impulse to jeer at his garden, and his armour, and his pottery—and tell them vauntingly that they would see no more of him after that day.

“Yah!” he said to the Elizabethan suit in the corner; “you’ll miss me to-morrow morning, but I sha’n’t miss *you*. My tastes will have changed: I sha’n’t care twopence for



“JOHN.”

such as you, and I sha'n't miss you—do you hear, you monotonous idiot? And you,” he continued, looking out of window at the mountain ash with the dirty-white flowers, “you won't be able to annoy me with your confounded sameness; so put *that* in your pipe and smoke it!”

That evening Keziah concluded that he must have gone mad; he chuckled by the half-hour together, and kept winking at her in a way that suggested the knowledge of a “good thing,” too enjoyable to be expressed in words. She shook her head, and sighed, and murmured: “Poor Abraham! I must ask Dr. Pillington about him!”

And that night Abraham sank to sleep chuckling insanely: then, before five minutes had elapsed, started from his sleep in terror, and sat upright in bed, muttering about undoing some step or other, and then chuckled again, and nodded at the principal articles of furniture in the room, and said, “Ta-ta! By-by! Take care of yourselves!” and once more sank to sleep.

Mrs. Fleeter could not sleep for hours, but lay weeping, for she was sure Abraham had gone mad.

Abraham awoke early. He did not feel seedy. This surprised him very much; for, after the manner of the modern town-worker, he had always felt most seedy and limp on waking in the morning.

Then he remembered, and proceeded to rise. To rise required some exertion, and this came to him as a customary occurrence; but on going into things a little more he discovered that corporeal weight, and not want of muscular energy, had caused the difficulty in rising: he was of considerable bulk—a man of some fifteen stone; portly, and rosy, and the picture of health and content.

For five minutes he stood surveying his reflection in the glass of the wardrobe, and nodding approvingly at himself; then he turned toward the bed where Keziah still lay fast asleep and snoring; and instead of a little, thin, anxious-looking woman, he saw a large, plump, rosy matron with a little, turned-up nose.

“Kezzie!” he roared, in a great, round, fat voice. “Time to get up! Derby Day; and the cab'll be round at nine, sharp. Look alive, Kezzie!” He had never called his wife “Kezzie” before—always “Keziah”; but she was not surprised.

When they got down to the breakfast-table in the bar-parlour, they stood face to face with a breakfast which the day before

would have made them feel faint with its vulgar abundance and substantiality: there were cold roast beef, and hot sausages, and bacon, and a large jug of stout-and-bitter, and some cold boiled pork, and half-a-dozen boiled eggs, in addition to the ordinary tea and coffee and toast: but Mr. and Mrs. Fleeter promptly sat down to it, and tucked their table-napkins under their double chins, and set to work heartily. With the change new habits had come upon Keziah: they were repulsive to her, for her mind had not altered; but they were part of her new physical personality.

“John!” shouted Abraham, with his mouth full of cold beef and beer.

John, the head barman, entered and stood with his arms a-kimbo: he was a tall, gaunt man, with a thin, sallow face, a slight black moustache ending in two turned-up points, a small double-pointed beard, and tufted eyebrows ascending at an angle.

“Just keep your eye open while I'm out, John,” said Abraham, “and don't serve old Peters if he's the least bit fluffy. Inspector Jones's got his eye on the house; I've seen him hanging about at the corner. And look out for that smashing gang and their half-crowns—they were round at the ‘Pineapple’ yesterday. And if Rasper and Vittrell's traveller looks in again about that whisky he wants to shove on to us, tell him where to find the door sharp. And just keep your eye on George.”

“Right y'are, guv'nor,” replied John. “'Ope you'll 'ave a good time.”

“Thankee, John,” said Abraham, with a sudden uncomfatableness in his voice, and an eye which turned nervously toward the head barman, and a passing shiver.

All that day Abraham was boisterously contented, shouting with laughter, hobnobbing with the hansom-cabman who drove them down to Epsom, opening bottles of champagne and offering drinks to everybody about, always trying eagerly to get something on “Honeydew,” or “Stewpan,” or “Penny Whistle,” chaffing the bookmakers, throwing at cocoanuts; and finally returning home, with dolls in his hat-band, in a state of mingled drowsiness and elation.

Keziah had taken her part, too; but underneath her joviality, and showing through it, there was a strange constraint.

“*This* is what I *call* a change, Kezzie!” he said, as they sat before an enormous supper after their return home. “This has broken the blessed old monotony, and don't you make any mistake!”



writer of old days ; Abraham looked appreciably thinner and less rosy—and a fortnight later the change had grown beyond doubt.

"Must have some more stout in?" said Abraham to John, the head barman. "Hang the stout—I'm sick of having in supplies of stout, and four ale, and gin, and things. How confoundedly——"

"Monotonous," said John. "Yes ; isn't it? Who wants to be for ever ordering in supplies

of stuff just to have a lot of confounded, saucy people coming in and reducing the supplies again?"

"Just so!" said Mr. Fleeter. "Hang me if I wouldn't give all I have to——"

"Yes," said John ; "what would you prefer to wake up as in the morning?"

Mr. Fleeter pondered a moment, and then said, "What I want is a life of change and adventure—none of your prosy, humdrum, vegetable existences!"

"Pioneer of civilization?" suggested John, drawing out his black note-book. "How's that, gov'nor?"

"That'll do—yes!" said the publican.

"All right, gov'nor—thankee," said John, moving away to serve two threes of Scotch cold.

At that moment Mrs. Fleeter came in from marketing.

"Cheer up, old lady!" said Abraham, with a strange chuckle. "We're sick of this, but it'll be all as right as a trivet to-morrow : you keep your eye on that, Kezzie!"

The publican's plump wife sat down and sobbed. The old discontent had come back to him in its full force ; and he was restless again.

It fell upon her like some tremendous weight, and crushed her. Still, he was again looking forward to happiness in the morning ; so she dried her eyes and tried to smile.

Abraham went out, and returned in half an hour with a small parcel ; out of it he produced a revolver and cartridges. He went into the bar, and practised at the

"You've about hit it there, old 'un!" said Kezziah, in a fat, rolling voice, impeded by gulps of tea ; then she put down her cup, and sighed, and looked sadly at her husband, and continued in quite a low, changed voice : "It is a change, indeed, Abraham!"

For two whole months, Abraham Fleeter, the publican, enjoyed himself immensely amid his new surroundings ; the unaccustomed excitements of the operations incidental to his new calling kept him interested and drove away ennui ; and poor Mrs. Fleeter, seeing him contented for the first spell of time for many years, became almost reconciled to the new and unsuitable circumstances, and had really begun to believe that she should end by enjoying the life of a publican's wife, and wishing for nothing else.

"So long as it can keep him happy, poor dear!" she thought.

But one day, at the end of about ten weeks, Mr. Fleeter had been standing silently gazing out at the bar through the glass partition separating it from the parlour, when he suddenly said :—

"Kezziah, I'm sick of seeing people come into the bar and take a drink, and pay, and go out! I wish they'd do something new—come in on their heads, or something!"

She looked at him. Through the outer husk of the fat and contented publican she seemed to see the shadow of the discontented

ornamental bottles and the advertisements stuck on the mirrors. The customers became alarmed and cleared out rapidly; while John, the head barman, leaned placidly against the counter and looked on with an unpleasant smile of satisfaction. The noise of the shots and the breaking glass made Keziah's head ache, and nearly terrified her into a fit.

"Just as well to practise a bit beforehand," said Abraham, in explanation.

"Say, Kez, thiser kinder fits me right down!" said Abraham. "No durned monotonous hyar, old woman!"

Keziah sat up in the cart and rubbed her eyes; she pushed aside the dirty rag which formed the tilt, and looked out. Abraham was engaged in helping John to kick a skeleton horse into his place between the shafts. Abraham was a big-boned giant in a tattered grey shirt, slouch hat, and greasy brown half-top boots—on his hips hung a pistol in a case.

John's dress was pretty similar; but, while John retained his original physical characteristics, Abraham's aspect was wholly changed. But she knew him well enough.

She was clothed in a dirty grey ragged gown, and an old straw hat lay at her side. At her side also, on the floor of the cart, was a small piece of broken hand-mirror.

She looked at herself: her face was grubby and bony; her tangled hair was hanging all over her shoulders. Her hands were coarse and large, with black edges to the bitten nails. She sank down in the cart and choked with sobs. Then she heard Abraham whistling merrily as he tied knots in the old rope-harness, and she peeped out at him, and sighed and murmured: "So long as it keeps him happy, poor dear!" and wiped her eyes; and then smiled and jumped gaily down and set about preparing breakfast. There were materials and utensils: a lump of rancid bacon, some coffee, a lump of bread, a lump of cheese, and an old meat-tin for a kettle.

Abraham was delighted, and whistled, chuckled, and swore incessantly; she learned from John that they had stolen the cart on the outskirts of a small township the day before; but all this seemed quite new to Abraham, who chuckled over it for a long time.

"We won't have to wait right hyar until they overhaul us, pard," said Abraham. "We'll just have to bustle along with thiser blamed ole thoroughbred and sell the whole

durned inheritance at Casey's Bluffs—whaat?"

"Thur ain't none o' the liar about you, jest fur this minute, Abe!" replied John.

So they sat over the wheels and hammered on the horse's bones with sticks until the blood dripped.

Keziah shuddered and shut her eyes; but Abraham was so elated and blasphemous that she felt a throb of joy, and thought: "It makes him happy, poor dear!"

There was a small cloud of dust behind, far away over the plain. Abraham and John saw it, and redoubled the hammering on the bones; suddenly the lean horse fell, and a wheel flew off the cart, and the three fell out. Abraham picked himself up and kicked the dying horse all over; he did not look to see whether Keziah was hurt; she rose with difficulty, and when she tried to raise her hand to a bruise on her head, the arm would not go up; and with the other hand she felt two spikes in the middle of her collar-bone, projecting under the skin.

"Oh, that'll jest git fixed up all right when we git to Casey's," said Abraham; "you don't need to go howling around like a coyote about that trifle; yer ken jest let yer arm kinder hang loose like a bell-rope, and smile, and the gentlefolks about won't notice nothing amiss."

He roared with laughter at his own humour.

The small cloud of dust now plainly contained a horseman, a few hundred yards away.

"Reckon I ken drop the varmint com-modious from hyar," said Abraham, taking up a kneeling position behind the capsized cart.

"Abraham! Abraham!" stammered Keziah. "You don't surely mean to murder——!" Then she stopped and murmured to herself: "But it keeps him happy, poor dear!" and crouched on the ground, and shut her eyes, and pressed her fingers on her ears.

There were three reports—two from Abraham's pistol and one from that of the pursuing owner of the horse and cart.

"Reckon the sucker ken lay right there," said Abraham. "But the nag'll be useful—whaat?"

So Abraham good-naturedly loaded himself with the silver watch, Smith and Wesson, and knife of the farmer; mounted the farmer's horse, and off went the three towards Casey's Bluffs.

Keziah's collar-bone began to get painful and swell; and she had to keep her arm very

still to prevent the spikes of bone wearing through the skin ; but she trudged on, and when she saw Abraham grinning with happiness and heard him whistle, she smiled and walked along with her usable hand on his. It was the middle of the next day before they reached Casey's Bluffs.

Casey's Bluffs was (or were) most a timber vitriol-saloon ; and Abraham and John promptly entered and called for drinks.

"Hold on!" said the landlord. "I'm thinking you're them same two innocents as is wanted for thieving and murder down to Kearneysville!"

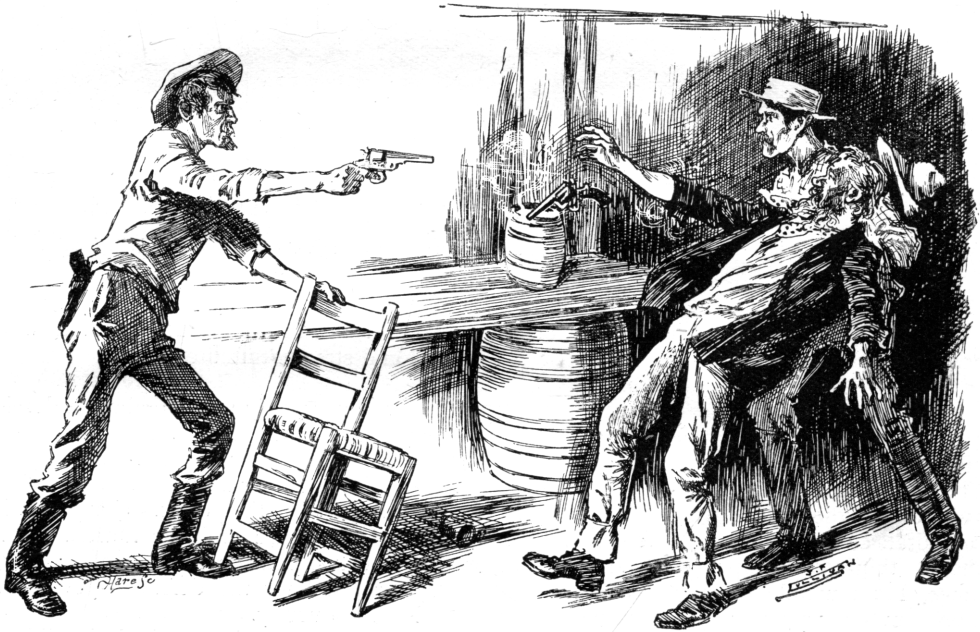
In a flash Abraham's revolver was out, and

on his horse. There was another horse tethered outside ; and John mounted and pulled up Keziah behind him, and the three galloped away over the plain.

After hours they came to a cañon full of undergrowth, and dismounted for a rest. Abraham had brought away a small keg of whisky, and, knocking out the head, tipped it up to his mouth.

"There's hoofs!" yelled Abraham, breaking away from Keziah and rushing to the top of the gully followed by John. A dozen shots resounded ; and Abraham and John returned and sat down.

"If any more of the dogs come crowding



"IN A FLASH ABRAHAM'S REVOLVER WAS OUT."

the bullet passed through the landlord's brain.

Then Abraham jumped over the plank bar, and drank off three tumblers of vitriol with great promptness, while John looked on and smiled.

Abraham turned to leave ; but two men were entering the doorway. One was the landlord's brother, and, taking in the situation at a glance, drew on Abraham : Abraham and John replied ; and the two new-comers fell dead, and Abraham's arm was broken close to the elbow.

Then Abraham hurriedly knocked the head out of a cask of petroleum, lighted a handful of straw, and threw it in the oil covering the floor ; and, with his boots ablaze, leapt

in after us, they'll find their pards there," said Abraham, in a muddled way. "And they ken hev 'em—whaat?"

Then he fell down asleep and lay there till dawn. Keziah still sat there, gazing at him in the grey light. "If it will only keep him happy, poor dear—if!" she said to herself.

Abraham woke, and clapped his hands to his head. He woke John with a kick—then turned deadly white at what he had done ; but John only sat up and smiled his repulsive smile.

"Say, pard," groaned Abraham. "Guess I've got a head onto me that I'd give away cheap. There'll be a pack of their blamed pals around in haaf a shake, or I hain't a livin' fact. Guess I'm about solid sick

o' thisher merriment; it's gettin' blamed monotonous; an' so's thisher arm o' mine, scorchin' like brimstone. Jest you take it as read that I'd trade away my skin to slide slick out o' this ken o' existence——"

and——" She sighed deeply, folded her hands, and murmured to herself: "It does not keep him happy, poor dear!" and a tear stole down her cheek.

"What form of existence would suit your



"IF IT WILL ONLY KEEP HIM HAPPY, POOR DEAR."

"What would you prefer to be at this moment?" asked John, bringing out the black pocket-book—very greasy—from his boot.

"Why—jest hold on—a bishop."

"I fear, my love, that absolute unsuitability of temperament unfits me for the Church!" murmured his lordship, gazing sadly out of the palace window at the silent cathedral close. "Heaven forbid that I should think of complaining; and yet, at times, I am unable to suppress a sense of monotony—a vague sense of yearning for some existence in which more change, more excitement——"

"Oh, Abraham!" said his wife—a grey-haired matron with sweet and thoughtful brow and an air of singular refinement—"it truly grieves me to hear this. For three days only you have filled your present office,

lordship's pleasure?" asked John, the venerable butler with the double-pointed white beard and strange tufted eyebrows.

For two days only was Abraham a dervish—for one day a Greek brigand—for one morning a king—for three hours a prize-fighter—for one hour a burglar.

He stood in the dock, charged with burglary at a house and the murder of the owner and two policemen.

The counsel for the defence—John—was speaking eloquently.

The whirl of change had bewildered Kezia; she had ceased to realize who and what she was. She sank down on the floor of the court and pressed her hands to her aching head, and rocked herself, and moaned: "It doesn't keep him happy, poor dear!"

J. F. SULLIVAN.

An Animal Actor.

(AN INTERVIEWETTE.)—BY HARRY HOW.



OME in!"

This short but suggestive invitation was in response to my knock at the door of a dressing-room of one of London's great variety theatres some time ago. The door was of iron, and my knuckles were only of the ordinary kind. I was somewhat surprised that the gentle tapping produced by a very average pair of knuckles upon an exceptional specimen of the door known as strong should have reached the occupant within. I responded to the "Come in."

The occupant of the arm-chair was Mr. Charles Lauri, a man upon whom may be justly conferred the title of the King of Animal Impersonators. He is decidedly muscular looking, though somewhat short, with a face full of character, and capable of unlimited expression. He invited me to enjoy a big cigar. During the moment that the afore-mentioned weed was passing from his case to my fingers, a rapid vision of cats and dogs, parrots and poodles, frogs and wolves, to say nothing of all sorts and conditions of monkeys—indeed, a positive little Zoo—seemed to have their being in the dressing-room.

Mr. Lauri has impersonated them all, and his realizations of many of the animals he may be said to have created are not likely to be forgotten. In that moment I saw him as the celebrated dog, "Tatters," at the last Lyceum pantomime, scampering after the two little children, romping with them, and having no end of fun with the bed-clothes when it was time for his tiny charges to drop into the arms of the soothing Morpheus. In an instant, one could distinguish him as a poodle, running round the crimson plush of the Drury Lane dress-

circle; and the dressing-room, at any rate in my imagination, resounded with the shouts and laughter of the youngsters as they watched the irrepressible antics of the curly, white-coated dog; some of them wondering if it was real, and the more venturesome pleading with their fathers and mothers to buy the pet for them, and let them take it home. But the poodle was only Mr. Lauri after all!

However much I should have liked to have chatted with the famous artist regarding his poodles and parrots, his cockatoos and cats, the object of my visit to-night was to be a definite one. It was to be a little study of Mr. Lauri as a monkey.

One of the most picturesque and artistic ballets which he has produced, and one which is calculated to show his mimicry as a monkey to the greatest advantage, is entitled "The Sioux," and in a very short time he would have cast off his mufti and put on the monkey. Such was the programme for this evening.

"There you are," said Mr. Lauri, merrily, "there is the monkey, hanging on

the wall; just take an inventory of him!"

I did.

Peg No. 1. Wig and whiskers.

Peg No. 2. A mask which covers the lower part of the face, in order that the protruding jaw of the animal may be faithfully realized. It is a capital mask and well worth its money, being made of substantial leather of a brownish colour, and liberally supplied with thin straps in order to securely fasten it on. The teeth, which glisten in two great rows along the still greater jaws, are warranted ivory, and the eyebrows may be lifted and lowered at pleasure by a small string, which is cleverly carried down into the hairy coat.

Peg No. 3. A remarkable-looking shaggy



MR. CHARLES LAURI.

From a Photo. by E. Lacour, Marseilles.

dress of long hair, which is combed out and brushed most carefully in order to obtain a more realistic appearance.

Peg. No. 4. Socks, a good-looking pair of dark brown socks, made with an entrance for every toe, on the same principle as a pair of gloves.

The various colours used in the making up of the face, a process, by-the-bye, which I described in the last Christmas Number of this Magazine—are all arranged in little tin pans on a table.

Mr. Lauri chats away very genially whilst donning the shaggy coat and transforming his face into as perfect a specimen of a monkey as one could possibly wish for.

He has been playing animals ever since he was eight years old. As a lad he studied their merry little ways, and every moment that he could afford after school lessons were done was given up to carefully attending to the needs of the members of a miniature menagerie in the back garden.

As he grew up his admiration for animals increased, and he soon found opportunities of turning this love to a very profitable account. He soon learnt to positively worship the Zoo, and all that it contained; he swears by the Zoo, and no one regretted more than he when dear old "Sally" was forced to say "good-bye" to its keepers and its uncountable friends, and go the way of all monkeys.

Charles Lauri is never without his camera, and, when walking, is always on the look-out for a suitable subject. Nothing in the way of animal life in the streets escapes his eye, and he frankly confesses that he has been taught many an excellent lesson by those little imps of mischief which perch themselves on the common or garden barrel-organ, and go the whole length of a very short chain, and help themselves to the flowers which bloom in the gardens of highly respectable suburban villas.

"You are quite right," said Mr. Lauri, as he proceeded to paint his forehead, neck, nose, ears, hands, and arms, with a mixture of lard and burnt umber;—"you are quite right, the monkey is my favourite study. There is always something fresh about him; to tell you the truth, they are positively inimitable, and experience has taught me that they do so many remarkable things, that, were I to endeavour to reproduce them all, I should be stigmatized as unnatural. A monkey, so to speak, is always thinking what he can do next. He is seldom still, he must be on the move. He may possibly sit down for a moment to have a quiet think, but the

young rascal is only plotting mischief all the time, and his pulse is beating high in anticipation of doing something which he knows he ought not to do."

There was a tap at the door. It was the warning voice of the call-boy.

"Ten minutes, sir!"

"All right!" replied Mr. Lauri.

The monkey mimic now worked very rapidly. First of all a bit of colour out of this pan; then a bit out of another. The crows' feet and wrinkles are cleverly put on with a camel's hair brush; the mask is adjusted, and it is noticeable that the brown of the mask and the burnt umber on the face are a perfect match; even at close quarters it is difficult to see where the join comes in. Now the wig and whiskers are adjusted. A final glance in the glass. All well! and, hastening from the dressing-room, we hurry along a narrow passage, and in another moment are in the vicinity of the wings on the stage.

The last bars of the overture are being played; the stage manager has rung the warning bell which communicates with the



A MARVELLOUS CLIMBER.

From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis, 20, Upper Baker Street, London, N.W.

men in the flies to tell them to get ready to lift the curtain. Charles Lauri takes a rapid view of the stage to see that all is right. He tries the rope up which he will shortly climb—and what a marvellous climber he is! How quickly he runs up the hempen cord, using his toes with the greatest dexterity in order to get a firmer grip.

"Just a little idea borrowed from the Japanese," he says, referring to his method of conquering a rope.

Now the overture is finished.

"All right! Up she goes!" And the heavily-weighted canvas slowly ascends. It reveals a strikingly pretty scene. The situation is in North America. Here, in a spot where the giants of the forest stretch out their great leafy boughs, as though about to pounce down upon the palms which grow luxuriantly below, and root them out of the earth—here an old settler, with long-grown hair and beard, has pitched his tent. He has two daughters, one a fine grown girl, the other a little one, who may possibly have passed through four summers in this delightful corner of the earth. One feels that much of the interest is to be centred round this maid, whose days are passed in chasing butterflies and gathering flowers. Her life is so perfectly happy and free that she never

seems to pause for a moment to remember that there are such wicked individuals within an easy walking distance as wild and wary American Indians, who would think nothing of cutting off every curly lock of her head, to say the least of it. Tomahawks! This jolly little four-year-old never troubles about such primitive weapons of warfare. But the audience do. They are on the tip-toe of expectation—they know exactly what is going to happen, and the people in front immediately fall in love with this tiny maid, and whispers of affection seem to sweep over the footlights.

Then to a bar of stirring music the settler's son returns. He is a fine, handsome, stalwart-looking middy. The old man and the two daughters receive him back with great rejoicing, I may say unspeakable rejoicing, for everything is done in dumb show. Indeed, so enthusiastic are they in their greetings that one wonders what they would really have said if the stage manager would only have allowed them to let loose their tongues.

But our friend who roamed the ocean o'er is not alone! Oh, dear, no! He has returned with a monkey!

A shout of approval goes up from the audience. They remain in their seats quite



From a Photo. by]

A FAMILY GATHERING.

[Alfred Ellis.



CHADI'S PLAYMATE.
From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis.

comfortably, for they know that the body that breathes within that shaggy coat, and the eyes that twinkle behind that brown mask, belong to Charles Lauri. And what a monkey! In the words of a celebrated comic song, he is "All over the shop," climbing trees, perching on chairs and tables, turning the most marvellous somersaults, till finally the little four-year-old in the white pinafore begins to regard Chadi, for so this monkey was christened, as a very welcome playmate. And Chadi returns the compliment, for he plays at ball with the little four-year-old; and, again, one cannot help complaining that it seems a pity that the stage manager would not permit the youngster to scream with delight. He will only allow her to clap her hands. But she is bursting to shout, she is so happy!

Such is the opening of this very charming ballet.

The settler and his son determine to go in pursuit of some Sioux Indians, who, they have every reason

to believe, are in the neighbourhood. Chadi, in dumb show, is given to understand that he is to be left in charge. He realizes his position, and by a wonderful piece of by-play and expression, looks at the little girl and turns to his master with a glance which unmistakably says, "Never you fear for her!"

So father and son depart, and Chadi and the child exchange confidences until bed-time comes, and the little one hurries away into the hut, and the soft music from the orchestra in front tells that she is fast asleep and dreaming the brightest of pictures.

Chadi, evidently with the idea in his mind that his master, the middy, shall not have it all his own way as representing the Navy, determines that Tommy Atkins shall have a chance as well as Jack. Hence he discovers a soldier's coat and cap, and shouldering a gun, keeps sentry beneath the window of the room where the little girl is sleeping.

Suddenly an Indian scout appears,



From a Photo. by]

"ON GUARD."

[Alfred Ellis.

creeping along amongst the palms and the bushes. He is quickly followed by many of his dusky relations. They attack the hut, which Chadi most valiantly defends. But what is one among so many? Chadi may jump on the roof, he may rush to the window, and always with some substantial missile which he hurls at the heads of his friend the enemy. He hurls and, what is more, he hits. Indeed, such feats of valour does he perform that the cool and calculating Indians determine to make a bonfire of the house. A huge quantity of red fire in a pan, hidden away from the sight of the audience, is lit. It smells strongly, particularly where I am standing. But what matter? The effect, like the effect of all fires, is grand, but terrible. The audience hold their breath—I was forced to hold my nose, for the pungency of the theatrical concoction which realizes “fire” became keener. But why think of personal feelings at such a time as this? The hut is in flames—the child is sleeping in the front room! What of her?—what of the little one? They need not tremble about the child. Chadi is thinking of the little four-year-old; and as the stalls set up a huge shout, and the gallery boys, in their wild excitement, nearly tumble over into the depths of the pit below, Chadi appears bearing his little mistress in his arms. But, however the audience may have admired the bravery of this marvellous monkey, the Indians are still indignant, and their wrath still waxeth great. To have been

cheated out of their designs by a monkey whose name was Chadi! That was the thought which annoyed them. Would any man, let alone an Indian, like to be done out of anything, and by a mysterious personage, whom some people endeavour to make us believe was really one of our progenitors? Perish the thought! It is certainly very rough on the monkey, but, nevertheless, just as father and son return, and the Indians are making their escape, one redskin, more daring than his fellows, plunges his long knife deep into the breast of poor Mr. Lauri—I mean poor Chadi!—who falls in a heap on the stage.

Chadi is dying. His last thoughts seem to be centred round the little girl. It is as much as he can do to drag himself along the ground, but he nerves himself for a final effort, and once more he takes the child in his arms with all the love and tenderness of a human being. Everybody on the stage, every-

body in the audience, is silent as they watch this marvellous monkey breathing his last moments! And the faithful Chadi dies, and the curtain is slowly rung down on his life! The old settler and the middy begin to chat away, unconcerned, as though nothing had happened; the rescued little one seemed happier than she was before the piece began; and this marvellous monkey leaves the stage and comes up to my side with the pleasant and suggestive remark of, “What do you say to a bit of supper, eh?”



From a Photo. by

“SAVED.”

[Alfred Ellis.]



WE are certain that our readers will be glad of the opportunity of making the acquaintance of some of the artists who have done so much for their pleasure, and whose names have become so familiar to them. We are glad, also, to take this occasion to acknowledge



MR. SIDNEY PAGET.

From a Photo. by Fred Downer, Watford.

our indebtedness to these gentlemen, and to many others whose portraits we are not able to present here, whose work has had so great a share in building up the popularity of THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

MR. SIDNEY EDWARD PAGET, born October 4th, 1860, in London, fifth son of the late Robert Paget, vestry clerk of Clerkenwell, was educated at a City school, and early developed a taste for drawing. On leaving school he studied from the antique at the British Museum for two years, after which he went to Heatherley's School of Art, in Newman Street, London, to study painting. Being successful as an exhibitor (exhibiting two pictures at the Academy when eighteen years old, and constantly since that time), he took a studio and began painting portraits and small pictures, and also illustrating various books and illustrated papers, chiefly war subjects of

Egypt and the Soudan. At twenty-one he entered the Royal Academy Schools for a term of six years, during which time he carried off several important prizes, only missing the gold medal for painting by a casting vote, having "tied" with the successful student. He married in 1893, and lives in a charming part of Hertfordshire, having also a studio in Holland Park Road, Kensington. Mr. Paget has been working chiefly at illustrations for the last three or four years, and his delineations of the famous "Sherlock Holmes" stories had their share in the popularity of that wonderful detective.

MR. PAUL HARDY

was born near Bath in 1862, his father being an artist—the late David Hardy. His grandfather, who was also an artist, came of an old Yorkshire family. Mr. Paul Hardy was educated in Clifton, and after various visits to London settled in Chelsea in 1886 and was married in 1888, when he moved into the country. He has worked for a great number of publishers. No artist of THE STRAND is better known to our readers, as his bold and striking work has appeared in almost every number since the Magazine was started.



From a

MR. PAUL HARDY.

[Photograph.]



From a]

MR. H. R. MILLAR.

[Photograph.

MR. HAROLD ROBERT MILLAR,

who has no superior as an illustrator of fairy stories, was born at Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, in 1869, and began studying as a civil engineer, but gave up that profession for the more congenial pursuit of art. He studied at Wolverhampton Art School, and afterwards at the Birmingham Municipal School of Art. He came up to London at the invitation of the editor of the *Graphic*, and has since worked for all the foremost magazines and periodicals. Mr. Millar says: "I consider that my best work has been done for THE STRAND MAGAZINE, and I have always thoroughly enjoyed illustrating the fairy tales."

MR. J. A. SHEPHERD.

For the position which Mr. James Affleck Shepherd occupies in the art world, he may certainly be said to be a very young man. Born November 29, 1866, it was not many years

after his first birthday that he betrayed a love for the pencil which, in years to come, would lead him to be recognised as one of the finest animal caricaturists past or present. His animal studies from a grotesque point of view are as delightfully clever as they are strikingly original. When he was seventeen years of age, he was articulated to that very versatile artist, Mr. Alfred Bryan. He remained with Mr. Bryan for three years. Not

very long after his apprenticeship, THE STRAND MAGAZINE had its birth. Mr. Shepherd very shortly afterwards helped to brighten its pages by the now famous sketches which accompanied the letter-press of "Zig-zags at the Zoo." It was not long before his reputation was firmly established. Offers of work came rolling in, until, in July, 1893, he was invited to draw for *Punch*. Mr. Shepherd's "Fables" provide a monthly series of particularly merry pages in this periodical. He is a marvellously rapid worker,



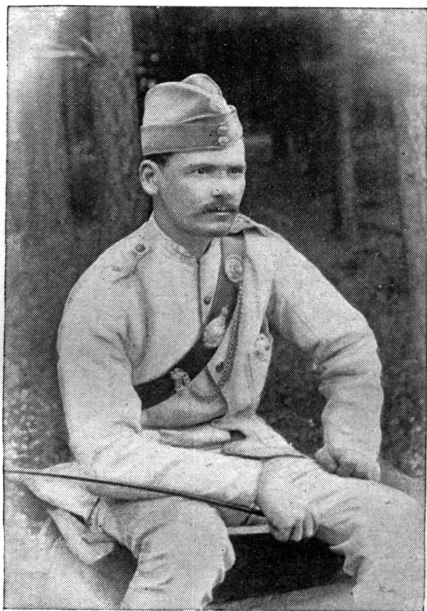
MR. J. A. SHEPHERD.

From a Photo. by Lenton Bros., Bromley.

and at his charming little cottage at Bromley, Kent, has a perfect menagerie in miniature. In his kennels are to be found half-a-dozen bulldogs, in the breeding of which he has been particularly successful. Mr. Shepherd is in fact attached to all field sports, and considers the outdoor life he leads preferable to all others. No reference to Mr. Shepherd, however slight, would be complete without a word regarding his raven, which has been christened "Elijah." Elijah can do absolutely anything, and bids fair to rival Charles Dickens's "Grip." Mr. Shepherd has said: "There are only two things I love in this world—my mother and my raven."

MR. JOSEPH FINNEMORE, R.B.A.,

is a Birmingham man, and received his art education at the Birmingham School of Art and Antwerp Academy, and is now a member of the Royal Society of British Artists and an Associate of the Royal Society of Artists, Birmingham. Returning from a considerable sojourn in Russia at the end of 1884, his first black-and-white drawings, illustrating a story of



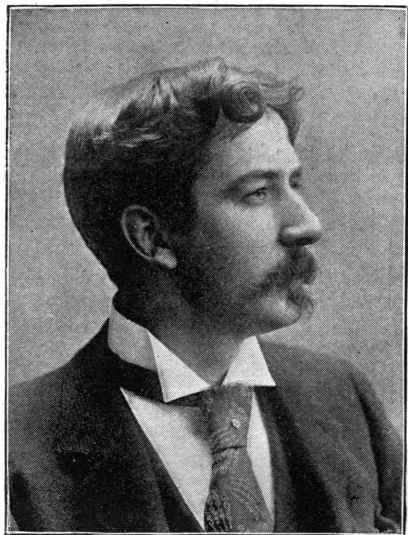
MR. W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.
From a Photo. by T. White, Lewisham.

MR. W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.,

was born at Leipzig, October, 1857, of English parents, and was educated at University College School, where he took the first Goodall Scholarship of Art. He received his art education at the Slade School of Art under Mr. Poynter, R.A., and M. Legros, and whilst there took one of the two Slade Scholarships. He exhibited his first picture, called "Football," at the Royal Academy in 1879, and since then has had several others on the R.A. walls, the best being "Left to Fate," now in Lord Derby's collection, and "The 42nd Royal Highlanders at Bay, Quatre Bras." He was elected a member of the Royal Institute in 1888. His black-and-white career began on the staff of the *Pictorial World* in 1882. He has also done work for the *Illustrated London News*, besides various other publications. His illustrations in our pages include those of "Brigadier Gerard," a subject which exactly suits his military tastes.

MR. ALF. J. JOHNSON

was born at Brighton, 1850, and educated at St. Clement Danes Grammar School, after which he was articled as a draughtsman, at the age of fifteen, to Mr. W. L. Thomas, who had not yet started the *Graphic*. He has done a good deal of work, both for the *Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News*, and also for various magazines.



MR. J. FINNEMORE, R.B.A.
From a Photo. by Hellis & Son.

Russian life, appeared in the *Boy's Own Paper* in 1885. Since then he has been engaged on the leading weekly and monthly publications. For THE STRAND MAGAZINE he has illustrated a great number of stories, and has worked for it almost from the commencement. The drawings illustrating the story entitled "The Understudy," in the present number, are excellent examples of his work.



MR. A. J. JOHNSON.

From a Photo. by Timms & Son, Brecknock Road.

He has exhibited at the Royal Academy, the Suffolk Street Gallery, and the old Dudley Gallery, but of late years has been almost entirely engaged with black - and - white work. Mr. Johnson took up the camera about six years back, and is a member of the council of the North Middlesex Photographic Society. He has been for some twelve years secretary of the Camden School of Art, and has given lectures to the students on "Book Illustration" and allied subjects.

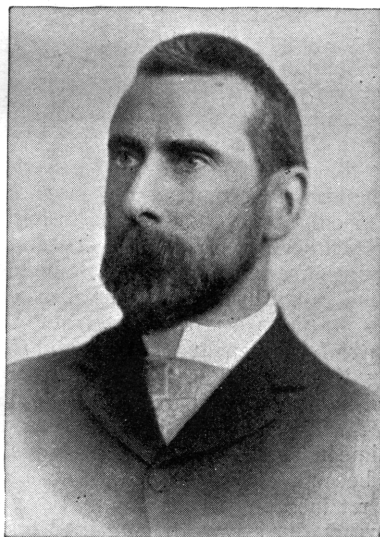
MR. FRANCIS CARRUTHERS GOULD

was born on the 2nd of December, 1844, at Barnstaple, North Devon, and, his father being an architect, there were always paper and pencils at hand. He learned drawing in the ordinary way, but the opportunities for art students in those days were not so great as they are nowadays. At the age of twenty he went into a stockbroker's office, and a few years after became a member of the Stock Exchange. In 1879 he began illustrating the Christmas number of *Truth*, and has continued it ever since. At the time of the Parnell Commission he did a good many sketches for the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Star*, and for some time supplied a weekly cartoon to the *Pall Mall Budget*. When the *Pall Mall Gazette* passed into other hands, "F. C. G." withdrew and threw his for-

tunes in with the new venture, the *Westminster Gazette*, doing the Parliamentary sketches and other work, and for some time past he has supplied the descriptive letter-press as well. "F. C. G.'s" sketches for the articles entitled "Behind the Speaker's Chair," which have appeared in our pages, include many of his happiest inspirations.

MR. JAMES F. SULLIVAN

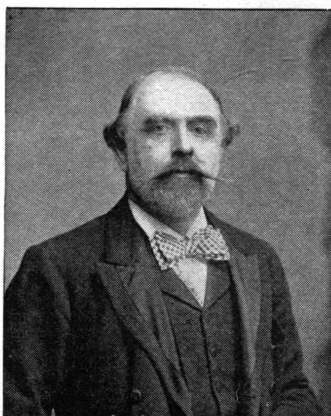
began to study art at South Kensington, where he drew from the antique. Afterwards he took a studio and worked enthusiastically and earnestly from the nude; so



MR. J. F. SULLIVAN.

From a Photo. by E. Passingham, Brighton.

that as a draughtsman he had the best of training. The knowledge thus acquired manifests itself in his work. He never thought of becoming what is called a comic-artist until one day, while still quite a youth, he received a request to contribute to the weekly serial, *Fun*. He has contributed both literary matter and drawings to a large number of periodicals, and as a satirist and humorist he occupies a place co-equal with that held by any one of the eminent humorists of the present day, as will be acknowledged by readers of "The Queer Side of Things" in our pages. "Abraham Fleeter's Weariness," in the present number, is a very characteristic specimen of Mr. Sullivan's style.

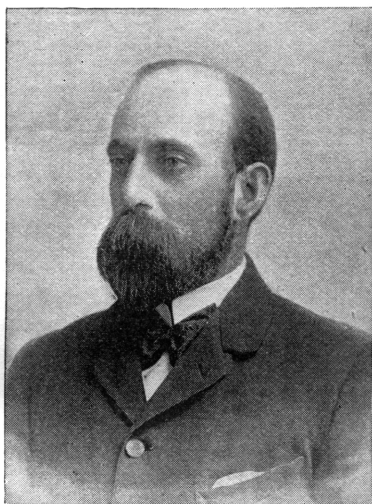


MR. F. C. GOULD.

From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

MR. ALFRED PEARSE.

Four generations of artists, such is the ancestry of Alfred Pearse, born 1856, son of J. S. Pearse, the celebrated decorative artist. Privately educated, he early developed hereditary taste for drawing, and from the age of fifteen to nineteen studied wood engraving; but foreseeing "process" work might supersede it, he turned his attention to drawing, studying at the West London School of Art for two years, when he was hon. sec. of that sketching club. He has gained twenty-five prizes for drawing, the last being the first prize medal for black-and-white illustration at the "Healtheries." The Battle of Isandhlana gave him an opportunity of introducing his work to an illustrated newspaper editor. Seeing the news of this disaster at 8 a.m., a drawing of Lieutenants Melville and Coghill saving the colours was finished and submitted by noon the same day to the editor of the *Pictorial World*, who bought it. From that time his success ceased to be a probability, and became a certainty, and his services were retained on the staff of that paper for nine years, during which he gained for himself the nickname of "Punctual Pearse." His energy and versatility can be demonstrated by the following incident. When His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales opened the new Agricultural Hall at Norwich, no tickets were issued for "special artists," and none could be obtained by payment. Mr. Pearse proving himself equal to the emergency, entered the hall early in the morning and secreted himself in a potato-sack amongst the exhibition of potatoes. When the Prince arrived the "special" artists of the *Illustrated London News* and *Graphic* sought to obtain admission, but were refused by the door-keepers. Mr. Pearse then quietly emerged from his unique hiding-place, followed the

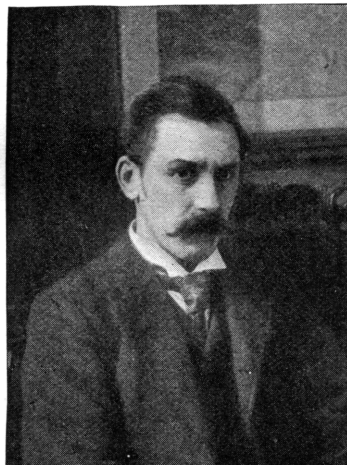


MR. ALFRED PEARSE.
From a Photo. by R. H. Macey, Hampstead.

Prince of Wales round, and sketched enough to fill two pages of the *Pictorial World*, that being the only paper that had any representations of the ceremony that week. The last and most pleasing ceremony he had the honour of sketching was the christening of the first-born of Her Royal Highness Princess Henry of Battenberg, in the White Drawing-room at Windsor Castle, by the gracious and special permission of Her Majesty. The rapidity with which he works can be realized when one learns that he has finished 250 drawings during the last four months. His drawings for THE STRAND MAGAZINE have been of many kinds, but we need only mention the fine series done for Mr. Mansford's "Gleams from the Dark Continent," one of which appears in the present number. He attributes his ability to carry out so much work to the athletic pursuits he has indulged in, having been hon. sec. of three cricket clubs, a good tennis-player and runner, his time for the 100yds. being 15sec. He has sub-edited an illustrated paper, and patented useful and ingenious inventions, besides having been a member of Sir Joseph Barnby's Royal Choral Society for eight years.

MR. GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.,

was born in 1858 at Banstead, in Surrey, and is the son of Hablot K. Browne, the celebrated "Phiz," whose name is so intimately associated with the works of Dickens. Mr. Gordon Browne studied at "Heatherley's School of Art," and began to illustrate books and magazines very early in life. His work is characterized by ease and grace of execution, and a wonderful facility of invention and composition. His chief work for this Magazine has been the drawings to illustrate the series of "Stories from the Diary of a Doctor."



MR. GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.
From a Photograph.

FROM THE
FRENCH
of

SAINT-
JOURS

THE CHILDREN'S FAIRY

IT was a dull, heavy afternoon, and the long, dusty road looked quite deserted, not a horse or even a foot-passenger in sight. The birds were taking their afternoon siesta, and the leaves were hanging down languidly from the poor trees, which were dying with thirst. There were three solitary-looking, tumble-down cottages on one side of the road, and presently the door of one of them opened, and a woman's voice called out:—

“Come, Yvette, come, go out and play.”

In answer to this summons a little girl of some three or four years old soon appeared, and with great difficulty on all fours began to descend the steep steps from the house to the footpath. It was quite a piece of work, that perilous descent, and it was accomplished slowly, carefully, and very awkwardly by what looked like nothing but a bundle of clothes.

The child had on a little bonnet made of two pieces of figured muslin sewn together, and from which a few tresses of fair hair which had escaped fell over her forehead and down the back of her neck. Her little frock had been lengthened many times, and, consequently, the waist was now up under the arms, like one sees in the Empire dresses.

As to shoes and stockings—well, it was not very cold, and so they were put away for a future occasion.

When once she had reached the bottom of the steps, the child stood upright and looked round for a minute or two evidently deep in thought, with her little finger pressed against her face. Play! Yes, it was all very well, but what should she play at?



“HEE”
“DEEP IN THOUGHT.”

At the very time when the poor little mite was turning this question over in her mind, hundreds of other children, accompanied by their mother or by their nurse, would be all out in the gardens or parks, and they would have with them all kinds of games and toys, from the favourite spade and bucket to a real little steam-boat, which would sail along on the ponds. They would have cannons, skipping-ropes, reins (all covered with little bells), hoops, battledores and shuttlecocks, bowls, marbles, balls, balloons, dolls of every description, pistols, guns, swords, and, in fact, everything that the heart of a child can desire.

Then, too, those other children nearly always had little playmates, so that it was easy enough to organize a game.

But, Yvette—on that deserted road, what could she do? Her father, a poor road-mender, earned only just enough to make a bare living for his wife and child, and certainly not a halfpenny could be spared for toys.

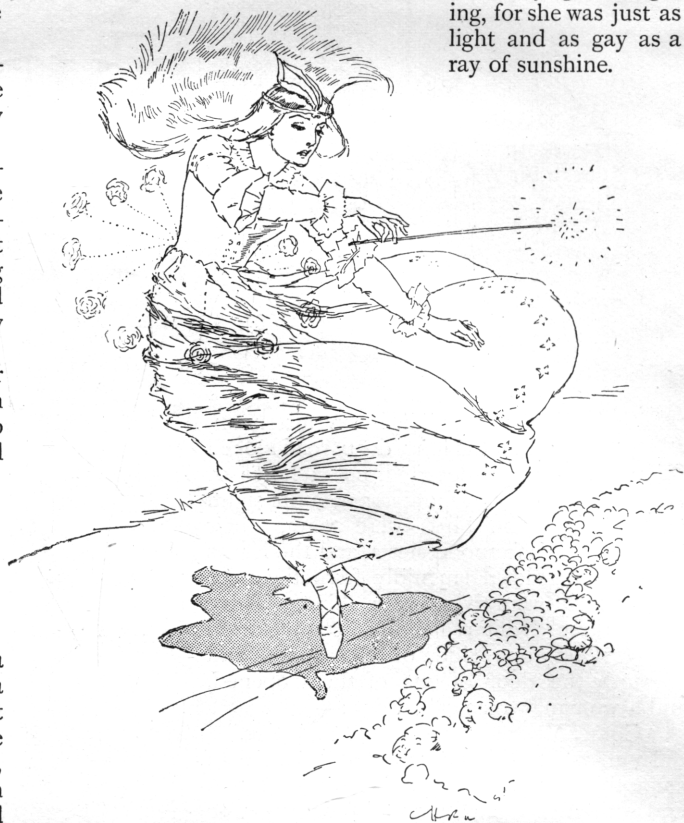
Yvette sat down just near a great heap of stones, which her father had to break into small pieces in order to fill in the ruts. When she was comfortably installed, she began to fumble in her pocket, and there she certainly found all kinds of wonderful things: two cherry-stones, a piece of string, a small carrot, a shoe-button, a small penny knife, a little bit of blue braid, and some crumbs of bread. Now, these were all very nice in their way, and were indeed very valuable articles, but somehow they did not appeal to Yvette at all just then. She put them all very carefully back one by one in her pocket.

Then there was a profound silence. Yvette was not happy. The little face puckered itself up into a significant grimace—the little nose was all screwed up, and the mouth was just opening—tears were surely on the way! Just at that moment, fortunately, the Children's Fairy was passing by.

Now you, perhaps, do not know about this Fairy, for no one ever sees her, but

it is the very one which makes children smile in their dreams, and gives them all kinds of pretty thoughts. There is no limit to the power of this Fairy, for, with a stroke of her magic wand, she can transform things just as she wishes. She is very good and kind-hearted, and the proof is that she bestows her favours more generally on the poor and unfortunate than on others.

Well, this good Fairy saw that Yvette was just going to cry. She stretched her golden wand out over the heap of stones and then flew away again, laughing, for she was just as light and as gay as a ray of sunshine.



"SHE STRETCHED HER GOLDEN WAND OVER THE HEAP OF STONES."

Now, directly the Fairy had gone, it seemed to the road-mender's little daughter that one of the big stones near her had a face, and that it was dressed just like a little baby. Oh, it was really just like a little baby! Yvette stretched out her hand, took the stone up, and immediately began to feel for it all the love which a mother feels for her child.

"Ah!" she said to it, cuddling it up in her arms; "do you want to be my little girl? You don't speak—oh! but that is

because you are too young—but I see you would like to. Very well, then ; I will be your mother, and I shall love you and never whip you. You must be good, though, and then I shall never scold you. Oh ! but if you are not good—you know, I've got a birch rod. Now, come, I'm going to dress you better : you look dreadful in that frock." Hereupon Yvette rolled her child up in her pinafore, so that there was nothing to be seen of the stone but what was supposed to be the baby's head.

"Oh ! how pretty she is, dear little thing.



"OH ! HOW PRETTY SHE IS."

There, now, she shall have something to eat. —Ah ! you are crying—but you must not cry, my pretty one—there, there." And the hard stone was rocked gently in the soft little arms of its fond mother.

"Bye-bye, baby—bye-bye-bye." Yvette sang with all her might, tapping her little daughter's back energetically, but evidently all to no purpose, for the stone refused to go to sleep. "Ah ! naughty girl ; you won't go to sleep ? Oh, no, I won't tell you any more stories. I have told you Tom Thumb, and that's quite enough for to-night. Go to sleep—quick—quick, I say. Oh, dear ! dear, naughty child—I've got a knife—what ! you are crying again ! If you only knew how ugly you are when you cry ! There ! now I'm going to slap you—take that, and that, and that, to make you quiet. Oh, dear, how dreadful it is to have such a child. I believe I'll change you, and have a boy. Now, just say you are sorry for being so naughty—— What ! You won't ? I'll give

you another chance. Now—one—two—three. Oh, very well. I know what I shall do. I shall just go and take you back. I shall say : 'If you please, I've got a dreadful little girl, and I want to change her for a nice little boy, named Eugene.' And then they'll say : 'Yes, ma'am ; will you have him with light hair or dark ?' 'Oh,' I shall say, 'I don't mind, as long as he is good.' 'He'll be very dear, though, ma'am,' they'll say ; 'good little boys are very rare, and they cost a great deal.' 'How much ?' I shall ask. 'Why, one penny, ma'am.' And then I shall think about it—— Now, then, are you going to be good, and say you are sorry ? No ? Oh ! very well—it's too late now—I've changed you. I have no little girl now, but a very pretty little boy, named Zizi."

The stone immediately underwent a complete transformation. Just now, when it was a little girl, it had been very quiet and gentle, and had kept quite still on Yvette's lap. Now that it was a boy there was no more peace : it would jump about, and it would try to get away, for boys are always so restless.

"Zizi, will you be still, and will you stay on my lap instead of tumbling about in the road ? There, let me lift you up ! Oh, dear ! how heavy boys are. There, now, don't you stir, but just eat your bread and milk. It will make you grow, and then when you are big you'll have beautiful grey whiskers, like father. You shall have a sword, too, and perhaps you shall be a policeman. It's very nice to be a policeman, you know, because they are never put in prison—they take other people there if the people make a noise in the street. Oh, Zizi, do keep still. If you don't, I'll call the wolf—you know, the big wolf that runs off with little children and takes them into the woods to eat them up. Wolf, wolf, where are you ?"

Just at that moment a dog appeared—a large, well-fed, happy-looking dog, impudent too, and full of fun. He belonged to a carrier who was always moving about from place to place, and the dog, accustomed as he was to these constant journeys, had got rather familiar, like certain commercial

travellers, who, no matter where they are, always make themselves quite at home.

Now, the dog had got tired of following his master's cart, and when he saw something in the distance which was moving about, he bounded off to discover what it was. This something was Yvette and her little boy.

"Look, look!" exclaimed the small mother, and there was a tremor in her voice. "You see, he is coming—the big wolf!"

He *was* coming, there was no doubt about that, for he was tearing along, and his tongue was hanging out and his ears were pricked up.

The little stone boy was not at all frightened, but Yvette began to regret having called the dreadful animal. Oh! if she could only get away now; but, alas! she did not dare to move or even to speak.

The impertinent dog came straight to

rushed to the hedge to bark and wake up all the birds.

As to Yvette, she was hurrying along as fast as her little legs could carry her, for she was in despair, as she thought the wolf was just behind her, and she imagined that she still felt his hot breath on her little hand. She stopped when she got to the steps of her home, for she was out of breath and all trembling with terror, and she felt sure that if she tried to scramble up the steps the wolf would bite her legs. Suddenly the inspiration, which the ostrich once had, came to her, and she rushed into the corner which was formed by the front of the house and the stone steps, and holding her face close to the wall, so that she could not see the dreadful animal, she was convinced that she too was out of his sight.

She stayed there some minutes in perfect anguish, thinking: "Oh! if I move, he'll eat me up!" She was quite surprised even that

he did not find her, and that his great teeth did not bite her, for she always thought wolves were so quick to eat up little girls. What-ever could he be doing? And then, not hearing any sound of him, she thought she would risk one peep round. Very slowly she turned her head, and then, as nothing dreadful happened, she grew bolder and bolder.

The wolf was not in sight, and instead of the barking which had terrified her, she now heard a lot of little bells tinkling, and in the distance she saw a waggon

with four horses coming along.

The sound of the bells was so fascinating that Yvette forgot her duty as a mother, and stood there watching the waggon as it approached.

The horses were all grey, and they were coming so fast. Suddenly the child uttered an awe-struck cry.

Her child, her little son, was under the



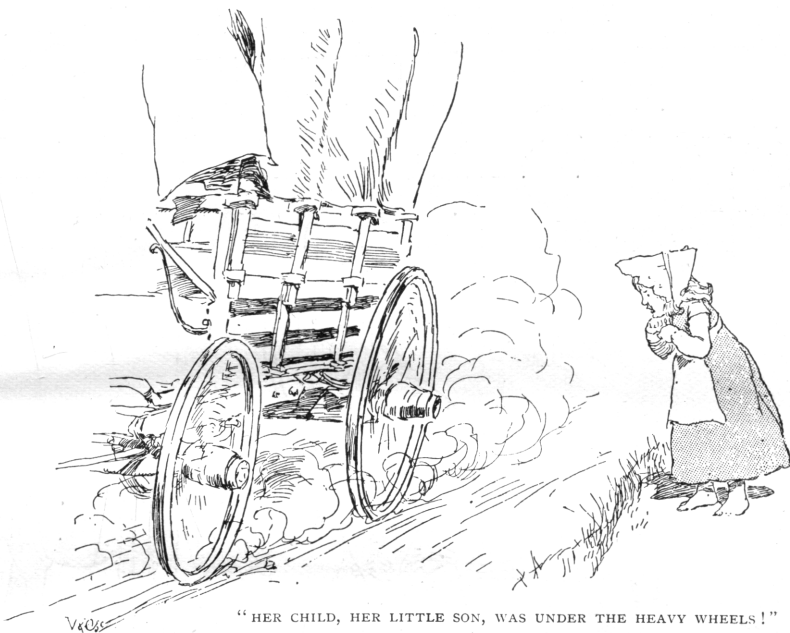
"THE IMPERTINENT DOG CAME STRAIGHT TO THEM."

them. Poor Yvette, half frightened to death, threw away the precious stone baby she had been fondling, and, picking herself up, began to run, calling out: "Mother! mother!"

The dog was quite near her, jumping up at her, and then suddenly he turned to go and sniff at the little stone boy. He probably thought it was a bone or a piece of bread, but he was soon undeceived, and then he

heavy wheels! Crunch! crunch! and it had gone by, the horrible waggon. Yvette went on to the horse-road, and her little heart was

there, then! and it's a girl this time. I won't have any more dreadful boys to be afraid of wolves, and to go and get them-



"HER CHILD, HER LITTLE SON, WAS UNDER THE HEAVY WHEELS!"

very full; for there, where poor Zizi had been lying, there was only some yellowish crunched stone. Zizi had been ground into powder by the huge wheels. The poor child was in despair, and, with tears in her eyes, she shook her little fists at the carrier, who was whipping up his horses.

"Cruel, wicked man!" she cried, and then her eyes happening to fall on the heap of stones which had supplied her with a family, she saw another stone smiling at her now. She ran quickly to it, picked it up and kissed it affectionately, and then, happy in her new treasure, she cried out defiantly to the carrier, whom she could still see in the distance: "Ah! I don't care! I've got another—

selves killed just to make their poor mother unhappy."

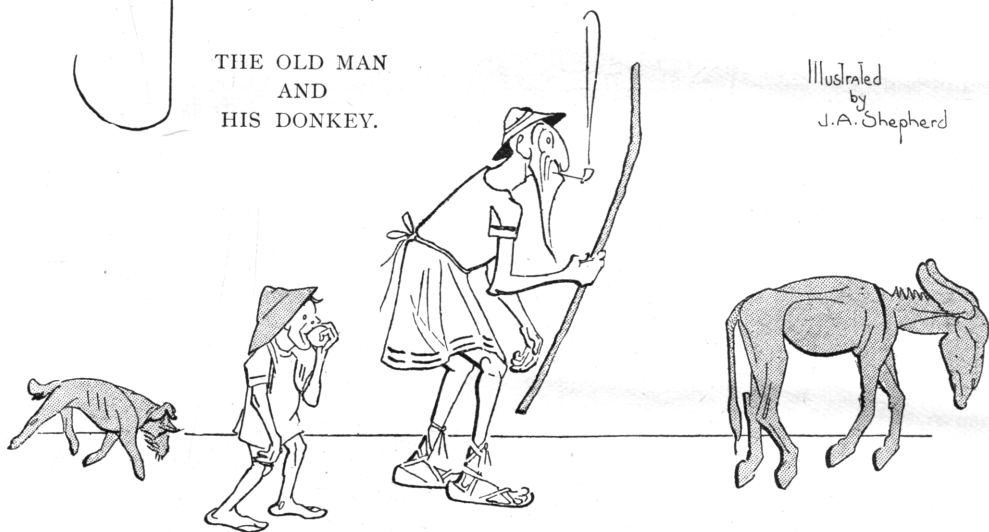
Oh! kind, good Fairy, you who watch over the children and who give them their happiness and console them in sorrow when they are playing at life—oh, good Fairy, do not forget your big children.

Older men tell me that I am young, but the younger ones do not think so; and I, myself, saw, only this morning, a silver thread in my hairs. Oh, kind Fairy, Fairy of the children, help me, too, to believe that the moon is made of green cheese; for, after all, our happiness here below consists in our faith and in our illusions.

Fables

THE OLD MAN
AND
HIS DONKEY.

Illustrated
by
J.A. Shepherd



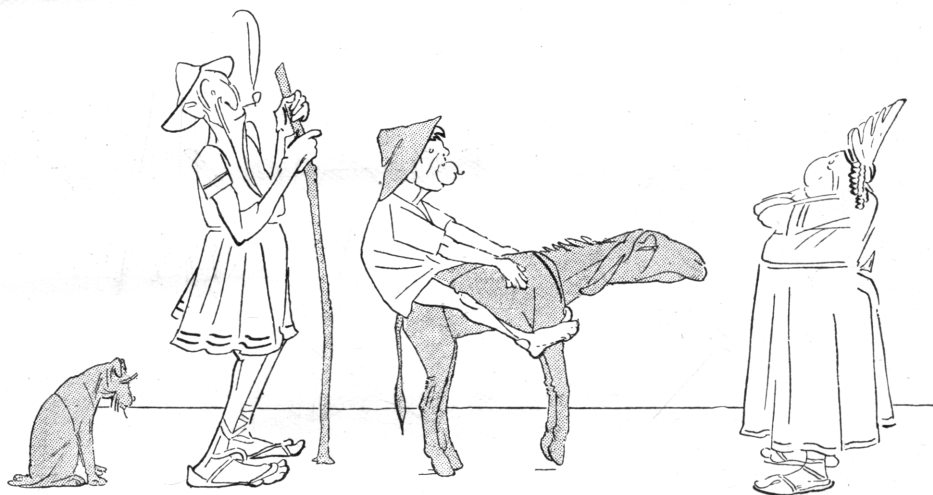
1.—AN OLD MAN AND A LITTLE BOY WERE DRIVING AN ASS BEFORE THEM TO THE NEXT MARKET TO SELL.



2.—“WHY HAVE YOU NO MORE WIT,” SAYS A MAN UPON THE WAY, “THAN YOU AND YOUR SON TO TRUDGE IT AFOOT, AND LET THE ASS GO FREE?”



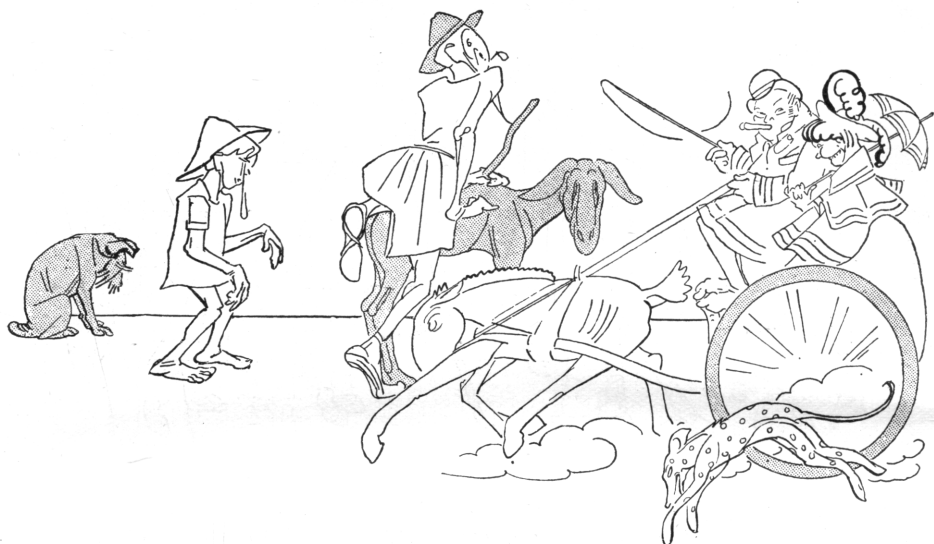
3.—SO THE MAN SET THE BOY UPON THE ASS, AND FOOTED IT HIMSELF.



4.—“WHY, SIRRAH,” SAYS ANOTHER, AFTER THIS, TO THE BOY, “YE LAZY ROGUE, YOU. MUST YOU RIDE, AND LET YOUR ANCIENT FATHER GO AFOOT?”



5.—THE MAN UPON THIS TOOK DOWN HIS BOY AND GOT UP HIMSELF.



6.—"D'YE SEE," SAYS A THIRD, "HOW THE LAZY OLD KNAVE RIDES HIMSELF, AND THE POOR LITTLE CHILD HAS MUCH ADO TO CREEP AFTER HIM?"



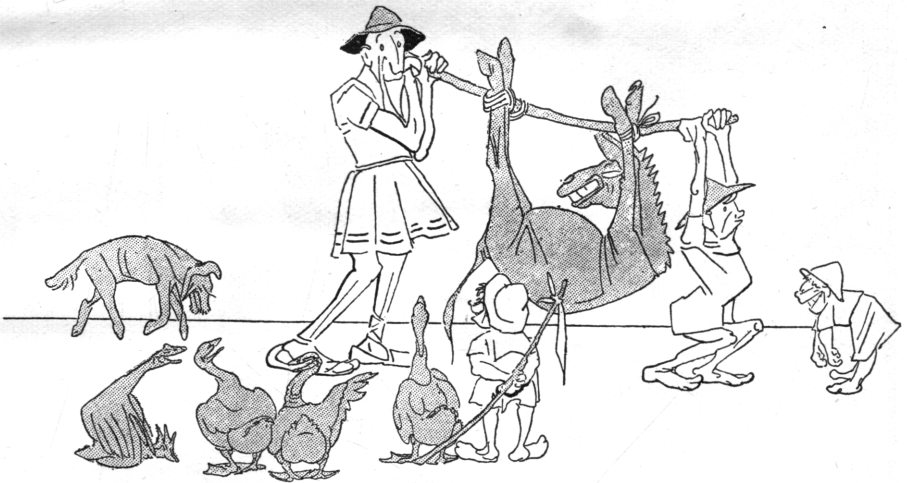
7.—THE FATHER, UPON THIS, TOOK UP HIS SON BEHIND HIM.



8.—THE NEXT THEY MET ASKED THE OLD MAN WHETHER THE ASS WERE HIS OWN OR NO. HE SAID "YES." "TROTH THERE'S LITTLE SIGN ON'T," SAYS T'OTHER, "BY YOUR LOADING HIM THUS."



9.—“WELL,” SAYS THE FELLOW TO HIMSELF, “AND WHAT AM I TO DO NOW? FOR I’M LAUGHED AT IF EITHER THE ASS BE EMPTY, OR IF ONE OF US RIDES, OR BOTH.”

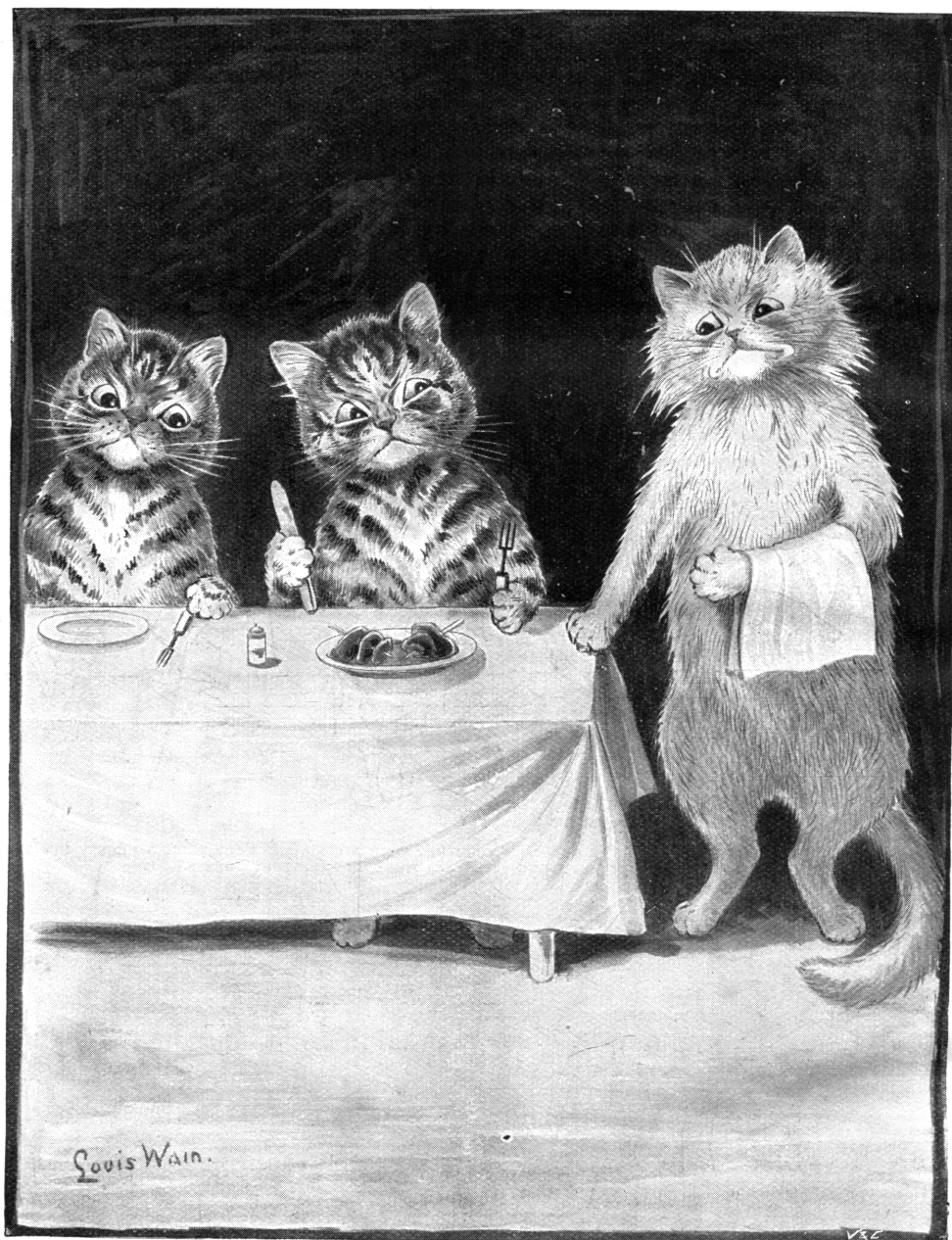


10.—AND SO IN CONCLUSION HE BOUND THE ASS’S LEGS TOGETHER WITH A CORD, AND THEY TRIED TO CARRY HIM TO MARKET WITH A POLE BETWIXT THEM. THIS WAS SPORT TO EVERYBODY THAT SAW IT—



J.A.S

11.—INSOMUCH THAT THE OLD FELLOW IN GREAT WRATH THREW DOWN THE ASS INTO THE RIVER AND SO WENT HIS WAY HOME AGAIN. THE OLD MAN, IN FINE, WAS WILLING TO PLEASE EVERYBODY, BUT HAD THE ILL-FORTUNE TO PLEASE NOBODY, AND LOST HIS ASS INTO THE BARGAIN.



"WAITER! THIS CAT'S MEAT IS TOUGH!"

INDEX.

	PAGE.
ACROBATS, AND HOW THEY ARE TRAINED. By ERNEST W. LOW ... (<i>Illustrations</i> from Photographs, and from Drawings by A. J. JOHNSON.)	728
ANIMAL ACTOR, AN: An Interview with Mr. Charles Lauri. By HARRY HOW (<i>Illustrations</i> from Photographs.)	781
ARTISTS OF "THE STRAND MAGAZINE." ... (<i>Illustrations</i> from Photographs.)	786
BLACK DIAMOND, A. By MARIANNE KENT ... (<i>Illustrations</i> by SIDNEY PAGET.)	542
BURNE-JONES, SIR EDWARD, BART. By L. T. MEADE ... (<i>Illustrations</i> from Photographs by F. HOLLYER.)	16
CALCULATING BOYS ... (<i>Illustrations</i> from Old Prints.)	277
CAPTAIN CRONHELM'S BLUNDER. By J. L. HORNIBROOK ... (<i>Illustrations</i> by C. J. STANILAND.)	573
CENTENARIANS. By NETTA ESPLIN CARGILL ... (<i>Illustrations</i> from Photographs.)	31
CHILDREN'S FAIRY, THE. From the French of SAINT-JUIRS... (<i>Illustrations</i> by H. R. MILLAR.)	791
CHIMNEY FELLING. By WALTER W. WOOD ... (<i>Illustrations</i> from Photographs.)	746
CRICKET, THE EVOLUTION OF. By ALFRED T. STORY ... (<i>Illustrations</i> from Old Prints and Pictures.)	321
CRIPPLE AT THE MILL, THE. By MAX PEMBERTON ... (<i>Illustrations</i> by SIDNEY PAGET.)	243
DARK CONTINENT, GLEAMS FROM THE. By CHARLES J. MANSFORD, B.A.	
I.—THE VEILED IDOL OF KOR ...	112
II.—THE WIZARD OF SWAZI SWAMP ...	123
III.—THE HIDDEN EGYPTIAN SHIELD ...	267
IV.—THE DERVISH OF THE NILE PYRAMID ...	438
V.—THE LOST FETISH OF WALAI ...	483
VI.—THE GREAT DIAL OF THE GOLD-FINDERS (<i>Illustrations</i> by ALFRED PEARSE.)	706
DIARY OF A DOCTOR, STORIES FROM THE (Second Series). By L. T. MEADE and CLIFFORD HALIFAX, M.D.	
VII.—A DOCTOR'S DILEMMA ...	80
VIII.—ON A CHARGE OF FORGERY ...	145
IX.—THE STRANGE CASE OF CAPTAIN GASCOIGNE ...	290
X.—WITH THE ETERNAL FIRES ...	376
XI.—THE SMALL HOUSE ON STEVEN'S HEATH ...	512
XII.—"TO EVERYONE HIS OWN FEAR" ... (<i>Illustrations</i> by GORDON BROWNE, R.B.A.)	681
DIVERS AND THEIR WORK. By FRAMLEY STEELCROFT ... (<i>Illustrations</i> from Photographs and Old Prints.)	392
DOLL'S HOSPITAL, A DAY IN A. By HARRY HOW ... (<i>Illustrations</i> by MACNEIL BARBOUR.)	633

	PAGE.
DONKEY'S DAIRY, IN THE. By FRAMLEY STEELCROFT (Illustrations from Photographs, and from Drawings by A. J. JOHNSON.)	329
DOROTHEE'S KISS. By MINNIE MORTIMER (Illustrations by A. PEARSE.)	222
ETON AND HARROW, GREAT NAMES AT (Illustrations from Photographs.)	494
EXPERIENCE, AN. From the French of F. SOULIÉ. By ALYS HALLARD (Illustrations by PAUL HARDY.)	363
EXPERIMENT IN REALISM, AN. By MRS. E. NEWMAN (Illustrations by H. R. MILLAR.)	474
EXPLOITS OF BRIGADIER GERARD, THE. By A. CONAN DOYLE.	
IV.—HOW THE BRIGADIER CAME TO THE CASTLE OF GLOOM	3
V.—HOW THE BRIGADIER TOOK THE FIELD AGAINST THE MARSHAL MILLEFLEURS	201
VI.—HOW THE BRIGADIER WAS TEMPTED BY THE DEVIL	335
VII.—HOW THE BRIGADIER PLAYED FOR A KINGDOM (Illustrations by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I.)	603
EXPRESS OF THE FUTURE, AN. From the French of JULES VERNE (Illustrations by A. J. JOHNSON.)	638
FABLES.	
X.—AN OLD CRAB AND A YOUNG	120
XI.—THE RESULT OF GOING TO LAW	232
XII.—THE HERMIT AND THE BEAR	349
XIII.—THE LION AND THE HARE	472
XIV.—THE LITTLE DOG	584
XV.—THE OLD MAN AND HIS DONKEY (Illustrations by J. A. SHEPHERD.)	796
FORTY-EIGHT ('48). By H. HERMAN CHILTON (Illustrations by J. L. WIMBUSH.)	500
FROST PHOTOGRAPHY. (Illustrations from Photographs by JAMES LEADBEATER.)	716
GHOST STORY, A TRUE. By the COUNTESS OF MUNSTER (Illustrations by MISS FLORENCE K. UPTON.)	27
HANDWRITING OF JOHN RUSKIN, THE. By J. HOLT SCHOOLING (Illustrations from Facsimiles.)	669
HEART OF HOPLAND, IN THE. By MISS T. SPARROW (Illustrations by A. J. JOHNSON.)	450
HEIRESS, THE GREAT CALIFORNIAN. By GRANT ALLEN (Illustrations by PAUL HARDY.)	176
HERO, A. From the Italian of E. DE AMICIS. By ALYS HALLARD (Illustrations by PAUL HARDY.)	313
HYMNS, SOME NOTABLE.—II. By FRANCIS ARTHUR JONES (Illustrations from Photographs and Facsimiles.)	96
ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS.	
XLII.—MR. W. G. GRACE, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (Illustrations from Photographs.)	132
XLIII.—THE NEW ROMEO AND JULIET. I.—ROMEO: MR. J. FORBES ROBERTSON. By HARRY HOW. II.—JULIET: MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL. By M. GRIFFITH (Illustrations from Photographs and from Pictures by MR. FORBES ROBERTSON.)	252
XLIV.—REAR-ADMIRAL MARKHAM, R.N., F.R.G.S. By WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD (Illustrations from Photographs and Facsimiles.)	548
XLV.—CAPTAIN P. N. MCGIFFIN, R.N. By ALFRED T. STORY (Illustrations from Drawings by A. J. JOHNSON, and from Photographs.)	616
IN THE TULE. By BRET HARTE (Illustrations by PAUL HARDY.)	753
INVERSTRATHY CASTLE, THE VISION OF (SEQUEL). By F. STARTIN PILLEAU (Illustrations by PAUL HARDY.)	625
"IT." From the German of A. BARON VON ROBERTS (Illustrations by PAUL HARDY.)	560

	PAGE.
LADIES OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S COURT, THE (<i>Illustrations</i> from Photographs.)	190
LEPERS' GUEST, THE. By MAX PEMBERTON (<i>Illustrations</i> by SIDNEY PAGET.)	654
LORD MAYORS' SHOWS—PAST AND PRESENT. By HARRY HOW (<i>Illustrations</i> from Paintings, Drawings, and Old Prints.)	566
LOST PROPERTY OFFICE, THE. By WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD (<i>Illustrations</i> from Photographs.)	641
MAIL BAGS, CATCHING THE (<i>Written and Illustrated</i> by R. H. COCKS.)	420
MODERN KNIGHT ERRANTRY. By BRYSSON CUNNINGHAM (<i>Illustrations</i> by MAX COWPER.)	424
"MORBUS NOBILIS"; OR, THE PLASTER BRIGADE. By W. H. WILLIAMSON (<i>Illustrations</i> by MAX COWPER.)	721
M.P.'s AS ARTISTS. By WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD (<i>Illustrations</i> from Photographs, Paintings, and Sketches.)	281, 409
NAMING THE BABY. By EDWARD SALMON (<i>Illustrations</i> from Old Prints and Drawings.)	697
NAPOLEON, THE SIGNATURES OF. By J. HOLT SCHOOLING (<i>Illustrations</i> from Paintings and Facsimiles.)	527
NEW BROOM, THE. By H. D. LOWRY (<i>Illustrations</i> by W. CHRISTIAN SYMONS.)	403
NEWS SUPPLY, THE ROMANCE OF OUR. By WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD (<i>Illustrations</i> from Photographs.)	69
NOTABLE FAMILIES. I.—THE GLADSTONE FAMILY. By ALBERT H. BROADWELL (<i>Illustrations</i> from Photographs.)	215
ONE YEAR'S HARD CASH... .. (<i>Written and Illustrated</i> by J. HOLT SCHOOLING.)	431
PORTRAITS OF CELEBRITIES AT DIFFERENT TIMES OF THEIR LIVES :—	
ALLINGHAM, MRS. HELEN	175
ARNOLD, SIR ARTHUR	172
BARNES, MR. JUSTICE	305
BOURCHIER, MR. ARTHUR	458
CAMBRIDGE, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF	173
CURZON, THE HON. G. N.	306
DETAILLE, M. EDOUARD	308
DUNRAVEN, THE EARL OF	68
FAURE, M. FELIX	174
FORD, ONSLOW, R.A.	666
GLADSTONE, MR. HERBERT	66
HAWKE, LORD	65
JEBB, PROFESSOR, M.P.	457
LIND, MISS LETTY	307
MAJENDIE, COL. SIR VIVIAN	540
MILLET, MISS MAUDE	541
PRIOR, MR. MELTON... ..	460
RIDLEY, SIR MATTHEW WHITE	667
ROGERS, THE REV. GUINNESS	665
TERRISS, MISS ELLALINE	668
VANBRUGH, MISS VIOLET	459
WENLOCK, LORD	539
WINCHESTER, THE BISHOP OF	538
YOHE, MISS MAY	67
PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHRISTIAN, THE. By MARY SPENCER-WARREN (<i>Illustrations</i> from Photographs by MISS WARREN and MESSRS. BASSANO.)	367
PUNCH AND JUDY. By ALFRED T. STORY (<i>Illustrations</i> from Photographs.)	461
QUEEN'S SECRET, THE. By MRS. SKEY... .. (<i>Illustrations</i> by H. R. MILLAR.)	56
QUEER SIDE OF THINGS, THE :—	
I.—THE DISADVANTAGES OF MIND	595
II.—ABRAHAM FLEETER'S WEARINESS (<i>Written and Illustrated</i> by J. F. SULLIVAN.)	774
RINGFALLA BRIDGE : A FAIRY TALE. By K. E. SUTTER (<i>Illustrations</i> by H. R. MILLAR.)	590
RUSKIN, JOHN, THE HANDWRITING OF. By J. HOLT SCHOOLING (<i>Illustrations</i> from Facsimiles.)	669

	PAGE.
SEA-SERPENT, THE. By ALFRED T. STGRY (Illustrations from Sketches, Prints, and Photographs.)	161
SHOPKEEPERS' ADVERTISING NOVELTIES... .. (Written and Illustrated by JAMES SCOTT.)	505
SPEAKER'S CHAIR, FROM BEHIND THE. By HENRY W. LUCY (Illustrations by F. C. GOULD.)	49, 227
SPRING-TIDE OF LOVE, THE. A STORY FOR CHILDREN. By PLEYDELL NORTH (MRS. EGERTON EASTWICK) (Illustrations by H. R. MILLAR.)	355
STARVED INTO SUBMISSION. From the Italian (Illustrations by PAUL HARDY.)	41
STRANGE DEVICES (Written and Illustrated by JAMES SCOTT.)	184
STREET TOYS. By ERNEST C. FINCHAM (Illustrations from Photographs.)	765
THREE VALLEYS, THE. A STORY FOR CHILDREN. From the German (Illustrations by H. R. MILLAR.)	236
UNDERSTUDY, THE. By ROBERT BARR (Illustrations by J. FINNEMORE, R.B.A.)	736
"WAITER, THIS CAT'S MEAT IS TOUGH" (Drawn by LOUIS WAIN.)	800
WAR-BALLOONING. By CHARLES KNIGHT (Illustrations from Photographs.)	309
WEDDING CAKES, SOME REMARKABLE. By FRAMLEY STEELCROFT (Illustrations from Drawing and Photographs.)	104